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# MIRROR

WINTER



# THE MIRROR

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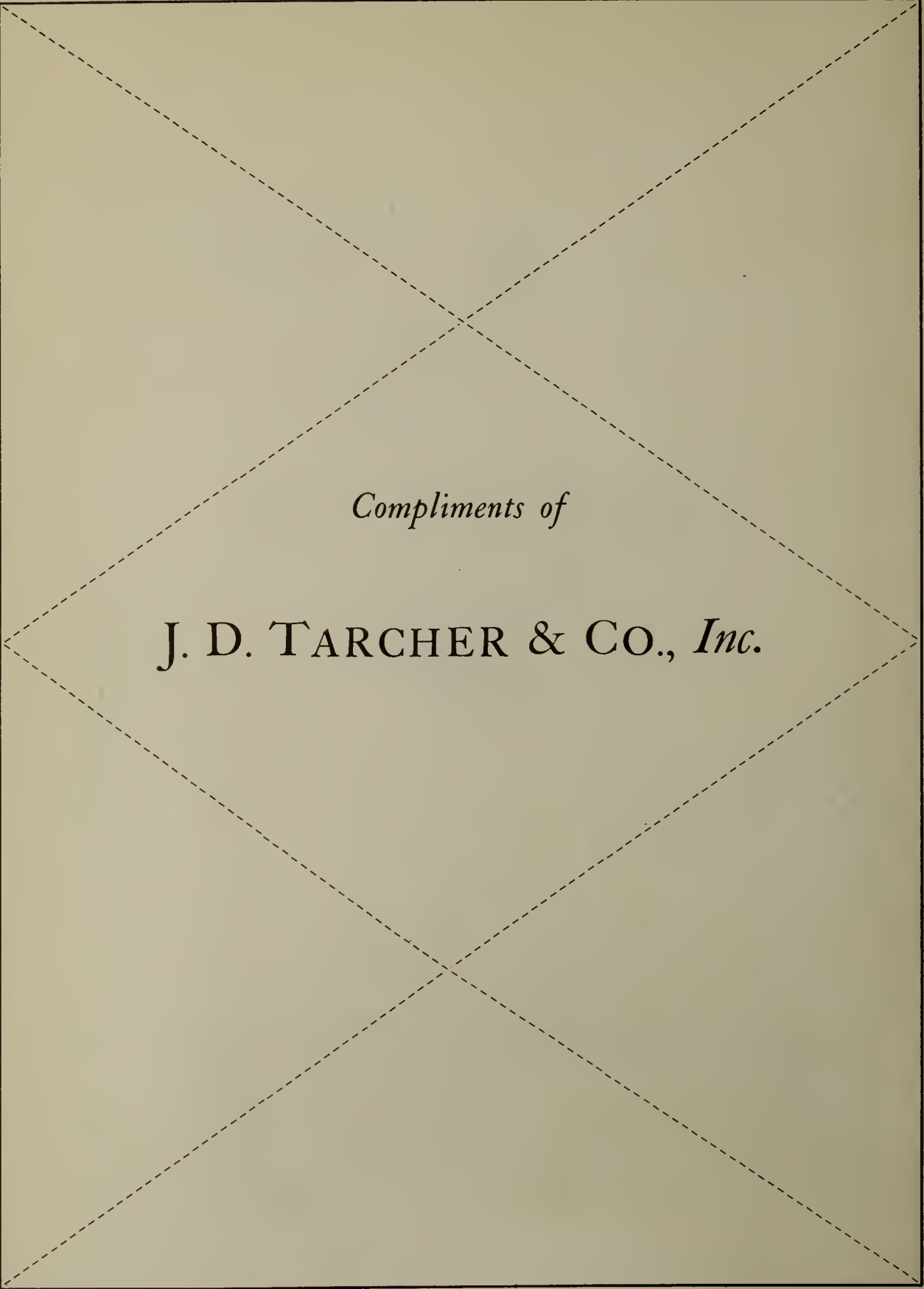
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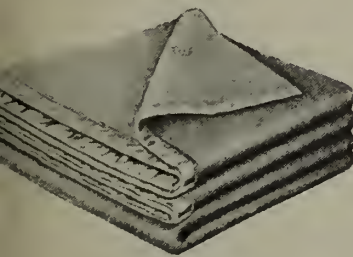
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# THE MIRROR

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# THE LEATHER SHACKLES

by WILLIAM D. McCoy

I came up out of the hot air and roar of the subway, and stood for a moment in the wicked July glare, getting my bearings. The sticky heat crept inside you on a day like this, and pasted your clothes to your body. My suit hung limply on me like a big hunk of material too big for a clothes dummy.

After the concentrated noise of the subway every little clatter coming from anywhere around the street seemed isolated and special. It sounded and then it echoed kind of inside my ears and drifted away slow to be replaced by something else. There were a gang of kids in torn jerseys playing stickball in the streets. Every once in a while a car would come along, slow and cautious, like a stalking animal, and the game would be shattered and then it would reform again, or if the car was a Caddy or a Lincoln the kids would stand and stare at it until it turned the corner heading down toward the river or got caught in the pushcarts three blocks down. Then the kids would start playing and swearing again, and things would seem normal, and then their game would be broken up again. It made me feel strange somehow. I had never played stickball when I was a kid, I hadn't been born in a city, but I felt like I was one of them, except grown-up of course. I felt like I should have played stickball when I was a kid.

The address I held in my hand said 368 Bracey St. That was a block up and around a corner where it was dark from the shade cast by the big five story tenements. I had been there before.

I started walking up the block, feeling kind

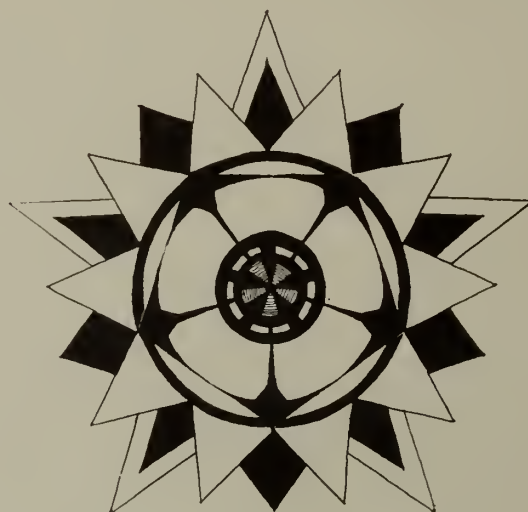
of self-conscious because I had a suit coat on, and this was a shirt-sleeves district. There were a lot of old men sitting in the doorways I passed, just out of the heat of the sun, who looked at me funny like I was a trespasser. I could hear the shouts and the clatter above me from the kids who were playing around the fire escapes. There

was a lot of screaming and yelling, and once I heard a child-voice shriek very distinctly, "I'm falling!" Nobody fell although I looked up and flinched and expected to see a body drifting down toward the sidewalk. The kids must have been playing a game.

There was an awful lot of them, kids I mean. That's one thing about a lousy part of town. There are always a lot of kids running around. Maybe it's because their folks don't give a damn like

most of them do in the towns in Westchester and Fairfield. Or poor people have more kids than rich ones do, I've heard that too. I don't know. But everywhere I looked I could see 'em. They roller-skated down the sidewalk, or ran around with cheap toy pistols, and there were a couple of little Dago girls playing with \$1.98 dolls in a doorway. They were combing the dolls' hair with combs and talking to them as I walked by.

I turned down Bracey Street at the corner, and went across. Bracey was very dark like a canyon at sunset when the angle of the sun is low, and there's nothing but shadow in it. You could just see two walls of dark on either side of the street with some square differences in shade that meant windows and doorways. At the end of the block there was a flare of vague orange



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sunlight shining off the buildings that weren't in the shade. I looked for 368.

It was a small doorway with a dirty pane of glass set into the upper half with a number 368 in peeling enamel on it. The bottom of the door was gashed and scarred where feet had kicked it open when the hinges needed oil. I stood there looking at it, wondering just how bad off Georgie was, and then I turned the knob. I knew it was going to smell musty, like a storeroom, like there was no life in it.

It did too. There was not much of a hallway, just an open square with a stairway starting about five feet from the door, and beside the stairway a shut door that led to the landlady's room. The bannister on the stairway was loose as I started up, and shook when you took hold of it, and it made you feel like you were climbing a heavily vibrating ladder. Down below a tarnished nickel mailbox had had a slip of note paper, torn from a pad and written on stuck into the name slot saying G. Logan. That's who I was after. The number on the mail box had been 4. That might put Georgie on the second floor, and I wouldn't have to climb any more stairs.

I came to the landing, and looked down a dreary hall that ended in a window that showed the top floors and the water tank of the tenement across the street. The hall had been linoleumed once, but it was all worn down except near the walls where it hadn't been walked on much. The bare floor was dust-impacted wood, the dull, lifeless color of a dead tree. Number 4 was the last room on the right, next to the window. You could still see the 4, but in about a year it would blend in with the paint of the door.

I brought up my hand, but for a moment I didn't knock. I expected to have my knuckles bring out a hollow, sonorous sound like footsteps echoing down an empty hallway, or the sound of an axe cutting wood at a distance, or a hand rapping on the door of a mausoleum. Then I knocked.

The knock sounded short and flat, and I was surprised. Then I listened. For a couple of seconds there was no sound from inside, and then I heard a creak of springs and slow scuffing footsteps. The door made a noise as somebody turned the knob from the other side and pulled on it. The door didn't open very far, and I could

only see a worn rug, a picture and about half of a messed-up bed. Then Georgie Logan stuck his empty face into the space I was looking through.

"Yeah, whaddya want?" he said in his slow voice.

"Don't you remember me, Georgie? Mitchell. I work for Abe Krist. You know the Head. Abe Krist."

For a second Georgie's face just looked at me, and then I saw a twitch at the corner of his eyes, and a light seemed to switch on inside his head, and he said, "Oh, yeah, Mr. Mitchell. Yeah. When I was workin' for Mr. Krist, yeah. Come on in, you got something to tell me, Mr. Mitchell. Come on in, Mr. Mitchell." As I walked into the room I felt kind of a twinge. I could remember far back when Georgie hadn't called anybody Mister.

The room was small and bare except for the picture on the wall, showing Georgie putting up his dukes, and crouching, and looking competently dangerous from behind the gloves. The glass in the frame was cracked in one corner, and the picture was beginning to become gray. It was an old picture. Georgie had been sitting on the bed, looking out the window. The dent from his big body was still imprinted in the thin mattress, and the dirty blanket was mussed up at one end where he had put his stockinged feet. The window was closed; it was cool and musty in the room. It reminded me of a crate warehouse.

Georgie was standing patiently near the still-open door, holding the knob in one hand loosely, as if he wanted to keep tabs on the door so nobody could take it. He hadn't said anything, and neither had I, I felt a little embarrassed somehow. So I said casually, "Georgie, why don't you close the door. Then we can talk." For a moment he stood there, while he absorbed what I had said, and then he pushed the door shut, clicking the latch quietly into place. "Yeah, okay, Mr. Mitchell. You wanna talk. Okay." It was almost painful, and I felt a little sick for a moment listening to Georgie talking. I went over to the straight-back chair that was standing in the middle of the room, and pulled it out, shoving it over near the bed. Georgie saw what I was doing, so he obediently went over to the bed and sat on it. And then he waited with an expectant look on his



face for me to start talking. He didn't start to talk or ask any questions or anything. He just sat there and waited, like a puppy waiting for the dog food to be poured into his bowl.

I had something to say to him, something I had been sent to say, but all of a sudden, looking at him sitting on the bed, I couldn't get the words up out of my throat. So I groped for something. "How's the jaw coming, Georgie? All healed up now? All okay?"

"Yeah," he said slowly, and I tensed involuntarily as I saw him struggling for his words. "Yeah, it's all okay. They fixed me up okay. Yep."

He had been out about four months with that broken jaw, at least that was the last fight he had had, and that's where he had gotten it I guess. He had been lucky in a way. Abe Krist, my boss--the Head--had a floater insurance policy on all his stable, but the premiums were too high for anything but cut-and-bruise insurance. Georgie had gotten into a Catholic charity hospital, and they had fixed it up.

The jaw looked okay as I looked at him. They had put it back together pretty good at the hospital.

Georgie moved the jaw now a little, as if it were stiff and needed exercise. He licked his lips too, a slow, kind of disgusting roll of his tongue. His eyes were pointed down toward the floor, but he was looking at nothing. His eyes were completely blank; the pupils weren't receiving anything, like a burned-out cathode tube.

Georgie had been empty like that for a long time. Way back, when I first started working for the Head, I could remember Georgie. He had been pretty young then, a little under twenty-five maybe, and he was a good boy. Not too fast or shifty, but a good boy with a terrifying left. That was his meal-ticket, that left fist. He could split a flour-bag with that fist when it was taped up all right. He had been a pretty fair prospect until the Head over-matched him. Now that I look back it wasn't all the Head's fault. The Head had to have a main bout one Friday night, and one of his headliners, Joe Brix I think it was, came down with influenza. The Head couldn't do anything but put Georgie in. Georgie was the only one available, and I guess we all thought he could do okay with that big left fist of his. He

was a little slower than we thought, and he didn't have a chance to use the left. When the referee stopped the bout in the eighth, Georgie looked a lot different. All the reason had been beaten out of his head. We thought he would just be punchie for a little while, because he had taken a pretty bad beating. But the doctor said something in Georgie's nervous system had been broken, and his punchiness was going to keep on for a long, long time. It was a tough break.

Georgie was still looking toward the floor, and you could tell the focus of that gaze stopped just a little short of the faded rug, and things were pretty blurry for him.

"Georgie," I said wondering if he heard me. "Georgie, you sure that jaw's sewed up all right?"

He lifted his face up, and it looked into mine. His eyes were opened wide and expectant, and they blinked for a second before he answered. "Yeah, it's okay. It's all fixed up okay."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. If it's okay, Georgie, we can get you a fight."

I could tell it didn't register. My words beat against the closed gate to his mind, and fell back. And then he seemed to absorb it. He nodded his head, very slowly and solemnly, several times, and looked at me again. "I'd like to fight. I'm in okay shape. I won't need much. I'm okay"

"That's swell, Georgie. You won't need to be in such hot shape anyway. It's a middle-bout, a softener. You'll just have to show the crowd you can box. It won't take much out of you."

He held up his hands in front of him, and pushed them toward me. "No. No. I want to get out there an' give the boy a fight. I'll use my left, an' I'll give him a good fight. I'll earn my pay."

"You just have to get out there for six rounds, and show the crowd a little boxing, that's all, Georgie. It's just another fight."

"But I want a good fight," he said, hurt. "I still got my left. I could polish him off."

Well, he wanted to use his left. I had hoped he would understand it was a throw without my actually having to tell him so. I didn't want to tell him, but I guess I had to. Georgie was fighting Leverett Winslow. Winslow would have to win, because the Head was lining him up with a new kid he had, and he wanted the fight to be

a stepping-stone, at least in the sport pages. It was just good business. But that meant Leverett had to win hands down so the build-up would be right. I guess that's why the Head picked Georgie. Georgie would be just the right kind of punching bag for Leverett to have before he fought the kid. It was all planned out and Georgie had to play it that way.

Georgie was still looking at me, waiting for me to tell him he could kill the guy with his left if he wanted to. Well, I didn't want to, but it was my job, so I waded in.

I looked around the room for a moment, making sure he saw me look at its individual little shabbinesses, and then I said to him, "You need this fight pretty bad, don't you, Georgie?" It was a dirty thing to say, even to a punchie, and I felt like my mouth was dirty for saying it.

"Yeah. I ain't been workin'. I'd like the fight," he said with great sincerity, sincerity coming out of that puffy-lipped mouth.

"Well you know how the game is, Georgie. We have to please the customers. That's how we make our living. Sometimes we have to twist things a little so we can please them. Look, Georgie, the boy you're fighting has to win the fight. It's all a part of a plan. You'll get fifty bucks for the fight, I can promise you that. But the other fellow has to win. You understand, Georgie, you've seen it before. So you'll have to save your left, Georgie. This all has to go according to plan."

I had said it, and for a couple of seconds I would have sworn he hadn't heard a word. Then he looked up at me, and this time his eyes weren't so empty. He had understood me, and something had flowed into the vacuum of those eyes. He jerked himself off the bed, not slow this time but fast and deliberate as if he were coming out of his corner. He stood up over me, and raised his left hand and clenched it into a fist. "I gotta use this left. I can't fight without usin' this left. I could kill him with my left. I could kill anybody who comes up with this left. I ain't gonna hold it. I'm gonna kill him with it!"

He stood over me, like a stone idol, and waved the fist around in little circles. For a moment I was terrified, terrified because what was dormant had erupted. I stared at that fist, fascinated, like I was punchie too. And then I got over

it, and looked up at Georgie's face. The life was draining from those eyes, and his fist unclenched, and he sat down on the bed again, slow and slothful. His head fell against his chest, and he looked down toward the floor again, not quite reaching it with his gaze.

I didn't say anything, and the silence was thick in the room. You couldn't even hear any noise from the street through the closed window. Georgie was still staring toward the floor when I started talking again, soft and easy, trying to gauge him. "I know how it is, Georgie, but this time you just have to fit in with the picture. We want you to have this fight, Georgie. We can get somebody else if we have to, Georgie. But we want you to fight. We're doing you a favor, now why don't you do us one?"

"You get somebody else?"

"We don't want to, but if you don't want to fight this the right way, then we'll have to, Georgie." I was being real soothing, and I began to feel sick at myself. But it was working, at least that's what I thought from the way Georgie looked. He had lost all the heat, and his face was a flesh bas-relief again.

He brought up his head with that strange, slow hoisting motion of his neck that reminded me of the lifting of a derrick.

"I want to fight," he said, and nodded his head emphatically. "Yeah, I got to get back into it again. I can do all right against that boy." His words faded out instead of just stopping dead, and I could feel my ears strain for an echo, like they do when you call down a long bare hallway, and you know the sound will reverberate off the walls. That's the way Georgie's room was. Whenever he was silent like that, staring down at the floor, I felt like I was the only person there.

All of a sudden I wanted to get out into the street where I could hear the kids' shouting, and the rasping sound of their cheap roller-skates skidding against the sidewalk.

I got up very quickly, too quickly to be polite or anything, but Georgie just looked up with that expression of vague interest on his face. "Look, Georgie, I've got to be running. Now that we've got things all set, you come down to the office tomorrow or the next day, and



sign the fight up, okay? Mr. Krist'll be glad to see you."

"Can I ask him about using my left? He might let me. He always used to say my left was a gold mine." If hope could exist on that beaten, empty face, hope was what I saw there. Or maybe it was an instinctive, animal perseverance, trying to override an obstacle it couldn't understand. I don't know.

I just wanted to leave quick.

"I bet you and he will have a good talk, Georgie. You can ask him and see what he has to say about it. You won't forget, will you, Georgie. You can ask him and see what he has to say about it. You won't forget, will you, Georgie, tomorrow or the next day?"

"I'll remember. I want to talk to Mr. Krist."

I walked over to the door, and opened it. I stepped over the threshold, and looked back. Georgie had clenched his left fist, lightly this time, and was rubbing it into the palm of his right hand. I guess he was smiling, though no light was falling on his face, and I couldn't see too well. The whole room was dark. But I figure he was smiling. So, let him smile. God knows he wouldn't have much more chance to do it.

I shut the door.

I went down the shaky, foot-scuffed stairs, and stopped at the landlady's door, and gave her a couple of bucks and told her to send Georgie down to the address I wrote down for her because he probably would forget about it. And then I left the dump.

It was noisy when I got out onto the street again, especially when I turned the corner from Bracey. It was just like I was hoping it would be when I was up in Georgie's room. But I didn't feel any better, and that puzzled me. You wish something would happen and it does and then you aren't content. That's a hell of a feeling.

All right, so it is a tough racket. It did wreck Georgie. Well, Georgie wasn't quite tough enough. That's the only practical attitude to take. The Head had been tough enough, he had gone through the business, and now look where he was, one of the biggest promoters in the country. He put his eye on something, and he got it. In a tough business like this that's something pretty good.

You can pity Georgie, but why waste it. He just had some tough breaks. I'm supposed to clean out my pockets or something for all the guys I know in this business who've had tough breaks? Georgie will take the fight. It's a living. The Head will make him hold his left and get torn up a little because the Head is awful strong-minded. Georgie will be okay. He could be a damn sight worse-off, a punchie like him. It's a tough business.

I went down the sidewalk, past the old men and the washed-out women and the filthy kids, feeling the heat seep once more through my suit coat and shirt into my skin. I looked back once for some reason, and then headed toward the subway.



# BERMUDA

by AUBREY GOODMAN

The sand was cool and damp that dark blue velvet night. If you were very still and listened carefully, you could hear the music from Elbow Beach; but I was listening to the waves lapping lazily at the beach and watching the silver flecks on the ocean and wishing that I were not alone there on the sand. I knew a secret: there was someone else on down the beach. Occasionally I saw the red firefly glimmers of two cigarettes, and once I heard a thin ribbon of laughter. Somehow I felt as though I were spying on them, so I brushed off the sand and left.



No matter which way I was pedaling, I always seemed to be going uphill. The narrow road was crowded with horses and carriages and junebug taxicabs and bicycles; but soon I was pedaling alone out in the country. The Sun was bathing the pink clay houses snuggled into the green hills sprinkled or blanketed with oleanders and lilies. It was hot at three so I stopped at a deserted grocery. The man inside gave me large ginger cookies from a tin can and some home-made banana ice cream. While I ate, he leaned back in a chair and watched me with his black buttony eyes; I am sure that he was laughing at me because I was a tourist.



The movie was creamy green with pots of fake palms on both sides of the stage. A scratchy record of "Night and Day" was playing while chocolate-skinned natives filled up the seats around me. The movie was "All About Eve." I think that the natives enjoyed it: they shrieked hysterically, screamed back and forth, whistled, stamped their feet, let out cat calls, cackled raucously and hit each other on the head with folded newspapers. A big fat ash-colored lady plopped into the seat next to me. She touched my arm, and when I looked around at her, she said in a low oozing voice, "Hello handsome." I fled.

It was good to be out on the sidewalk in the blaring sun. And I was even glad to see the tourists strutting along in front of the shops: I know they were tourists — Bermuda shorts, straw hats with Bermuda spelled out on the brims, shirts with maps of Bermuda streaked across the backs, sun glasses and sandals.



After the last dance I saw a lovely girl with glittering golden hair, and she was wearing a frothy blue gown. She was standing across the room, and when I realized that her blue-grey eyes were fixed on me, I melted inside. I crossed the floor and said, "Are you staring at me?" and she answered softly, "Aren't you staring at me?" She had me there. She placed her arm through mine, and from that moment on I knew that Mary would be the only one.



Raoul is the only person I know who really lives in Bermuda. I met him one evening at the Princess Hotel; we ended up at his house around three in the morning eating turkey sandwiches and drinking cold milk in a room filled with portraits of the Duchess and the Countess and Lady So-and-So. The next day when I returned to consume a luncheon beneath a huge crystal chandelier, his mother floated majestically down the wide burgundy-carpeted stairs and greeted me. "I'm teddibly soddy I hev kept you waiting. I hev bean dahning my stuckings."



Cathy had purple eyes, and the night I met her at Elbow Beach she was wearing a fresh white dress. We were both writing letters in the letter-writing room right off the lobby when she asked me how to spell Honolulu Hawaii honey; I told her that I did not know and we became friends.

"How do you like my dress?" she asked.

"Nice," I replied.

"I designed it myself," she went on, "and they paid me a hundred dollars for the pattern. I went shopping today and only spent forty-seven dollars. I mean, that's pretty good considering all the things I bought. I bought some perfume and some sweaters and a little plaid cap with my own tartan."

"Really?"

"I'm Scotch-Irish, you know, and I live in Carolina but I was born in Paris. My father brought me into the world with his own hands to save a doctor bill. He has a sister who lives in New York. She's a pediatrician and got her Ph.D. when she was twenty-three. That's pretty good. Don't you think so?"

"Oh yes."

"People say I look like Carol Channing. I think they just say that because she's my aunt. Aly Khan is my cousin. Did you know that?"

"No," I admitted.

She was going to have an audition with Mike Todd; to prove it to me, she sang every single song from South Pacific. Then she sang a risqué song about an elephant, ran around the room doing bumps and grinds and ended up by breaking into a crazy Charleston. I threw my letter into the waste basket and Cathy put on a big straw hat and we descended to the bar. She put her arms around the bartender's neck and ordered a glass of vinegar.

"Sunburn," she explained as she splashed it on her face.



The nice thing about Elizabeth's Tea Cosy is that you can eat out on a little balcony over Front Street and watch the water and the boats. One day while I was eating lunch a man who looked like Babbitt and a woman with cherries on her hat came out and sat down at a table at the other end of the balcony.

"Ooohoo ooohooo!" the woman shrilled as she fluttered her hand in the air. I looked behind me. There was no one there, so I smiled vaguely and said, "Hello there."

They got up and moved over to the table next to mine.

"Why, you aren't the one!" she exclaimed, shocked.

"What did I tell you, Agnes? What did I tell you? I told you he wasn't the one," the man whispered.

I tried to appear nonchalant. I tried to think Beautiful Thoughts.

"I'm sorry," she said to me. "We flew down and we thought that you were the boy on the plane. I'll swear! All you college boys look alike."

"But I go to Andover," I said.

"Andover College?"

My God.

"No," I stuttered, recovering from the blow. "It isn't a college."

"What is it?" she asked.

Her husband saved me. "Andover," he drawled. "Good old Andover. Yessir. Good old Andover."

I beamed. "Did you go there, sir?"

"Good old Andover," he went on. "A fine old school. A fine old school. Yessir. It's in Pennsylvania, isn't it?"

I unbeamed. "No, it's in Maine."

"Aaaaah yes," he muttered with a faraway look in his eyes.

We ate in silence for awhile. Then the woman turned around and said, "Where are you from?"

"Texas," I sighed.

"Ooooooh," she cooed, "you must live on a . . ."

"No, ma'm, I don't live on a ranch."

"Well, is your father in . . ."

"No oil either."

"Oh," she whispered. She was disappointed. When I finished eating, I decided to be polite.

"Where are you folks from?"

"Butte," they replied, in tandem.

That ended that.

"Goodbye," I said.

"Bye-Bye. If you're ever in Butte, be sure to . . ."

"So long," I called back as I ran down the stairs, hopped on my bike and pedalled away furiously.



Coming back on the Queen, I rented a deck chair. Guess who was sitting next to me.





FATE — *John Stockwell*

"Well, hello there, Cathy."

She turned toward me and took off her sun glasses.

"Well, hi, Zmmmmmmm!"

I guess she didn't remember my name.

We talked about how sorry we were to be leaving Bermuda and then I said, "That's a lovely dress."

"Do you like it? I designed it myself and they paid me a hundred dollars for the pattern."

"My gosh. And that plaid cap — is that your tartan?"

"Why yes! I'm Scotch-Irish, you know, but I live in Carolina. I was born in Paris and my father brought me into the world with his own hands to save a doctor bill."

"What do you know! Cathy, do you know who you look like? Carol Channing."

"Really? She's my aunt, you know. Aly Khan is my cousin."

"My, my. With all those connections you ought to go into show business."

"Oh, honey, I am. Why I've got an audition with Mike Todd!"

She started to stand up; I quickly changed the subject.

"Cathy, I was reading this article about a woman in New York. Her picture looked like you. She's a pediatrician and got her Ph.D. when she was twenty-three."

"That's my father's sister!" she shouted. "I mean, that's my aunt! What magazine?"

"Time," I lied. "I think there is a copy in the reading room."

"Listen, honey," she said as she got up, "I'll see you later. Bye."

"Goodbye," I said.

She walked down the deck, and I never saw her again.

# THE BOY WITH THE LEMON HAIR

by AUBREY GOODMAN

The boy with the lemon hair stood on one foot and then the other as he looked around the Astor lobby. His inquisitive green eyes were large and round; the tweed jacket, striped tie and button-down shirt were like all his new clothes — rocky. He would have been more comfortable in his jeans and tee shirt, but they were in a drawer back in Texas. Jud was going to New England; he was going to Prep School. Nevertheless, his collar was too large and it kept coming unbuttoned. He wished that Sam would hang up and come out of the phone booth.

"Leonore? Your faithful manager, Sam. Can I drop your plane tickets off at your place now? Ummhuh. Well, look, I've got this boy with me so I'll have to bring him along. Kid of an old friend of mine. About fifteen. He's on his way to Andover or someplace all the way from Texas. Andover. Yeah. It's a school. Well, we're on our way. Bye."

Jud couldn't believe it was true.

"You mean we're really going to see Leonore Summers, the movie star?"

"That's right, Jud."

"Gosh!"

The yellow cab pulled over to the curb in front of an apartment house overlooking Central Park, and they got out. Jud was spiritually reeling. Visions of immense smoke rings and Little Lulu pulling up Kleenex and glittering lights running all over the place were dancing in his head. But as they went up in the elevator, Jud pulled himself together and thought about Leonore Summers.

Although she had never won an Academy Award, she was the most popular American film star. Her breathtaking beauty, her tridimensional walk and her fabulous figure were usually splashed across movie screens in gorgeous technicolor. She was dazzling and exotic and delicious.

Dreamy-eyed, Jud followed Sam off the elevator, down a carpeted hall and into the apartment; and there she was.

Languorously stretched out on a sofa, she was lazily blowing thin curls of smoke up toward the ceiling. She was not swathed in shimmering satin or floating chiffon; she was wrapped in a faded peach-colored chenille bathrobe that looked like an old bedspread. Instead of golden slippers, maroon bunnies dangled nonchalantly from her toes.

"Hello, gorgeous," Sam said, as he gave her a light kiss on the cheek.

"Bring the tickets?" she asked, not bothering to alter her position.

"Yeah. This is Jud. He's from Texas!"

She laboriously turned on her side and looked at Jud. A strand of honey-colored hair fell across her face, and she brushed it aside. There were two big blue eyes, round and moist, and a puckering pink rosebud of a mouth. Her skin was as white as marble, no warmth or glow, but smooth and glossy. Somehow, in spite of the eyes, her face looked as if it had been erased.

Jud was suddenly conscious of a noise that sounded like a shower, but before he could decide if it really was a shower, the noise stopped.

"What time do we leave tomorrow?" she asked, as she turned onto her back.

A handsome young man with warm chocolate-brown eyes and tousled dark hair and a towel draped carelessly over his hips appeared in a doorway.

"Hi, Sam. Bring the tickets?"

"Yeah. Orin, this is Jud. He's from Texas!"

"Hi, kid. Sam, come in and talk to me while I get dressed. Leonore, will you get ready for God's sake? I don't want to go to Glenda's anyway, you know. I'm only going for you."

The man probably lived down the hall and his shower didn't work and so he came in here to borrow her shower, Jud thought to himself. He probably lived here and she was in the wrong apartment by mistake. He probably . . . uh . . . he probably . . . well, hell! What is he doing here?



Jud perched on the edge of a chair and looked desperately around the room, trying to find an old painting or vase to comment on. And then he recalled something being said about tickets and leaving.

"Are you going on a trip, Miss Summers?" he asked, quietly and carefully.

"Ummhuh. Orin and I."

"Oh," he whispered almost inaudibly.

It was true. She was living in sin. Jud wanted to crawl off and be alone. Why did that Sam make me come over here, he asked himself.

She sat up and, letting her bunnies slip to the floor, tucked her feet under her.

"Drink?"

Jud shook his head and, just because it didn't occur to him to say yes, muttered a polite no thankyou.

They sat and looked at each other. Finally she lit a cigarette.

"I'm on my way to Andover," Jud said in a sudden burst of energy.

"Are you sure you don't want a drink?"

"No, I don't think so, thankyou."

She got up and walked over to the bar. For a few seconds the only sounds were the fizzing of the seltzer water as it gushed into the glass, the plops of the ice cubes as she dropped them into the glass and the clanking of the cubes as she stirred the drink.

Returning to the couch, she put her glass down on a coffee table and patted the cushion next to her as she looked invitingly at Jud. Jud moved over and sat next to her, folded his hands and tried to look at ease.

"Do you go to the movies much?"

"Sure. I go all the time at home."

"Have you seen any of my pictures? I mean, lately."

"Sure. Just about all of them I guess."

"Well," she began in a matter-of-fact tone, "I wonder if you would mind my asking you a few questions? You see, something's been bothering me lately. I mean really bothering me. You know?"

Jud nodded and tried to look interested as she spoke slowly and awkwardly.

"Well, I've been wondering lately. You see, I always wonder what people really think about me. What I mean is, sometimes I go places and

meet people and they don't recognize me. When I tell them who I am, they act so surprised. They've seen my pictures but they don't recognize me. Do you see what I mean?"

Her blue eyes searched Jud's face for an answer. But Jud could only see her chalky white face. He couldn't tell her that she didn't even look like Leonore Summers, that she was almost featureless.

"Where are you going on your trip?"

She sank back into the cushions and picked up her drink.

"Well, it isn't exactly a trip. Orin and I are going out to Hollywood. Orin is in stocks and bonds, you know, and I have to have some costume fittings for my next picture. I'll be back in New York next week."

"What a nice apartment!" he remarked.

"Oh, we like it. Orin pays the rent, but, confidentially, I don't think I can stand living with him in this apartment much longer. Orin is alright for awhile, but then he starts to get on my nerves. That's when I usually move into a hotel. Besides, it's so crowded when my mother comes for the weekend. She doesn't like me to live with Orin."

Jud straightened his tie and tried to clear his throat.

"And heaven knows I can't get a decent night's rest with that Edgar around. Last night I was almost asleep when he crept into my room, climbed on my bed and nearly pushed me onto the floor."

Jud tugged at his socks.

"And when I finally dozed off, he stuck his head under the covers and started licking my feet."

Just then a big black poodle traipsed into the room, stared menacingly at Jud, growled, turned around haughtily and walked away.

"That was Edgar. He hates company."

Jud breathed easier.

"Orin and I love to have animals around. My mother never let me have a pet. In Hollywood I have a chimpanzee. That's a big monkey, you know. But then Orin doesn't live with me in Hollywood. We just live together in New York. I like variety. Don't you?"

"Don't I what?"

"Don't you like variety?"

"I guess," Jud replied, unhappily.

Orin and Sam came into the room.

"Leonore, aren't you ready yet? I don't even want to go, you know. I hate those brawls over at Glenda's."

Leonore moaned, got to her feet and floated away. Orin mixed three drinks and put one down in front of Jud. Jud carefully placed his glass under the couch.

"Well," Orin was saying, "I think she'll be alright. I always hated him and I don't mind saying it. But Leonore worshipped that father of hers. And when he died like that she nearly died too. The whole thing was a real shock to her, and now she has a lot of funny ideas. Mostly about Vinny. You know, she even thinks that Vinny killed him? She really thinks that. Isn't that something?"

There was a long wheezing sound. Edgar appeared from beneath the couch, staggered in a zig-zag fashion across the floor and fell into a heap by the window.

"That damn dog. Always trying to get attention," Orin said, as he drained his glass.

Jud looked under the couch and saw that his drink had been turned over.

"I told Glenda that I might be by her little gathering tonight," Sam said. "Think it's okay to take Jud along?"

"How old are you, son?"

"Fifteen," Jud replied, a little ashamed of being so young.

"Well, he's safe from Glenda. I guess it's okay."

"Now, Orin, Glenda's not that bad."

Leonore swept through the door, draped in silver-blue satin with a white fur stole thrown over her milky shoulders. She was trying to fasten a sapphire bracelet around her wrist. It was unbelievable.

"Alright, boys. I won't have one word said against Glenda," she said. "Glenda is my best friend and I detest her. Orin, honey, try and fix this bracelet."

Jud's green eyes opened wide. This surely was not the same person. This was a woman of warmth and glow and sparkle. There was color in her cheeks; her lips were red red. The room was full of her.

"Let's go," she said.

Orin lit a cigarette.

"Leonore, why don't you go on over with Sam? I'll be over later. I don't want to have to be around Glenda any more than I have to."

Leonore turned to him, and her face was solemn. And when she spoke, her voice was strangely low."

"No, Orin. It won't work."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I know that Vinny is in town. You want to meet her behind my back. Don't you, Orin?"

Orin breathed heavily and pressed his lips together. Jud looked down at the carpet and tried to be inconspicuous.

"In spite of all I've told you about her, you want to see her. You'll go crawling back to her. Won't you, Orin?"

He smudged out his cigarette furiously.

"Alright. Alright, Leonore. What if I do? I have a right to see Vinny. I'm not married to you and you can't tell me what to do. And I still love her! I still love Vinny and I don't believe the lies you've made up about her!"

Their eyes were locked; Leonore spoke calmly and firmly.

"Vinny is having an affair and everyone in town knows it. She doesn't love you, and she never did. She drove my father to his grave and she's tricked you. She doesn't . . ."

Orin stalked to the door.

"I won't listen to your lies, Leonore. I'm getting out! I'm going back to Vinny!"

Leonore's voice was rising.

"You'll be back, Orin. She'll send you back. She'll send you back!!"

Orin slammed the door behind him.

Leonore sighed, looked helplessly at Sam and then at Jud, picked up her stole and turned out the lights.

No one said a word in the cab. Sam smoked; Leonore fished around in her bag, withdrew a compact and powdered her face; Jud just sat there. They got out, went up into another apartment house and entered a noisy, crowded, smoke-filled room.

"Helloooooooo!" shrilled a woman with tangerine-colored hair, as she fluttered her hand in the air and began to cross the room in a saucy heel-and-toe-and-away-we-go fashion.

"This is Glenda," Sam whispered to Jud as the woman came nearer.

Glenda and Leonore exchanged darlings and pecks on the cheek, and Glenda asked where Orin was, and Leonore said that he just hadn't been able to make it.

"Oh, that brother of yours!" Glenda twinkled. "Leonore, you ought to keep a closer watch on that brother. Orin runs around too much."

"Oh," Leonore fudged, "Orin's a big boy now — ha ha."

"I know damn well he is — ha ha!" Glenda replied, jabbing Sam in the stomach with her elbow. "Oh, Leonore! You'll never guess who I bumped into on the street this afternoon — Vinny! I didn't even know she was in town. And there she was walking down the street with this funny looking little man. But she looked absolutely gorgeous. I don't know how your mother does it, but I'll swear she looks twenty years younger every time I see her. I don't think Vinny will ever get old."

"Glenda," Sam said, "this is Jud. He's from Texas!"

"Well well well well well!" she said.

Glenda looked at Jud, Jud looked at Sam, and Sam looked around for the liquor, and Leonore looked over toward the door. Orin was standing there.

"Look!" Glenda cried. "There's Orin!"

Orin headed straight for Leonore. He greeted them all hurriedly, took Leonore by the arm and pulled her off into a corner. He talked excitedly and nervously.

"I went to her hotel and when I got right outside her room I heard her voice with some man's voice. They were laughing. I'm sure there was a man in there, Leonore. I'll kill him. I'll kill him."

"No," Leonore said quietly. "What did I tell you, Orin?"

Orin and Leonore looked at each other solemnly. Then they walked out of the apartment. Jud watched them leave; and when they had gone, he felt as though a spotlight had been turned off inside him. She hadn't even said goodbye.

"Well," Glenda shrugged. "Sandwiches! Sandwiches! Everybody have some sandwiches!"

she shrieked as she schottisched off. Jud pushed his way across the room; he wanted to use the phone to call home. Someone pushed him through a swinging door, and Jud found himself in a tiny white kitchen. He started to go back into the living room when he heard a girl's voice.

"Don't run away."

He turned and saw a young girl sitting at the kitchen table. She was wearing a powder-blue dress and sipping a drink through a straw.

"Lemonade. Want a sip?"

"No thanks," Jud replied, pulling a chair up to the table.

She wasn't wearing much make-up, just a little lipstick.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Jud."

"Mine's Mary. Mary Bolton. Where do you go to school?"

"Andover"

"I go to Shipley. I hate parties like this but I'm staying with my uncle so I had to come. Are you sure you don't want a sip of this lemonade?"

She was the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked, leaning toward him.

"Sure."

"I've lost my shoes. I'm always taking off my shoes, and then I never seem to be able to find them. Isn't that terrible?"

"Well, I guess that isn't so terrible."

"Oh, you're just being sweet."

He watched her finish her lemonade, fascinated by her.

"Do you know what I'd like to do? Right now?"

"No," he said.

"I want to go walking on Times Square. Want to come?"

"Now? Right now?"

"Yes. Right now. Come on!"

"Are you kidding?"

"Come on. You'll have to help me find my shoes."

Jud took her hand when they walked out onto the sidewalk. There were no cabs in sight.

"Say, Mary. I don't know any girls up here, and there's going to be a Prom up at Andover, and I wondered if you would come with me?"



"Well, when is it?"

"February, I think."

"Why that's almost six months away, Jud!  
Are you sure you want me to come?"

"Sure, I do, Mary. I want you to come more  
than anyone."

"Alright then, Jud. I'd love to come. I really  
would."

And she smiled when Jud blushed.

"Oh, gosh, Mary! I mean . . . gosh!"

A cab came along, and they climbed in, hap-  
pily, and zoomed away.

## WHERE ART THOU, MY VENUS?

by DAVID JONES

I find because these hollow anguish'd cries  
Compel my heart and soul to long for thee  
I turn my face toward the ev'ning skies  
And pray the stars may let thee come to me.

I see thy azure eyes, thy golden locks  
Upon each ray of Venus' cherish'd light;  
But soon thy treasur'd face my longing mocks  
And dashes off, and thou art lost in night.

The mounting pangs of passion pound my mind  
In one incessant hope that thou may'st be  
Among the stars, that I may one day find  
Some way that they may let thee come to me.

And now my moon is dark, my sea is dry.  
I've lost thy perfum'd lips, thy gentle touch.  
I know my heart and soul are doom'd to die;  
They cannot live — they've lost so very much.

My heart, in vain, begins to burn anew  
And once again I search the stars for thee.  
I hope my years of waiting may be few;  
My Venus, wilt thou never come to me?





A MEMORIAL — *Howard Phipps*

# A MODERN TRAGEDY

by LEE SMITH

A cool September breeze pushed aside the white curtains and, crossing the darkened room, seemed to find its long sought mark on the sweating brow of a white mound breathing listlessly on a bed in the corner. The great lump of wrinkled and sweating sheets stirred silently.

With a final toss, the shrouded hulk on the bed groaned and sat upright. The sheet slid off the figure's shoulders as he got to his feet. A dim street light reflected through the window. He reached under his pillow and, after fumbling for a second, struck a match to light a cigarette. As if afraid of the light, he turned quickly and extinguished the match. He groped his way to a worn and frayed object in the opposite corner. It was a modern chair, one of the overstuffed variety — dirty, yellow, and badly worn. When he sat down, he was almost swallowed up. The one small window did not circulate air to that corner of the room, and the smoke remained in a cloud around the slumped figure.

It always happened at this time. Reflecting back he remembered the first time. It was back in prep school — three years ago, or was it four, and yet it seemed like yesterday. It was during the last week of his senior year. The notice had come from home: his father had died suddenly while in South America. His father was always off doing something. He could never let anyone do it for him — even when his health, which had never been good, was failing. A small man, yet he had been the most capable man in the steel industry. Somehow, he never forgot; it was always there in the back of his mind, haunting him. It wasn't his father's death or all the money he had now; it was something else — something intangible, yet always there, especially now. It was clear as a bell as he sat in that overstuffed, yellow chair. On the boat, well that was different but here . . .

Douglas Jessup, four years varsity track, football, and baseball — most likely to succeed — Doug Jessup, idol of the juniors, respected by the seniors, admired by the faculty. He could

do anything. Then that time he had played Polonius. He could have had the part of Hamlet if he'd wanted it. All those lines he had learned — "Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame! The wind sets in the shoulder of your sail . . ." What was the rest of that passage? He always was poor at memorizing, or was it that he did not want to remember the rest? He flung the cigarette across the room, and crossed back to the bed.

At nine sharp, Doug cautiously felt his way down the narrow, rickety stairs, dropped a dollar on the grimy counter, and stepped out into the gray smog of a cool September day. He walked slowly along the sidewalk. As usual, the street was not a particularly appetizing sight. Refuse, unshaven derelicts; what was on the corner? — something new on the menu? Three half-opened cans of spaghetti were strewn in the gutter. The slimy yellow strings curled around the bright red ostrich feathers of an old hat. Suddenly they were sluiced down the drain by a lazy sanitation worker who barely looked up as Doug passed. He walked on through the dismal surroundings; and then, at the end of the street, the whole world changed. The land of refuse, smog, and bleary-eyed sanitation workers opened onto a fresh, invigorating scene: sparkling blue water and brisk white caps blended in with the azure sky. A wharf jutted out of the water. Ten great wooden piles surrounded a massive steel one. The sun glistened sharply off the bluish-gray stalwart, and blinded Doug for a second. A short distance off a yacht tugged at her mooring. The gleaming white paint of the hull, the blue water rippling along the waterline, the two freshly varnished masts, and the shining stainless steel rigging — all were blended in to make a perfect picture. As she swung around into the wind, one could read the sharp black lettering on the gleaming white stern: "Dame of Damascus." His father had named her. She was a bluenose schooner for blue water sailing, and a lot of boat for one

person to handle. Her specifications, 36 feet overall, 29 feet at the waterline, 10-foot beam, and 5-foot 6-inch draft, proved this. She could sleep four comfortably, and make about five knots with a Kermath 5. Fresh from the boatyard only three weeks ago, she was ready to go. They had done a nice job. The sides were almost blinding when the sun struck them; and the stainless steel rigging gleamed like highly polished silver.

Doug stood on the wharf for a long time taking in every detail. He had studied her a thousand times before, but the sight of the boat never ceased to give him a thrill. Out on the water a tanker was being slowly nudged home by three chugging tugboats, and across the harbor a ferry boat whistle split the crisp air. Hearing a low throbbing engine approaching, he turned to watch a dull, drab trawler. She was returning from the fishing banks. Two stocky boys looked up from their nets and grinned and waved. One of them stood up and stretched. He then walked towards the cabin. As he pulled himself up on the cabin, Doug looked at him carefully. One pant leg was pegged at the knee, and protruding below, like the ivory stump of Captain Ahab, a wooden leg. He couldn't believe his eyes. They didn't do things like that in the twentieth century; what about all those artificial limbs developed during the war? Why Doug's own uncle had an artificial hand. Doug stared unbelievably at this incapacitated remnant of the past. Poor sucker! The recipient of this belated sympathy, however, remained unknowing of the well meant condolence, and continued to mend the corner of his net. The trawler slowed and sounded two blasts; then swinging slowly to the left, it headed for an open berth in the fleet wharf. The "Bessie Mae" was back once again.

Doug rowed out to the "Dame of Damascus," and climbed on board. He pulled up the skiff, and then gave the boat a brief once-over. The yard had done a thorough job all right. Water and fuel tanks were full; the provisions for a week's cruise were stocked. There were a few muddy footprints on the floor, however. Probably some workman had taken a last look around before they had launched her. Even the

sails were laid out on the companionway, ready to be taken out of their bags and be put to work.

When four bells came, "Dame of Damascus" was footing along nicely on a starboard tack. Doug sat back and relaxed. It had rained around twelve, and now a brisk breeze was blowing from the north east. He looked out to sea. The sky had a milky look; cirrostratus clouds were hazing the sun over. At six bells the sun began to turn a bright yellow, and no more gulls were seen to be flying overhead. They had all flown by about an hour before. This was a bad sign; as many creatures besides birds are affected by the approach of wind or rain, such indications weren't slighted by Doug. The wind was about force 5-6 on the Beaufort scale, and the tops of the waves were blowing off. Doug slacked the main sheet a bit, and ran forward to douse the foresail. Then, climbing aft again, he set a course for Bridge Point.

Suddenly he had a strange feeling. His body tensed and he shivered slightly. Although the wind was blowing steadily now, and the night air was cool, this was not the reason he shuddered. No, it was something else. All at once he knew what it was; there was someone else on board. A sallow complexioned man burst out of the cabin and looked around excitedly.

"Holy mackerel! Hey! Where am I?"

As the man talked, he stumbled across the cockpit towards Doug. Doug shifted slightly and tensed when the man slumped down next to him.

"So you're the guy what owns this barge, eh! Quite a layout. To think I've been sleeping on those big bags down there in a dingy closet, and never knew we was afloat. What are those things anyway? Hey, where are we?"

Doug remained looking straight ahead, and he smiled softly to himself. "Those things" were brand new "Ratseys," and there was about seven hundred dollars worth of Egyptian cotton sewed up in them — pretty expensive sheets.

"Before I start answering questions, I think I might ask a few." He laughed as he said it. The man leaned back and pulled up his coat collar.

"Shoot, bud. I'm used to it."

"First of all, how long have you been using the "Dame of Damascus" as a private boarding house?"





SAIL HO! — *John Stockwell*

"Well, I'll tell ya. One day as I'm walking down the docks, I spies yer sturdy craft lying around there purty as a picture. I've seen her there for a couple of days, see, so I begin askin' 'round abouts whose barge it is. Some fella at the local bar tells. You'll have to excuse me if I seem crude. I always like to tell stories the way they are. That way they can't add five for lying. Anyway, this guy says some young guy owns it. He tells me this guy — you — is sort'a queer. Here he has a nice boat, and yet he sleeps at some flop house up the street. He goes on to say that the guy has quite a wad, least that's what he's heard 'round abouts. Anyway, I says to myself, here's a nice boat goin' to waste. Here I need a place to park myself; so I grab me a boat and row out to take advantage of this golden opportunity. Anyway, everything goes fine for about two weeks. Then last night I got stoned, and that dumb cop who pounds the two o'clock beat saw me comin' ashore. He follows me figurin' I stole somethin'; but when he finds me clean, he collars me and threatens to take me to that flop house up the street. He always does that to drunks. His sister owns the the joint, and he gets a cut if her boys roll the guy. Anyway, I'm not too bad off, see. So I persuade him to let me go and come back here when he's not around. Now look where I am, in a goddam sailboat out in the ocean. Hell, I can't even swim!"

As the man talked, Doug studied him out of the corner of his eye. The man was tall, about the same height as Doug himself. His face, however, was old. Yet the man must have been well under thirty. His hair was too long, and he needed a shave. His clothes were cheap and spotted. "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy . . . the apparel oft proclaims the man." When the man finished talking, Doug stood up and stretched.

"Well, fellah, I can tell you where we're goin', but as to whether we'll get there depends a lot upon the weather. You picked one heck of a place to sleep. My name's Doug, this barge is the "Dame of Damascus," and right now we're about twenty-five miles from Bridge Point."

Doug finished stretching and again took the wheel. That was what was nice about the "Dame

of Damascus." She could sail almost by herself if the sails were balanced right.

"Douglas, eh. What's yer last name, Doug?"

The man's eyes were gray, almost as gray as his father's, but they weren't as sharp as his had been. "Jessup, and by the way, what is your name?"

"Jessup — not any relation to Winthrop Jessup, Pittsburgh steel man? No, you couldn't be, not way out here."

"I'm his son."

The man sat up straight. He pushed back his hair with both hands and again adjusted his coat collar.

"I'll be damned. So you're old man Jessup's son. If I lived to be fifty, I'd never believe it. Yer old man was quite a boy. I used to watch him when he'd walk around the plant; that was when I worked in Pittsburgh during the war. Night shift, day shift, you could always see old Winthrop around. You could never tell when he'd show up. It wasn't like he was spying on ya to see if you was workin'. No sirree, not old Winthrop. He'd be there just to see that everything was going along all right. Then, every once in awhile, he'd yell, "Don't work too hard, men," and we'd all laugh, not because we had to, but because we knew your dad was a regular guy. Then some guy would be readin' a paper at lunch. Yer old man sure was a busy guy. I'll be damned if I know where he got the time to do all he did. Washington, South America — by the way, how's he these days? When he used to limp through the plant, he never looked so hot, yet his voice and that face of his — you could always tell that he had plenty of energy left."

Doug hunched over the binnacle. Due north. He should reach Bridge Point sometime during the first mid watch, probably around five bells. He sheeted home the main, and headed up a few points. North by East. "Dame of Damascus" dipped her lee rail under a bit further, but she was still "running large."

"My father died three years ago in South America." He said it without emotion, and he felt none, and yet that same feeling came over him.

"That's tough kid." (Kid, he was almost as old as the guy himself.) "Yer old man was quite

a guy. Not a stuffed shirt like most rich guys, but on the level! Heh, you got a butt?"

Doug reached in his pocket and handed over a cigarette, and then reached for some matches.

"Save 'em, one thing I do have is a light."

The man pulled out a lighter and flicked the wheel. A flame came, and the lighter glistened in the dark. It wasn't silver, but rather one of those cheap kind they sell off cards at the drug store. It was a steely-looking object. The man held it between two skinny fingers which were yellowed at the ends by constant smoking. Doug leaned over and lit up.

"Well kid, how's it feel to have a million dollar steel mill, and to be head of the whole sheebang?"

The man leaned back and inhaled deeply. Then he adjusted his coat collar again.

"Man alive, some guys have all the luck, and all the breaks. Yachts, steel mills, looks, and then there's other guys. There I go again. What's that fancy word? Once I asked a guy in a bar for a buck, and he spouted off for about half an hour on it. Oh yeah, rationalizing, or somethin' like that. Yes siree, many's the time I've rationalized about my sad state of affairs. But listen here, Doug. (the man was becoming familiar) what have you been doin' 'round these parts? This is one helluva long ways from Pittsburgh. And a guy with all your dough sure wouldn't stay in a dump like you was in for your health. Man alive, what a flop house. I wouldn't scrape my dog's fleas off in that joint!"

"Dame of Damascus" was skudding along nicely now. The wind had abated somewhat, and the sky was clear. The stars were literally twinkling. Doug frowned. More than usual twinkling of the stars was more or less significant of increasing wind, if not approaching rain with the wind. With five hours to sail before sighting land, single handed, or at almost any rate, it would be a fine kettle of fish if a storm broke. The coast line was not only wicked along here, but his course lay directly along the shipping lanes into Seattle. There was also the worry of fog. Fogs are usually produced when a current of warm moist air passes over a body of water of a lower temperature. However, fog indicates fine weather; and the way things had gone so far, fine weather seemed a long way off. He

again turned to his companion. Although he had been seemingly pre-occupied, he had heard the question of the man distinctly. That flop house, what did the oldtimers call a home ashore, Stone Frigate. He smiled to himself, some "Stone Frigate" that rickety flop house.

"Why am I out here? Your guess is as good as mine."

He wondered at himself. Had he ever been so frank before to anyone? Usually it was, "guess I'd just like to see how the other half lives," or, "I'd be wasting my time in college," or, just a, "Everyone needs a change once in awhile." This time, however, it was different. Out under the stars on "Dame of Damascus" his thoughts were freed . . . He bent over the binacle again.

"How much further to Bridge Point?"

"Oh, about twenty miles I figure. This is a pretty good breeze, but I can't put on more sail right now. Looks like it may blow up a bit."

"Well, Doug, to tell the truth, I'd sort of like to take forty winks. Then maybe you could teach me how to drive this here barge. I spied a motor down in the cellar one day, but those sails are beyond me."

Doug smiled to himself. The man's voice became almost childish when he asked about the boat. His features lost their hardened aspect.

"Sure, go ahead — I'll call you when I think I could use a hand."

The man went below, and Doug was alone again. "A guy with all your dough sure wouldn't spend it on a dump like that flop house you was in." The words ran through his muddled mind. "He has a nice boat and yet he sleeps at some flop house up the street." He supposed it did seem queer — "Stone Frigate," the oldtimers would roll in their graves at the thought. And yet he couldn't sleep on the "Dame of Damascus," just like he couldn't go to college, and he couldn't take over United Steel. Was it that he couldn't, or was it that he didn't want to. He never really knew. He leaned back and looked at the stars. Little steel bullets, that's what they were, and when you died . . .

He knew something was wrong as soon as he woke up. His clothes were soaked. A hard rain was pelting against him, and "Dame of Damascus" was laboring in the sharp, black seas.



Then suddenly, the steady splashing of a big ship under full steam, the waves curling off her massive bows. Out of the rain a well-decked cargo ship, one of the "three island" type, plowed through the mounting waves. She was a diesel tramp, and by the flag on her foremost mast, she was headed for France. He stared unbelievably for a second, and then he threw himself against the wheel. "Dame of Damascus" swung around on a huge wave, and the main boom swung over like a steel girder on the end of a huge crane. He hadn't had time to sheet her in before jibing, and the result was disastrous. A huge crack, and then a rip spread like a streak of lightning across the mainsail from peak to foot. "Dame of Damascus" heeled over on her beam ends, righted herself, and swung slowly into the wind. Her working jib was useless in the heavy seas which knocked every ounce of wind out of the sails. Doug looked over his

shoulder. He could see the Plimsoll mark right at the water line on the massive steel bow, and then it was on him.

Three workmen sat around a pile of steel pipes in a Pittsburgh steel mill. One held a newspaper.

"Hey, will ya look at this! 'DOUGLAS JESSUP DIES — SON OF LATE WINTHROP JESSUP, PROMINENT STEEL MAGNATE. Seattle, Sept. 21. The body of Douglas Jessup and an unidentified companion were found floating amid the wreckage of his 36' schooner, 'The Dame of Damascus,' late yesterday afternoon. The bodies were retrieved by James and William Patroochi, co-owners of the trawler 'Bessie Mae,' on their way home from the day's fishing. The schooner was believed to have been hit by an outgoing freighter, as the wreckage lay in the accustomed shipping lanes out of Seattle."

"Well what ya know. Hey, give me one of those swiss cheese sandwiches will ya?"

## THE LESSON

by DEAN L. GITTER

A prophet once said, "If love calls, you should follow."

Yet that love you may find to be shabby and hollow.

And your night can be spent in awakening sorrow,

While your heart tries in vain in some quiescence to borrow.

And the pain you endure makes a lasting impression,

Though the burden you bear be a fleeting obsession,

Though it be at the moment a harsh tribulation,

Yet the time may well come when it be your salvation.



HIGH LIVING — Kendall Sharp



# LOVE IS BLIND

by AUBREY GOODMAN

"Wake up! Wake up!" Ellingworth cried, as he jumped up and down on Boopie's chest. "Grenadine is coming to the Prom! I just received her letter."

His roommate gasped for breath. "You mean Grenadine LaTouche — the Boston debutante?"

"Yesyesyesyesyes!! What shall I do? I am so deliriously happy! What shall I do?"

"You had better go down to the train station. The Prom is tonight."

Ellingworth gagged, and his eyes crossed.

"Heavens to Betsy!" he shrieked, as he bolted out of the door and loped down to the station.

The train clanged past the station. A girl flung herself from a window of a Pullman car.

"Grenadine!" Ellingworth cried, as he ran over to help her to her feet.

"Get your damn paws off me," she said daintily, as she batted her long eyelashes.

She stood up. Ellingworth leered at her and drooled on his overcoat.

"Grenadine!! Grenadine!!! GRENADINE!!!" he shrieked. "I love you. I love you!"

She spoke.

"Last summer I went to Cannes and I was bored to death."

Tears formed in Ellingworth's eyes, and a lump filled his throat.

"Grenadine . . . please let me kiss you."

"I was never so bored in my whole life as I was in Cannes."

Ellingworth stood on tip-toe to brush his lips against hers. She kicked him in the stomach.

"I've never been so fabulously happy in my life," he whispered.

Ellingworth swept her up into his arms and ran all the way back to the campus.

"That was fun," she gurgled. "Now, let's run back and get my suitcase."

The theme for the Prom was "Aloha Hawaii," and all the faculty wives were dressed in grass skirts like hula-hula girls. The whole dance floor was covered with nine feet of sand, and little boys dressed like O-Ko-Le-Ma-Lu-Nas sat

in paper mache palm trees and threw coconuts down on people's heads.

Ellingworth and Grenadine entered; everyone looked around at them. They were such a striking couple. Grenadine had chosen a modest gown of cellophane for the dance. And with a touch of lace at her throat and a Venus Fly Trap blossom tucked behind one ear and shod in golden sandals — well, she was just devastating!

They floated out onto the dance floor.

Ellingworth whispered into her ear, "You beautiful girl! You beautiful girl! I adore you! Do you hear? I adore you!"

Grenadine pulled him into a darkened corner.

"Want a shot?" she asked, demurely.

She pulled a quart of gin from her bosom and guzzled it down.

"You know?" she mumbled, "I went to Cannes last summer and I was bored to death."

"Let's dance," Ellingworth suggested.

"Grenadine," he blurted, while they were dancing the Mexican Hat Dance, "I want you to love me too. We can make beautiful music together."

"I used to play the oboe at school, but I had to give it up. You see, I went to Cannes and I didn't have time to practice."

"What am I going to do? What? What? What?" he pleaded.

"Have you ever tried to play an oboe? I met this boy in Cannes who could play an oboe better than anyone."

"Tell me that you love me, sweetheart! Or tell me that you could learn to care."

"Of course, some people prefer the bassoon. But this boy I met in Cannes didn't play the bassoon. He played the oboe. Nobody in Cannes plays the bassoon."

It was time for refreshments. Grenadine and Ellingworth walked up to another couple.

"Grenadine, this is my best friend, Boopie DiLammermore. He's a scream! Boopie, say something funny!"

Boopie said, "Well, I was on my way down

town the other day and I saw a little old lady get run over by a steamroller."

They all burst into uncontrollable laughter and shrieked until their faces turned purple and tears were rolling down their cheeks. Grenadine beat her head on the floor, and Ellingworth staggered around trying to catch his breath. When they recovered, they decided to trade a dance. Ellingworth danced with Boopie's date, Hepzibah VanSloosh.

"Ellingworth," Hepzibah said, "I think that you are the most wonderful boy I have ever met. But the trouble is that no one understands me. I am an unwanted child. My mother threw herself under the wheels of a taxicab right before I was born. My father hates me, and when I go home for vacations, he locks me up in a closet filled with camphor balls. Ellingworth, you've got to help me. There's no one else! For God's sake, HELP ME!!"

She gave way to throbbing sobs, fell into a trance and stretched out on the dance floor. Her eyes were rolling around in their sockets. Some faculty wives stopped doing the hula-hula long enough to carry her out and throw her in a shower.

Ellingworth went into the men's room to freshen up before going back to Grenadine. A woman in a vermillion dirndl lunged at him from behind the door.

"Quick!" she shouted. "Marry me!"

"I beg your pardon," Ellingworth humbly requested.

"I'm mad for you. Let's get married!"

"Wait a minute," Ellingworth protested.

"The car is outside. I left the motor running. Hurry!"

"But I don't even know you," Ellingworth stammered, "Miss . . . uh . . . Miss . . ."

"Fannie. Fannie Bean. But you may call me Sweetheart," she murmured moodily.

"I'm sorry, miss, but I can't go with you."

She slithered to the floor.

"Why did you lead me on? Why? Why? Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh," she screeched, clawing the floor. She started to sing "You Call Everybody Sweetheart."

"Please," Ellingworth whispered.

"Let me out of here," she shrieked, trying to run up the wall.

Suddenly she froze. Her face drained to white white.

"It's all over. You don't love me anymore. Oh, men are beasts."

She stuck a revolver in her mouth and pulled the trigger.

"Silly girl," Ellingworth sighed as he returned to the merry-making. He ran over to Boopie.

"Boopie, isn't Grenadine terrific?"

"Marvy-darvy!"

"I mean, isn't she tremendous?"

"Wow Dow!"

"Thanks, Boopie, you're a real pal."

He cut back in on Grenadine.

"It's been hell, Dear One. Let's go."

"Heigh ho," she yawned airily.

Walking back to the dorm, Ellingworth tried to embrace her.

"If you touch me," Grenadine groaned as she pulled a dagger from her bosom, "I'll cut out your gizzard."

Ellingworth whispered, "You dear sweet girl. I'll see you tomorrow morning. Sweet dreams. Parting is such sweet sorrow."

"Go to hell!" she called after him.

The next morning Ellingworth took Grenadine down to the train station.

"Grenadine, this has been the happiest weekend of my whole life."

"Some damn fool stepped on my skirt last night and ripped it. If I knew who did it, I would cut out his gizzard."

"Here comes the train! Oh, you just can't go! I won't let you go! No! No! No!"

"Step aside."

"No! I won't let you go!" he protested.

She banged him in the mouth with her suitcase and hopped on the train.

"Don't forget to write!" Ellingworth called after her, trying to choke back the tears.

Grenadine appeared in a window. Ellingworth waved his handkerchief. Grenadine made some obscene motions with her hands.

The train lurched forward and clattered away.

At that moment a long black Crosley sedan pulled up in front of the station. A girl thrust her head out of the window: it was Hepzibah!

"Ha! Ha!" she laughed through clenched teeth. "You thought that you had seen the last

of me, didn't you Ellingworth? No man denies Hepzibah anything. No man!"

Hepzibah raised a Zulu blowpipe to her lips. She puffed: a dart dipped in poisoned bat's blood whistled through the air and stuck in Ellingworth's neck.

Ellingworth staggered out into the street, whirling about in a feverish danse macabre.

He saw what was going to happen. He screeched helplessly.

A bus filled with Abbot girls coming back from Lawrence roared over him and squashed him to a paste.

## THE LAST PRAYER OF A BLIND MAN

by CHRISTOPHER W. HAMMOND

Oh, My Lord, God of my soul,

Take not away from me the impenetrable  
curtain of darkness;

I shall look not upon thy earthen creation;

Soon I shall go where destiny calls,

And I shall glimpse creation in the house of  
the Lord.



# ETERNAL DARKNESS

by C. SCOTT MILLER

As the tall, blond young man walked out of the doctor's office, he laughed slightly to himself. How odd it was that he should still have to come to the doctor. Doc was no different today from any other time that he visited him. He always told his patient the same thing at every visit. Be careful! Don't take any risks! Why? He was strong and capable; why should he, Tim Miles, be extra careful? It had been six years since his operation and, except for occasional headaches, he felt fine. Still, the doctor's concern for him stuck in his mind. It was just as he stepped out of the elevator that he thought of something the surgeon had said when he was discharged from the hospital in 1944. He couldn't remember exactly what it was, but he knew it was related to the doctor's admonitions. As he walked through the traffic jammed town, he tried to recall again the words of the surgeon, but no clear recollection of the incident came to him. Once he was out of the town and onto the dirt road that wound through the fields and wood to his house, the troublesome thoughts left his mind, and more pleasant thoughts of spring made him feel a part of the countryside. It was the middle of May, and the spring clover smelled extra fresh. Once in a while a pebble or piece of glass, polished smooth by the sand, caught the rays of the sun and shone like stars. Tim loved the stars and would gaze at them for hours on a clear night, marveling at the pinpoint fires of God. The sun beat down on the dry road and, with every step that Tim took, little clouds of yellow dust puffed up and then disappeared, melting back into the ground. The bright orange-breasted robins fluttered about, searching in the rich black soil for food to take back to their nested young. Tim quickened his pace as he approached the edge of the wood because he wished to show his mother the handsome necklace that he had bought for her in town. She only had one other piece of jewelry and that was a ring Tim's father gave her just before he died. The necklace had little

ovals of poppy-colored stones connected by a thread-like silver chain. Tim thought it elegant and couldn't wait to see his mother's eyes shine when she opened the box, which he carried as if it were a diamond. It was like a precious stone to him, and he realized that he shouldn't have spent the money for it, but the money didn't matter if he could make his mother happy.

Tim was feeling a little tired, and as he approached a brook, he decided to rest a few minutes and freshen himself from the brook's cool water. Lying down on the soft, green carpet of moss and looking into the brook, he saw patches of blue sky mingled with the lime-green of the leaves and the white bark of slender birches mirrored there. Rolling over onto his back, he looked up at the green and blue that were imaged in the water and thought of the many times he had lain there when he was only a boy. Then, closing his eyes and just listening to the melodic songs of the birds and the running water, he dozed off to the days when he and his father hunted rabbits in the wood. He relived the gay times with his parents at the fairs and at Sunday church while he slept. His dreams were interrupted by a flash and the shouts of a turmoil of running men. As he dreamt, he saw himself and his buddies wallowing like swine in the mud with the red flare of bursting shells all around them. He saw them tramping over the narrow roads of the little European villages. Then, he was in the hospital and the troubled, gray eyes of the surgeon looked into his own. He was departing from the hospital. There, the surgeon. What was he saying? He heard the vague words of the conversation as recorded on his mind, but the violent throbbing in his head muffled the words and the dream was broken. Tim sat up with a start. It was dark and the black felt like a hot blanket. A wave of feverish heat crept over him, and he broke out in a cold sweat. He had never known the night to be so dark as it was then. Not a star blinked in the heaven. He did not feel





THE ROAD HOME — *Bruce Warr*

the cool freshness of a spring night, but instead a torrent of hot darkness. The birds, too. They don't sing at night, but their frantic songs continued and the frustrated brook boiled over the rocks. The thickness of the night felt like the heavy, stifling rays of the summer sun. Grasping his precious gift tightly in his fist, Tim attempted to rise. Clutching at every stable thing he could reach, he managed to get to his feet.

He felt strange even in this spot he had known for many years. The bark of the birches and stately poplars were rough to his touch. He tried to remember what they were like that afternoon, blending into the green and purple of the wood, but he could picture them only as white spindly arms thrashing against the deep blue vault-like sky. Unable to discern any objects in his darkness, he stumbled and fell over fallen trees and branches that seemed deliberately to hinder his passage through the unseen. While he groped for his way in the black, he thought how queer his situation was. The puzzling fact that he had only slept for a short time, or so he believed, and that already it was the middle of night. Although he had seemed to live his whole life again, the time that he dreamt could not have been more than an hour or so. Now, deep in a pit of Hell, the

birds' shrill songs persisted in the starless night. The absence of his friends, the stars, bewildered him even more because the brilliancy of the afternoon sun promised a night studded with the glittering candles. The sensations of night, all except the obscureness of the dark, were lacking, and he felt smothered by a thick blanket. After an hour or more of insane fighting against the thorny underbrush and the obstructing entangled vines that clutched at his ankles, Tim finally reached the road. He still gripped the battered box containing the forgotten necklace as he trudged along the dusty road toward his house. Few automobiles ever passed over that road, even in the daytime, and Tim longed to see the headlights of a car cut the monotony of the night that he suffered. His bruises ached and his open wounds and scratches burned. Frenzied throbs beat in his head, making his confused thoughts a fury of whirlpools. The rumble of a car's engine broke the rhythmic pounding, and Tim's heart leaped as he expectantly waited to meet the glaring eyes of light as they rounded the bend. Where are the lights? The mad fool; he'll kill me. Desperately, he lunged off to the side and the car passed, leaving a whirling cloud of dust behind it. Dizzily, Tim clamored to his feet and started off again, more perplexed than ever. The dust coated his parched throat and the exhaust fumes of the car seared his

nostrils. The tom-tom persistently drummed on and on within his skull, and it seemed strange to him that he had not yet reached his gate. What if he was going in the wrong direction? He asked himself a hundred questions and received no answers. Regardless of his attempts to persuade himself that he wasn't heading towards home, Tim managed to stagger painfully on.

After some time, he came upon the large stone that marked the boundary of his mother's farm and rejoiced over the fact that he was mistaken about going the wrong way down the road. He ran and, finally reaching the gate, he paused. Why was there no light left for him on the porch? Surely, his mother had meant to leave one burning; but, there was none. He strained to see the house, but he could not even distinguish the outline of the well that stood less than three yards away. Lurching at the gate, he raced like a fiend up to the stone path and leaped onto the porch. He had to see his mother and see light. Searching deep into his pocket for the door-key, he touched a box of matches. Nervously he struck one to illuminate the area

and make visible the keyhole. He smelled the flame's smoke, but there wasn't any flame. The stick of invisible fire burned down to his trembling fingers, but his numb hand did not feel the burn. His ears roared and the intense throbbing mounted to thunder. His arms dropped loosely at his sides and the crushed box broke open letting the necklace fall to the floor. The tinkle of the glass beads silenced the night and shattered the deafening roar and pounding thunder. The sound made by the beads echoed into the cavern of darkness. The clashing currents of his mind flowed out into a straight channel, and he dreamt again the surgeon's kind voice telling him good-bye. The whole conversation about his brain operation became clear. In a moment, it was over and the nocturnal doors of black silently closed once more. The perspiration stood out on his forehead and his cold, clammy hands tightened into knots. He could feel the dust, a heavy coating on his body, smarting in his cut arms and legs. He swayed, terrified, on the porch, breathing heavily and gasping. His voice cracked like an old man's as he muttered thickly, "I . . . I am . . . blind."

## REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS TO COME

by JON RATTE

The dark and brown glue  
of dissatisfaction is a potent  
jailer.

The light and warm touch of death  
is a confident and subtle finis  
operis.

Ignorance becomes idiocy when placed next to  
genius,  
but ignorance is hard to place.

Poetry is a joke to every one  
except the poet and the  
paper manufacturer. (rimes for sale cheap)

Every wall can be measured by a ladder water  
is never really deeper than the fathom  
line.

roads are large footprints

# THE VISITOR

by JON RATTÉ

He stood quite still, wondering if it could be possible. For the first time since he had arrived he was not sure that everything was going to work out as he had planned. For the first time he doubted his capabilities, and all because of this fool in the cage going up and down, up and down. No, it could not be possible. People did not do things like that, no matter what was the matter with them. Besides, it is only work for him, and certainly a fellow in this kind of job does not go out of his way to look for work . . .

The day he had come to the city the sky had been green and thick, drifting around the tops of the buildings in huge puffy swabs. He had been impressed by this, regarding it as evidence of nature in the unnaturally fantastic collection of buildings and streets and people which made up the city. After three days he began to wonder how natural it really was. And this morning he had risen early in order to satisfy his one great desire, seeing the city before it came to life, when men were polishing the swank brass plates, washing windows, looking for ladders, polishing higher brass plates, washing larger windows. In this matter, as in all others, he followed protocol for visitors by cautiously asking the desk to wake him "at a quarter to six, the inhabitant of room 903, that is." His request had been met with a gruff "6:45, No. 903, thank you." He had been unable to correct her before she hung up, but he later decided that six-forty-five was early enough.

And so, as planned, he rose on the morning of his fourth and last day at the appointed time, and looked out of his window first down into the deep black alley and then up at the green sky, which could have been a noon sky or a night sky as well as a morning sky. He wanted to go back to bed and wake to see a giggling blue sky with maybe a few cat-shaped, bear-shaped, man-shaped or at least cloud-shaped clouds floating here and there and a great deal of light with

plenty of shadows. There were no shadows when the sky was green.

After he had looked out the window he dressed carefully, for the early walk would be followed by the business appointment which had necessitated the trip. He had no definite plan, just walking around the city, seeing things alone. Without people.

Without people. He thought, as he carefully tied his tie, that that was the principal reason for the walk, to get away from all the people. That was also the reason he could never live in the city. He was good here for maybe a week, sometimes two, and then the people would begin to bother him. Not that the people were any more cruel in the city than elsewhere. It was just the idea of so many people doing so many different things, living so many different lives, so many different loves in so many different places and all completely ignorant of each other that would begin to get him. At odd moments in odd places he would stop and look at all the faces walking, running and riding by him and not see one face looking at him, and he would feel quite alone and very ill.

So he was going out for an early walk through the city, to learn to like it, if he could without people. A city without people. Stupid, but so reassuring.

He pinched the knot of his tie, then put his pajamas carelessly into the drawer along with yesterday's clothes, which he had been too tired to fold the night before. He did not care whether the clothes were neat or not as he usually did, because he was leaving soon, and everything could be taken care of then. As he slammed the drawer and turned to hang his robe in the closet he thought of the maid entering the room, making the bed, and then slyly looking into the drawer, and shaking her head at the mess before her.

He turned again and straightened out the contents of the bureau.



When everything had been completed, he walked to the window again, winding his watch. Directly across the alley he could see a window and a woman in a house coat washing dishes. She would wash a dish, but instead of setting it down and washing another, she would proceed to dry it turning from the window to talk with some one in the room with her. She continued in this fashion, and he watched fascinated, having never seen dishes washed in so extraordinary a manner. And then she turned, picked up another dish, and looked at him. He was embarrassed, and wanted to duck, but there wasn't time, so he stood there waiting for her to smile or frown. She did neither. She just stared at him and then returned to her dishes.

He was stunned. The disgrace of not being seen at all was for him far worse than his discovery as a "peeping Tom." It's these people, he thought interested in nothing but themselves. Then he felt sick for he had had no breakfast.

There was no reason for him to stay in the room any longer, but somehow he could not bring himself to open the door and leave. He wanted to go back to bed. He dreaded meeting the first person, although he knew that after that he would be all right.

He left the room finally, turning the key first the wrong way, but then locking it, hearing the lock slip into place crisply.

As as he walked down the corridor, he began to plan his stratagem. The first person, if he got that far without meeting anyone else would be the elevator boy. He decided not to say anything, but to keep aloof and dignified. Once he had met this unknown fellow, and left him without incident, he would be all right for the rest of the day. As he turned the corner to face the six blank doors, from one of which would come his judge, he chanced to look out the window at sky still green.

The first thing he did was to press the buzzer. He could not hear it ring, but he did not expect to, and was confident that he had pressed hard enough. He waited. He read a notice on the wall which advised that all valuables be kept in the office safe. He began to read some of the small print, excerpts from the city laws, but soon tired of this, and walked over to the opposite elevator. He remembered someone telling

him never to ring the buzzer twice in a large hotel, because it was resented by the elevator boys. He rang again, pressing quite firmly. He imagined that they would ignore him down there, since no really important person would get up this early.

He wished he knew where the stairs were, for he would now gladly walk the nine flights, anything to avoid the elevator boy. He began to wonder what this chap would be like. He didn't try to imagine how he would behave, for he could only behave in one way. He had decided this when he left the room. Now he was concerned with the unknown's physical appearance, the color of his hair, his height, how he would dress — he faintly recalled the hotel uniform from previous rides, and he wished that he had paid closer attention to its particulars.

For just a moment he realized how strange this all was. So much depended on this boy or man whom he had never seen before, and whom he might never see again, that he almost thought himself mad. He felt insecure, dependent on some one who could not bear the weight, who would fail him not even realizing what he did.

Then he heard the steady hum of the motors lifting the cage to him. For a minute he did not know what to do. He had a great urge to run down the long corridor, hiding until the cage left, confusing its operator before he could confuse him. He had even begun to run before he got control of himself, and he was glad that no one could see him this way. Next he began to wonder which elevator it would be. He knew that a red light would blink, but still there might not be time to get to the right spot and assume the proper nonchalant air if he was standing at the elevator farthest distant. He became panicky, darting glances from light to light, listening carefully to detect from which shaft the noise came. It was coming nearer now, humming. He was standing in the center of the carpeted space, waiting.

It did not stop.

He began to sweat, and then darted to the wall and began to press the buzzer furiously as he heard the noise fade. He could hear his own breathing and it scared him. He waited, his



collar loose. The sky was green, and it was hot. He waited. Then he heard the hum again and his mind began to work in the same pattern. He saw himself at home, going up and down endless flights of stairs, loving every moment of it, kissing every step, living in a paradise of stairs empty except for him. He wanted stairs. This time the noise seemed louder.

It did not stop.

He began to run about in little circles, pressing his hands to his head. The boy was winning and he didn't know it was a battle and he had never seen the loser and the loser had never

seen the winner, and it was funny. He began to laugh, quietly and then quite loudly as the cage went to the floor above, down a few floors, up again, down again, up again, down again, up —

It had stopped. One floor above him. He heard it. He waited. Slowly it began again. Down, down.

It stopped. The light blinked. The massive door rolled open. The inside door rolled open. The light went off.

The elevator boy said, "good morning," and he entered the cage, briskly.

the more i think of it    the more i think of it

people are all walking and talking

and walking around and talking and

walking around and talking around

waking and walking, talking and

taking a walk or making some talk

—DAVID R. SLAVITT

# HE IS RISEN

by JOHN HARRIS WILLSON

Thomas Hessler drove along the slippery street. The grey morning haze glowed a dull green from his year-old club coupe with a dent in the back bumper. He sat straight forward with a Sunday paper on the seat beside him, and a leather prayer book neatly centered on it. As he moved along he glanced once at his regular features and even smile in the mirror, and the image of his upturned coat collar (of fine domestic wool — a wonderful bargain for him) sent a shot of warmth through him. He scraped the gears at the next corner, but relaxed as he saw plenty of room to park along the wide boulevard with big rounded curbstones. He had hoped to have a few minutes to read over the Book Review on medieval frescoes, but as always he was late. With his prayer book in one hand, he locked the car and stepped up on the sidewalk.

"Say, Tom," said a light-haired man who was approaching, "possibly tonight . . ."

"Yes, sure. I'll bring all the exams over to your house tonight." That would be ten to do in the afternoon.

"Fine."

Hessler walked carefully down the block, trying to be always erect, but constantly finding the pavement with his eyes. Coming upon the knoll, wet now with cold damps of spring, he turned up the broad cement to the cathedral and stopped to drop a remark or two with Professor and Mrs. Krey. He hoped later that he hadn't offended the puffy Krey by anything he said.

Way to the front on the altar were spread white Easter lilies in the greyish shadow behind ivory candles with little gold flames. Under the high, intricate vaulted ceiling were low pews of smooth dark wood, already well filled with large gentle-looking men and stylishly dressed tall women. A pleasant, snappy-looking man with a white carnation led Hessler to a pew. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son . . ."

The deep organ boomed forth with brass and strings, and everyone rose — "Jesus Christ is

risen today!" The glinting gold cross carried high by red-robed acolytes led the slowly progressing men and women of the choir and at the end the white-robed black-haired Dean and white-haired Bishop. The soprano women and the deep-voiced men sang lustily the magnificent hymn. "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open . . ."



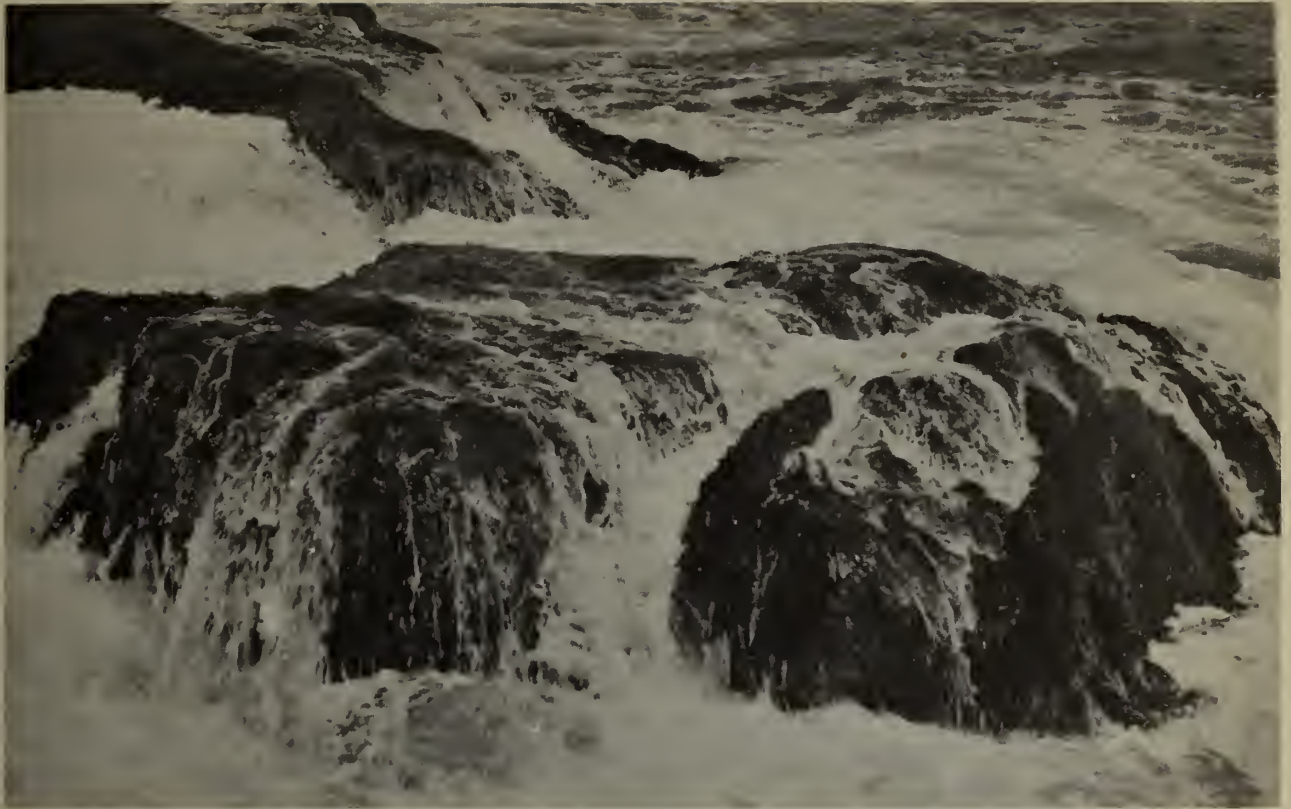
"Ye who do earnestly repent you of your sins . . . and intend to lead a new life . . ." "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life . . ." "Glory be to God on high . . ."

The Recessional — "Alleluia! Alleluia!"

With these words singing in his heart, Hessler looked forward confidently, and in a moment was tracing the floor pattern. At the door a rich friend of Hessler's met him for a minute.

"That's a nice coat you have there Hessler . . ."

"Yes — it's imported direct from Scotland . . ."



CAESURA — *John Stockwell*

## CAESURA

by DAVID JONES

The shades of ev'ning creep across the sea  
And slow, consume the glitt'ring pyramids  
Of crushed rock which claim their sovereignty  
O'er all the waves which lash this valiant shore.

The walls of sand sustain so gallantly  
The endless siege which, by Poseidon laid,  
Can never scale the beach; the night draws on.  
No man can rule his Fate-writ destiny.

# TO SIP OR NOT TO SIP

by RICHARD SHEPHERD

## Dramatis Personae

Supremeo — king of his realm  
Rockio — a friend to Supremeo  
Athleticus — a friend to Supremeo  
Flittus — an attendant  
Astheteus — stranger to the group  
Jezebel — lover to most anyone  
Magnificoos of Phillipius, certain maids (mostly beasts)

## ACT I

Scene: Hostelry Prince George — a room

Enter Rockio, Athleticus, Flittus

Rockio: In sooth, I presume the festivities hath well been prepared.

Flittus: Everything is most well fix'd; the greatest plans hath been precisely structured, if any unprovided multitude should venture forth.

Athleticus: The most deliberate arrangements hath been nicely committed should anyone void his rheum,\* lack of free vapor,\* or antagonize too impertinently a free man's fair maid.\*

Rockio: We cannot be too sensible should one ostent too great a heat for his daughter.\* I trust the chambers are in readiness. Flittus, bring me a sip of the nectar.\* — it is too like vinegar. Take up some sweetening, Flittus. Athleticus, receive the guardsman\* and give him sensible regrets\* to protect us in smaller hours.

(Exeunt Athleticus and Flittus)

Now might I do it; now might I add the wonderful Hecuba.\* Tis done, some thinketh the juice is clear\* but what good is an ungarnished beverage? To sip or not to sip, that is the question. Whether tis nobler to stomach unseasoned drink or to take arms against a sea of abstainers and by opposing inebriate them. To get drunk; Again — and by that intoxicated fortnight to say we end the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. Tis a consuming devoutly to be wish'd. To be stupor'd, drunk'd, drunk'd, perchance to sober. Ay there's the rub. For in that sleep of drink what dreams may come when we have shuffl'd off our cares? For who would fardels bear to grunt and sweat without a beer but that the dread of something after a drunk, the unmitigated castigation of sobriety must give us pause. There's the respect that makes calamity of so long a drunk . . . Soft you now — The Supremeo — all hail!

Fanfare, flourish, and hautboys

Enter Supremeo, Jezebel, and proletariat Magnificoos

I pray you find all in readiness?



Supremeo: We\* feel that you have done a most incomparable business. Now, where might we repair to to receive our guests? — A toast to Rockio, we condescend, a wassail for a duty well carried out.

Jezebel: Do repair here to my side Rockio. Thou art fairer than Supremeo.

Supremeo: Why dost thou sayst that? Everyone hath knowledge that I am the fairest of them all.

Jezebel: We shalt not debate over the question. Another wassail?  
(king drinks several goblets of the nectar and falls asleep)

Let us repair to a chamber, dearest Rockio. I hold the affair too tedious.\*

Rockio: Ah no fairest madam.\* To defy Supremeo is to draw upon oneself the pusuits of the Furies.

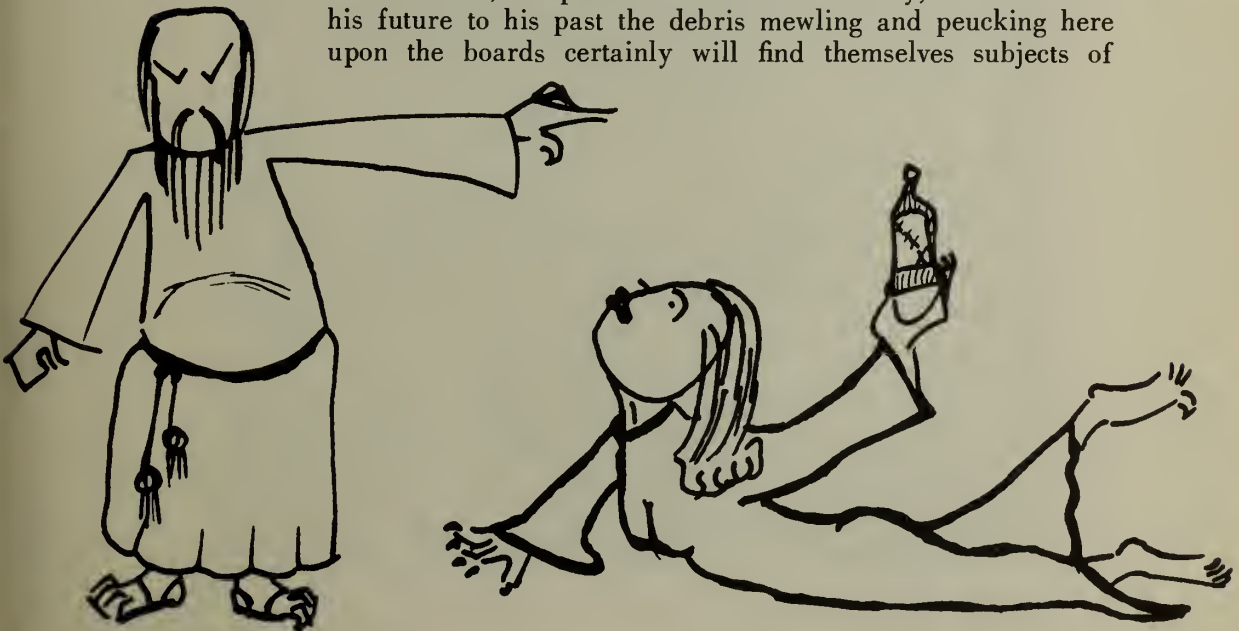
Jezebel: Aww come on!\*

Rockio: Let us be unnoticed then.

(Exeunt Rockio and Jezebel)

Enter Astheteus Intellectualum

Astheteus: What ho — what sort of beasties are here that so grovel on earthen treadways?\* Such uncouthness is just cause for ostracization from the ancient but insecure wells of society.\* These things that so do lead men into the lowering of their morals doth provide for an unstable, ill-destin'd future. Thus what man doth now, secures the way for leading into life hence. Each step a new born babe may take leads itself unsteadily further and further away from the protective limbs of a guiding parent. So man advances through his years. Each advance is made unsteadily, wholly biased upon past moments: pleasant moments,\* unpleasant moments.\* Thusly, if man befits his future to his past the debris mewling and peucking here upon the boards certainly will find themselves subjects of



inebriations and mongers in untamed women in their dotage.  
Ah woe is me! Reformation, reformation, wherefore art thou reformation?

Life's ways should not lead from one vintage to the next but rather from the accomplishments and gains in life toward the ultimate goal\* — What now? Is this a goblet which I see before me; it's handle toward my hand? Ohh Plato, Plato.\*

## ACT II

same

Enter Astheteus — still talking

Astheteus: But how might one gain the ends of reformation? I'll try but a taste of the nectar to certify that I have knowledge of that I cry against . . .

(Drinks)

## ACT III

same

Enter Astheteus — staggering

Astheteus: May the devil curse reformation — I'll be damned but ohh! what fun.

---

\*FOOTNOTES — *void his rheum* — sick at the belly. *lack free vapor* — need air. *antagonize* . . . *fair maid* — try to birdog some gal. *daughter* — date. *chambers* — whatta you think? *nectar* — the punch. *guardsman* — hotel detective. *sensible regrets* — grease his palm. *Hecuba* — Shakespeare calls it poison. I think the 90 proof Hecuba tastes pretty good. *juice is clear* — the fools think the stuff is unspiked. *we* — royal plural. *tedious* — egad, a brawl like this tedious? *madam* — ahem. *Aww come on!* — this is an interesting split from the rest of the language. *earthen treadways* — floor. *uncouthness* . . . *society* — the damned guy's a cynic. *pleasant moments* — he knows the best brands. *unpleasant moments* — the day after the night before. Astheteus' speech has a note of Freud about it. Freud isn't all sex, you know. *Ohh Plato, Plato* — you have to be smart to believe in him. *goal* — altruistic isn't he; but what goal?

# FOG

by WILLIAM D. MCCOY

A damp touch,  
Restrained, like a frigid girl's.  
Light, seeping in,  
Unholy haloes.  
Sound, footsteps,  
Vague, hollow, from ghost shoes  
Depression, thick, heavy,  
A wet cloak.



THE OLD MAN — *Howard Phipps*

# PRINCESS

by REED HOLDEN

at night the stars used to float down the sky and land in front of the castle where they melted into a silver stream that slithered in a ribbon down to the forest. she and I usually sat up by a window and watched until all the stars were used up: then we yawned and went to sleep.

some mornings the sky was ruby red and once it was gold, but we never knew what color it was going to be until after we had eaten our breakfast of warm champagne and peaches and sometimes a spoonful of diamonds: that was when Princess and I walked in the garden.

Princess. that was not her real name but I called her that because we were living in the castle. there was a strange thing about Princess: she did not speak in words. her voice was like a harp far away on a snowy white mountain, but I could always understand her.

we could not remember where we were from or how we had come to the castle, but Princess had feelings sometimes like pieces of torn butterfly wings and she remembered fragments of places and times, but it was useless to try to remember and besides — we never wanted to leave the castle.

the castle itself was the color of the rainbow. a very nice castle up on the top of a blue hill, and there was a flower garden that slid down the hill to the forest.

Princess and I walked in the garden every day but we never went into the forest. the trees of the forest were ugly black-green with thick vines crawling around their trunks. the

forest terrified Princess and she made me promise never to go in there. she had a feeling about it: she had a feeling that there was a little dwarf in the forest with daggers for eyes, and so we always walked right by the forest and did not even look at it.

a bluebird lived in the garden but it flew away. one afternoon while Princess was having a nap I went to look for the bluebird. I was thinking and that was when it happened: I found myself in the forest.



there he was — a mean dwarfish old man with daggers for eyes. the moment I saw him I was blinded and I could hear Princess wailing far away. the man was laughing: he sounded like broken glass.

when I opened my eyes the sky was colorless and I ran back to the castle but I knew that it was too late. the castle was gone and so was Princess. gone. I wept for a hundred years but it was as useless as trying to repeat a dream.

Princess was gone forever.



# AND NOW THE FLOWER

by AUBREY GOODMAN

Things had been dying that slow summer. The flower beds dried up and the dirt became crusty hard. The flowers crumbled to the earth and the grass on the lawns turned brown. The ladies hid behind curtains and the children played in the hose in the shade of the trees. The dogs slept all day under the houses.

The heat — it was everywhere. It crept into the houses and many nights James woke up and felt the choking dry heat around him like a shroud. In the day he tried to forget the weather. He read in his room with the ceiling fan going or he went out back to see Miss Terry.

His father had not wanted to rent the garage apartment to Miss Terry. The people in the town did not take to anyone from the North and James' father was no exception. But James argued; he wanted Miss Terry to stay so he could see her now and then and maybe pretend that she was his mother. And so Miss Terry had stayed.

She was about thirty-five years of age. And whenever she and James were together, they had a good time. They even planted a flower garden in the back. They weeded and watered and watched, but nothing ever came up.

James was seventeen that summer — right out of high school. His father had entered him at Southern State, but James wanted to go up North to a state university.

"No," his father always said. "Not another word. You'll go to Southern State and that's that."

Miss Terry seemed to understand James and she told him many things about the North where she had been born.

"It's very different, James. I don't know if it's better or worse. But it's different."

James told Miss Terry things that he had never told anybody, and they were very close. Some afternoons they lazily talked about nothing. About flowers. About places they had never been. About people they had never met.

"Seventeen," she would say deliciously. "Oh, to be seventeen again and to have everything before me. I would travel and meet all sorts of exciting people and do wonderful things and go everywhere . . . but here. I would never come here. Not in a million million years. Wild horses could never drag me here."

And they laughed and sometimes listened to the radio. The world slipped by them on those dry afternoons that they sat drinking lemonade.

"James," she said one hot yellow day. "The craziest thing happened to me yesterday when I went out for a walk. It started when I heard the noise of my heels on the sidewalk. And I stopped. And this awful feeling came over me. The streets were completely deserted and I could not hear any noise or rustle at all. It was like the whole town had died and I was the only one left. It was like the world had stopped. I was so scared that I ran right back here and turned on the radio to make sure that everything was alright."

It was strange: whenever James asked her why she never went away if she hated it so much, she shrugged her shoulders and smiled in a funny strange sad way and said, "I don't think I can. It's too late now. I guess I've been here too long." And then they would hurry up and change the subject.

That last afternoon James had found her lying on her sofa, crying. She would not tell him what was wrong.

"James," she said, drying her eyes. "Will you do me one favor and not ask any questions? Please? Will you go down town and see a movie and then come back? I know it sounds silly, but will you do it for me?"

And so James walked down to the Gem and sat through the feature and got up and left. The little stores were closing. The time was five-thirty and twilight was just beginning.

There was a crowd standing around a Greyhound bus in front of the station. A policeman

was trying to make the people move away as James walked by. He looked between the people just in time to see the blanket being spread over her.

It was Miss Terry. With blood on her face and dress. With her suitcase lying open beside her. He could only stand there. Not moving. Not thinking.

"Hell," the busdriver was saying to the policeman. "I don't know what she was doing. I'd pulled out of the station and she ran right in front of the bus yelling stop. But I didn't see her until the bus hit her."

James turned away from the crowd, hating them all and not believing what he had seen. Stunned, he ran toward his house. He ran down

the driveway and into the apartment and called her name.

She was gone.

And the note in his bedroom read: And so I'm going North, James. I hope that you get up to a school you want. Here is something to help you along. I'll never forget you, James, and . . .

James counted the bills. Five hundred dollars.

It was getting dark now. The shadows were spreading across the lawns and people were sitting down to cold suppers in the kitchens. No one saw James as he walked down the street with his suitcase. And no one saw that he was crying, crying not for himself — but for someone else.

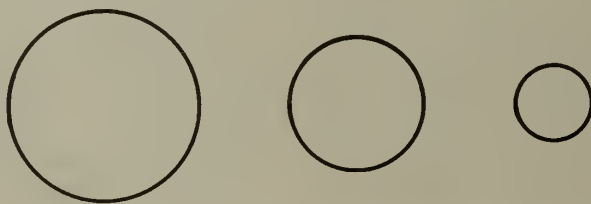
## THE RED CIRCLES

by WILLIAM SAYAD

The room was dark, lighted only by a stream of yellow light forcing its way through the darkness from under the locked door. We were all assembled now, five of us. I was led silently across the room and told to kneel down near the wall. No one moved; the only sound was our breathing.

Then we heard it — a very light footfall at the end of the hall. Another. They stopped altogether. We were safe. As my eyes grew more accustomed to the dark, I could discern a black opening in front of us. I was still bewildered.

There was a click, a flash of light. As suddenly as it had appeared, it disappeared. In its place were four glowing red circles that stared at me out of the now more acute darkness. Then I realized why I was here — why I had been included at this secret meeting. I also knew that I was next. Before I could really decide whether I should, I had joined them. All I could do now was wait — wait and hope that we weren't caught and that the smoke was going up the chimney.



# BEYOND THIS PLACE

by DEAN GITTER

A penetrating sleet had been falling for some time when Ralph Graham turned his second-hand Chevy into his neighborhood gas station. His wife, Linda, rolled down the window on her side of the car, and smilingly said to the attendant, "Fill it up, will you please, Jack?"

"Sure, Mrs. Graham," then noticing the suitcases in the back seat, "Goin' on a trip?"

"Yes. Ralph has to go up to Boston on business, and I thought I'd go with him and visit my folks."

"Good idea," he mused; "I'll check the tires and the oil for ya."

The Grahams chatted together for a few minutes until Jack brought over the bill. "That'll be \$3.50, Mr. Graham. Jeez, I'd hate to hafta drive up there in this weather. They say this sleet's gonna turn to snow ina coupla hours."

"Yes, I know." Ralph answered. "I heard it on the radio at home just before we left. — By the way, that reminds me. The radio in the car went dead yesterday. Can you take a look at it for me. It'll be a long, dull trip without it. Here, I'll get out."

He opened the door and stepped into the rain while Jack got in and poked around under the dashboard. "Itsa shot fuse, Mrs. Graham," he said looking up. "Have ya got another one?"

"Why yes, I think I saw a box of fuses in the glove compartment." She opened it and drew out a small, yellow, tin box. "Yes, here it is."

"Hm. Crescent fuses," he muttered scrutinizing the box. "Where'd ya get these Mrs. G?"

"Why I think the man who used to own this car left them there. I don't recall Ralph ever buying any."

"Oh well, it says 14 amps on it so I guess they're all right."

His head disappeared again under the dash for a minute. Then he reappeared and turned on the radio. "There, that should hold it!"

He stepped out and Graham got in again. "Thanks a lot, Jack," he smiled, and handing

him four dollars said, "Here, keep the change. We'll see you in about a week." Then they drove off.

The going was pretty easy for a few hours, and Ralph managed to make fairly good time until they reached New Haven a few hours later. Then a heavy snow began to fall and treacherously covered up the sheet of ice the sleet had formed. Tires found no traction on the slippery glaze, and Ralph slowed down to a mere 25 miles per hour and made his way slowly Northward. Linda had fallen asleep just outside of Bridgeport and woke up as they were passing through Wallingford. She murmured something like, "Hello, darling," turned on the radio to WQSR and snuggled up in the blanket she had brought along. A moment of silence passed, then the radio began to play Brahms's Requiem. And so passed another thirty miles. Ralph, trying his best to keep the car on the road, Linda half awake, half asleep, listening to the music.

Then Linda noticed something that began to annoy her. The radio was tuned to two stations at once, so that if one played softly enough the other could be heard. For a while she listened, too drowsy to do anything about it, and then she began to notice that no matter how long she listened, whenever the Requiem toned down, the other station would burst in with the same blast of trumpets. Her mind began to wander and imagination led her thinking into weird channels, until at last she began to think that the trumpets were trying to speak to her, trying desperately to push through some message to her inner consciousness; then the interruptions would stop for a few minutes, but return with renewed volume. She kept thinking of that new fuse in the radio, trying to remember to whom the car had belonged. He did seem like a strange little fellow. But her daydreaming was interrupted by an overwhelming blare of the trumpets (which her husband did not seem to hear) that jostled her into throwing her head back against the seat and bracing herself with all her might,



as if she expected what was going to happen. For then her husband screamed, "Get back!" and skidded into a trailer truck coming in the other direction . . .

\* \* \* \*

At her husband's funeral a few days later, Mrs. Graham was admirably calm and self-composed. She cried quietly to herself though, and seemed strangely unconscious of what was going on. That evening she thought she was well enough to talk about the accident. She had had no chance

before, having gotten out of the hospital just in time to go to the funeral. Her brother-in-law, a radio engineer, was talking with her and she went on with her story. She got to the point where they left Wallingford and she said, "Then I turned on the radio, you know, to your station, Frank, and we listened to WQSR for a few hours."

"But, Linda," Frank interrupted, "WQSR wasn't broadcasting that night. The storm blew down our transmitter."



THE CITY — *Jon Ratté*



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We hope that you have liked this Winter Issue of the MIRROR. In choosing our material, we have tried to please only one group — the student body. To find what pleases this group has been difficult but from those who have discussed this with us, we have drawn the conclusion that the students' preference runs toward the light side. To those of you who have contributed your time and your efforts, we heartily give you our thanks and we sincerely hope that all of you, readers and contributors alike, will be with us in the forthcoming Spring Issue of the 1952 MIRROR.

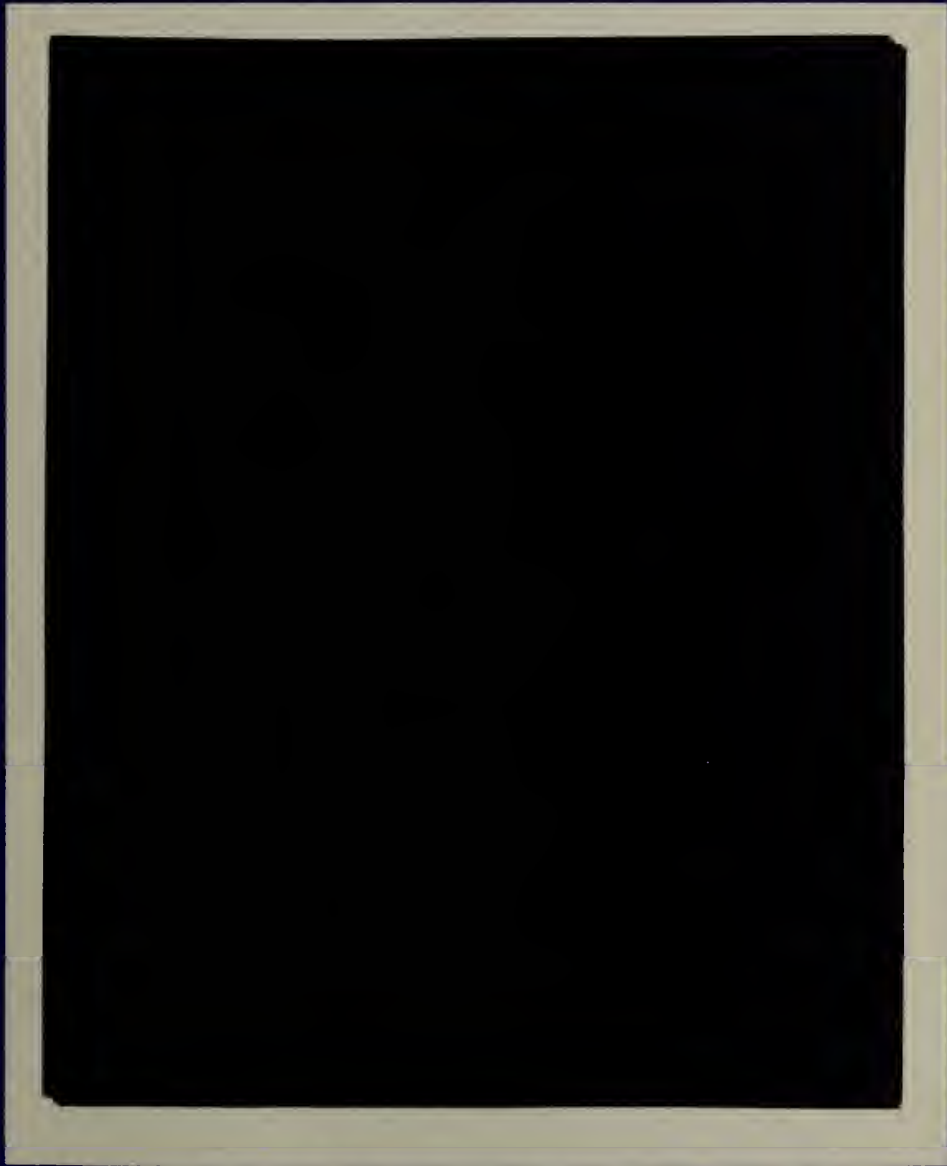
—THE EDITORS







# MIRROR



SPRING 1952





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# THE MIRROR

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BALMORAL, ANDOVER — *Charles Schulze*

# FOREWORD

As the last issue of the year rolls off the presses, the long-haired men of the MIRROR can breathe sighs of relief and retire into comparative peace marred only by the History Exam and Commencement. In his last issue every editor writes a "swan song". If the tune always sounds much the same, it is because "thank you", however sincere, is not original. At the end of his term of office, nevertheless, an editor cannot help but wish to express appreciation to the many people whose help has been essential to the success of his publication.

This year's editor inherited a magazine which, under last year's progressive leadership, had pioneered with many new features. We have gone ahead, with excellent co-operation in every department. Managing Editor Aubrey Goodman has done an excellent job and has been our chief contributor. Executive Editors Stephen Charnas and Harris Willson have been invaluable in their choosing of copy. The entire Literary Board has admirably supplied the Editors with material.

The Business Board, headed by Business Manager Stan Shuman, has been one of the most active and successful in MIRROR history. Throughout the year it has worked doggedly to pay for the many new improvements in the 1952 MIRROR.

Much credit belongs to the artists who have devoted a great deal of time to drawing for the MIRROR. Equal appreciation is due the various photographers among the students who have turned in such wonderful pictures, Charlie Schulze in particular.

Finally we wish to thank the entire student body for the support it has given us, as shown by increased sales and the encouragement which every editor needs. We are grateful not only to those whose contributions were accepted, but to the many writers whose work we could not use this year. These men will be the source of material for future MIRRORS. We also wish to give our sincere thanks to our adviser, Mr. Lionel Peterkin, who allowed us a free hand in working out our plans.

It is with regret that we lay down our pen.

BOB STONE, JR.



# LEE

by AUBREY GOODMAN

Sam was not prepared for this. He had adjusted his life and plunged into his business and tried to forget both of them (Tony and Lee). But now this: a phone call from Tony (I'm here in Chicago, Sam, and I must come out to talk to you) and Sam was stunned and could not refuse. But what could he want? Is she with him? God, I could not stand seeing her after all these years, Sam thought. But he knew that he still loved Lee as much as ever — no, more than ever.

The buzzer. I must act as if I have forgotten everything, I must, I must, he thought as he turned the door knob.

"Sam," Tony was saying as he took Sam's hand quietly and looked at him with — was it pity? "It's been a long time, Sam."

"Twelve years," Sam replied flatly. "But please come in, Tony."

They seated themselves in the living room, and Sam noticed that Tony had become more handsome and even distinguished-looking during the past twelve years.

"You're looking well, Tony." But suddenly he could no longer keep up the pretense of having forgotten the past and leaned forward to ask, "How is she, Tony? How is Lee?"

Tony hesitated and then: "That is why I have come, Sam . . . you see, Lee . . . well I never knew that you and she . . . I never knew about you and Lee, Sam . . . and . . ."

"What is it?"

"She took her life, Sam. Last month. Lee . . . she's dead."



Sam and Tony told Mr. and Mrs. Parker good-night and walked out to the car. Sam was glad that he had decided to spend his Christmas vacation in Darien with Tony. For both of them it was the last year at Yale and the first time either of them had given much serious thought to after-college. (I guess I'll go into my father's insurance company back in Chicago, Sam had told

Mrs. Parker as she smiled a beautiful smile at him from across the table and said that Tony was going into the advertising business with his father.)

The car went along the roads half-sheltered with the now leafless trees, in between the snow piled high by the sides of the roads. The black air was clean and cold.

"What is she like?" Sam asked.

"Lee?"

"Ummhuh."

"She's a funny kid. But a knockout. You'll probably fall in love with her at first. Everyone does."

Tony had left the table to go to the phone, and when he returned: It was Lee. She wants Sam and me to come over. She is celebrating.

Mrs. Parker wanted to know what Lee was celebrating and Tony only laughed gently and said, "Who knows? You know Lee."

Tony turned the car into a driveway, and they twisted along a gravel road until they came upon the house which was surrounded by trees except for a long rolling terrace at the side and back of the house which slid down to the sound where there was a short strip of beach that disappeared beneath the soft quiet waves. Sam noticed, as they climbed out of the car, that there was a swimming pool close to the beach, and he thought that it was a strange place to have a pool.

A girl hurried from the front door and down the walk to Sam and Tony. "Lee, Sam, Sam, Lee." "I know," she said gaily, taking both of them by the hand and pulling them up toward the house.

"Lee, you shouldn't be out here without a coat," Tony said to the girl.

"Hurry up, both of you. I'm turning into an icicle, and don't you tell me what to do, Tony Parker," she said, tugging at his hand.

The room with books for walls and a row of heavily draped windows that looked onto the sound was not rectangular, but semi-circular.

"Sit down," she said, motioning them to a



long blue sofa, "and we'll have something to drink."

The lights in the room were low, and Sam saw things as golden and mellow. There were little figures and knick-knacks on heavy dark tables weighted down with large full lamps with shades the color of rose.

"I have a feeling," Sam said, watching her pour a liquid into three thick crystal goblets, "that everything in this room means something."

She looked at him and smiled. "That little bottle on the table in front of you is a Greek tear urn." She handed each of them a goblet. "And the soldiers used to carry them away to the wars and cry into them. When they came home, they showed their wives how much they had missed them by giving them the urn filled with tears. Isn't that sweet?"

Tony asked, "And what, by the way, are we celebrating?"

Lee sat down between them. "I'm not going back to school after vacation. Daddy says I don't have to. Drink up."

Sam's mouth filled with liquid fire.

"It's gin," Lee said.

She laughed softly and took Sam's hand. "I should have told you. I'm sorry."

"That's alright. I don't drink anyway."

"You don't?"

"I always get sick." Sam admitted.

Lee looked at him mournfully, saying, "You poor, poor darling. Do you want a coke?"

Three warm unreal hours melted by. Lee looked up at Sam a few times and caught him staring at her, and she was pleased. Lee knew what was going on in Sam's mind. Few men had ever thought of Lee as less than gorgeous, and women had envied her since she had been a small child. Now, at nineteen, her eyes were a clear deep blue, and her dark brown hair fell gracefully to her shoulders. At this moment, she felt that perhaps Sam would not be like the many other boys in her life.

Sam had known few girls well, having been injured by two successive girls when he was much younger. He was completely unaware of his attractiveness: a quiet appeal and a boyish charm that was anything but offensive. Sam had one failing: his brown eyes always reflected what he was thinking.

"Night, Lee," Tony was saying as he stood at the door.

"Tony, I want to talk to your friend a minute," she said, "in private. Go on," she added playfully, "He'll be out in a second."

She drew Sam behind the door and looked up into his eyes, saying quite frankly, "You've fallen in love with me, haven't you?"

Sam blushed and tried to form words with his lips but failed.

"Good," Lee said. "I'm glad."

She kissed him and told him to call her the next morning.

When Sam returned to Yale, he lived for the weekends with Lee and nine o'clock each evening (when he called her). On the weekends Lee sometimes drove up with Nancy, her elder sister, or Sam drove down to Darien. Lee had never given much thought to being in love or being serious with any one boy; the idea of being tied to one person or obligated to anyone gave her a grim, imprisoned feeling. And it was with surprise that she realized that she wanted to remain with Sam for the rest of her life. She and Sam were sitting in her home when this thought occurred to her.

"Sam," she said, looking at him gravely as he sat close to her on the blue sofa, "why don't you ask me to marry you?"

"Are you serious?"

"Ummhuh."

They looked out the windows at the sound stretched grey beneath the golden peach sky, and Sam and Lee were happier than they had ever been.

A week later, after Sam had written his parents and told Lee that he had done so, Lee became impatient with him.

"Sam, we can't tell anyone for a while, a long while. You don't understand, but Nancy's tried to get married twice and somehow he's managed to break it up. Daddy's the one we have to think of right now. Listen."

And then Lee told Sam about her mother and father: "My mother left Daddy when I was five and Nancy was nine. She had that swimming pool built down by the beach after Daddy had told her definitely not to have it done. It was right after that when she walked out of the house and went to Switzerland. She's still living there now

for all I know; she's never made any attempt to contact either Nancy or me. So you just have to understand all that's happened and how much Daddy has done for us. He wants to keep us little girls, and I guess that's why he's afraid to lose us when we get married. He's broken off every one of Nancy's engagements, and he'd probably do the same to us if he knew. Do you understand? We just have to wait until things change somehow."

Sam did not understand, but he promised Lee that he would do as she wished. After what she had told him, he was surprised and pleased when he received a note from her just two weeks before the spring vacation: Nancy's getting married in three weeks. Daddy's tried every way to break it up, but Nancy told him that she would elope if he would not let them be married openly. We're having the wedding here, and you can come up and stay at the Parker's. Sam, I think we'll be able to tell Daddy about us soon, and . . .

Tony and Sam drove down to Darien, and, when Sam called Lee, she told him that she would be unable to see him until after the wedding because there were so many things to do for Nancy at the last minute. The wedding was two days away, and Sam and Tony played tennis and slept. Although Sam never mentioned Lee, Tony felt that Sam had changed.

The ceremony was held in the house, and afterwards the guests spilled out onto the terrace which had been lighted with hurricane lamps. Lee stood in the receiving line next to the pool, which had been lighted up with blue lights, and there were floating islands of gardenias in the pool. Sam and Tony went through the line; Sam whispered into Lee's ear that he would be waiting for her down by the beach, and Lee laughed a quick breathless laugh that he did not understand. He stood in the crowd for a few minutes, watching her greet her friends, smiling, laughing at their remarks, thanking them for telling her how beautiful she looked. Then Sam walked down to the beach.

He waited there for a long time (too long, he thought). Going back up to the pool, he saw that everyone had left but a small group of people sitting at a white metal table at the edge of the pool. Tony, four other boys in white jackets, and Lee were laughing wildly; Sam felt that Lee

had been drinking too much. He walked up quietly behind her and gently touched her arm to let her know that he was standing there.

"Don't touch me!" she shrieked.

Sam tried to speak quietly to her, but she broke into a stream of giggles that ended when she laid her head across her arms on the table. Suddenly she got to her feet nervously and shook her finger in Sam's face.

"Don't ever tell me what to do! Do you hear? Don't you ever tell me what to do."

Sam did not answer, partly because he realized when he saw her face that she had not been drinking.

"I'm going for a swim," Tony said gaily. "Who's coming with me?"

Tony whooped and led the other boys in a fast zigzagging race down to the beach. Sam took Lee's hand, and she wrenched it from him.

"My God, Lee, what's come over you?"

"Why did you grab my hand? Why? Who are you to grab my hand?"

"Lee, you're acting crazy."

She drew her hand back and flung it furiously against his cheek. Sam stood motionless, and Lee's eyes suddenly became frightened.

"Lee," a voice called from the beach. "Lee, come on. The water's fine. Lee?"

Lee turned away from Sam and ran toward the beach.

Sam didn't sleep much that night, and when he drove out to her house the next morning about eleven o'clock, Lee and Tony were in their bathing suits, sitting by the pool and swinging their legs in the water.

"Morning."

"Good morning," Lee replied, almost singing the words as she slid into the water.

"How do you feel?" Sam asked, sitting down next to Tony.

Lee disappeared beneath the surface of the smooth water and then appeared at the far end of the pool. "Fine. We all slept on the beach. Have you ever slept outside on the beach?"

Tony announced that he had to leave, and Lee told him to keep the bathing suit he had borrowed.

"We always keep two dozen men's bathing suits — just in case someone comes over and forgets to bring their suit," Lee said as she



climbed from the water and wrapped herself in a large candy-striped towel. She sat down by Sam and took his hand in her own.

"I'm sorry about last night, honey. I don't know what came over me."

Sam returned again to Yale; he was impatient to speak with Lee's father, but she insisted more strongly than ever that he remain silent.

"Why?"

"I've told you why!"

"Lee, I don't see what good this waiting is doing; I have to go back to Chicago in less than two months."

After three weeks more of arguing and phone-calls and secret meetings, Sam persuaded Lee to speak to her father.

"Maybe I should talk to him first, Lee."

"No, Sam! No! Let me talk to him."

But when she called him to tell him the outcome of her talk with her father, Sam was disappointed to hear a tearful, almost hysterical, voice.

"Sam," she said helplessly, "he won't listen to me. He's treating me like a child, and I can't fight him. Sam, you've got to help me."

"I'll come right down, Lee."

"Oh no!" she cried. "You can't do that."

"What does he want you to do?"

"He says he's going to make me go to Europe with him."

"Europe?"

"Next week, Sam."

"Next week?" Sam repeated after her, unbelievingly.

"But I won't go, darling. He can't make me go. I'll find some way to make him change his mind. But he'll never be able to make me go."

Lee and her father sailed from New York before the week was over, and Sam's life collapsed. Lee promised to write him, assuring him that everything would work out and they would be married when she returned in the fall. Sam was to go back to Chicago and wait for her.

The day before Sam was leaving for Chicago, he saw Tony and learned that he was going abroad for the summer.

"If I run into Lee, I'll tell her hello for you," Tony said.

The days passed slowly, and the letters were few: (I love your letters Sam especially the flat-

tering parts that sound conceited horribly conceited damn this pen it is well but I don't really mean it really we've been sightseeing constantly and I've slept through some of the loveliest countries in the world England was cold and wet and completely mean and nasty Paris is a madhouse Tony's here).

And then later: I don't know when we're coming back. Tony's with us and he's a perfect dream.

Her letters were a disappointment to Sam, and he felt that she was growing away from him. During August he received only three letters, and in September the last letter came. Sam stood frozen after reading it once and let the paper slip to the floor.

Lee was going to marry Tony.

Sam never tried to contact either of them again: they would feel uncomfortable in his presence, he knew, and he could not endure seeing them together. Sam was successful in his business and lived a comfortable lonely life. He never found anyone to take Lee's place because he never looked for anyone else. His love for her was mixed with hate, and he had lived every day of the past twelve years with his envy of Tony.



"Killed herself?" Sam asked, sitting forward.

"It happened at the sanatorium. Outside of Zurich."

"Sanatorium?" Sam asked, his eyes showing his intense shock and bewilderment.

Tony asked Sam to sit back calmly and listen.

"But I don't understand!"

"Please, Sam," Tony said quietly. "I never knew about you and Lee, although I often suspected that you were possibly in love with her. There were things about Lee that you never knew, Sam — things I would have told you had I known you were serious about her. She . . ." he hesitated and then started again: "A long time ago, about eleven years, Lee left some notes and letters with her father, telling him that if anything ever happened to her he was to give them to me. I have them now, and, Sam, I'm doing what she requested: she wanted me to tell you what happened to her."

"What do you mean?"

"Lee's mother was sent to a sanatorium in Zurich when Lee was just a little girl. Her mother died there after six years, but Lee was never told about her mother's illness."

"Illness?"

"Lee's mother was mentally ill, Sam. She eventually became insane. Lee's father tried to bring Lee and Nancy up as normal girls, fearing the time when they might show some signs of their mother's illness. Nancy never showed any signs of inheriting the disease, but Lee had periods of mental unbalance all through her childhood. Later her father had to remove her from school. Remember?"

"I remember," Sam replied dumbly.

"When Nancy wanted to marry, her father tried his best to discourage her without telling her why, but he finally consented to her marriage; he felt that Nancy was safe. But he could never let Lee marry. And when she talked to him about you, (I never knew about that until now) he was determined to take her away."

"To Europe."

"Yes, to Zurich. They travelled at first, and I ran into them in Paris. Lee acted strangely, and her father appeared to be extremely worried. I left them there in Paris, and later they went on to Zurich."

"And then?"

"And then her father left her there when he was told that he could help her no longer."

"Left her?"

"In the same sanatorium where her mother had been. She was there during these past twelve years, and her father says that she only completely lost everything at the end. There were times when she remembered the past and could think clearly. She . . ."

Sam was crying now, crying softly to himself with shame and hurt and love.

"She loved you, Sam. She wrote letters and never mailed them . . I guess she didn't want you to know. But she loved you . . and she wanted you to know."

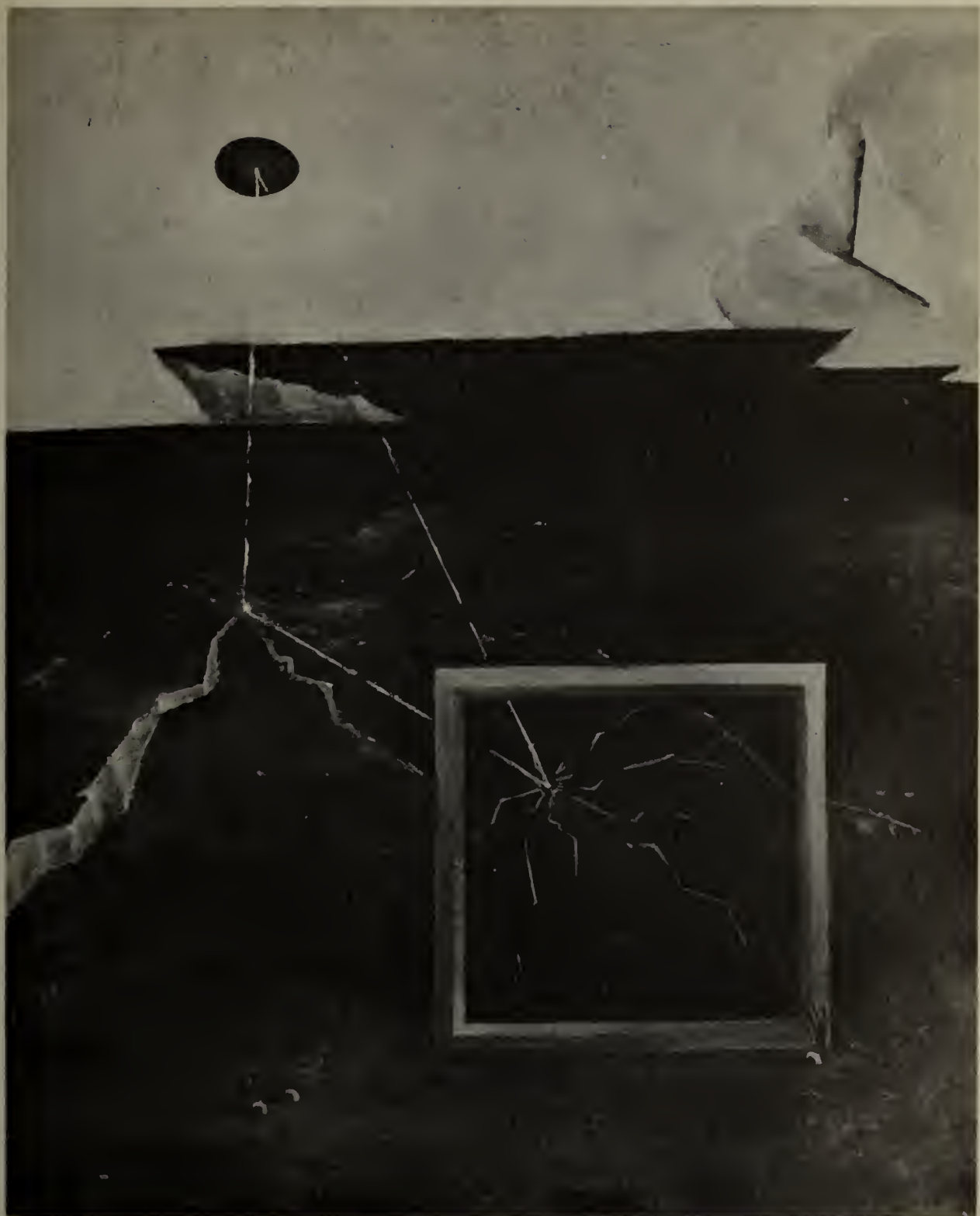
After Tony had gone, leaving the packet of letters tied with a blue ribbon, Sam sat alone in the dark room.

## ORANGE JUICE

by WILLIAM KAUFMANN

His sweating face  
Told  
How hard he'd worked  
To squeeze, just, a  
Little juice from a  
Little orange.  
The glass, below the  
Orange squeezer, was  
Three-fourths full,  
And, he, in triumph,  
Waving his hand in a  
Conquering manner  
As  
He reviewed his fruitful efforts,  
Knocked the glass off  
The table.





THE REEF OF STONE — *F. Conger Fawcett*

## HORACE – Odes Book I, Ode XI

*Translated by* DAVID E. GREEN

Do not seek, Leuconoe,  
(For to know is wrong),  
What ends for you and me  
The Gods have wrought,  
Nor ask of mortal science  
What God wills.  
Better to bear whatever comes.  
You may have  
Winters more to come,  
Or this may be  
Your last which now the sea  
Pounds out  
Upon the reef of stone.  
Be wise,  
Fill up your cup,  
And since the time grows short  
Lessen your future hope.  
While we but speak  
Envious time is passing:  
Trust not the morrow,  
But act this very day!

Tv ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi  
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios  
temptaris numeros. ut melius, quidquid erit, pati,  
seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,  
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare  
Tyrrhenum: sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi  
spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida  
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

# IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

by JON RATTE

In the summer Aunt Claire was contented: there were enough people around to keep others from making trouble, but not enough to make trouble themselves. In the winter with no one around the kids from the town would play in the gardens. Once she had tried to scare them away but discovered that this only encouraged them to annoy.

Aunt Claire lived with her niece Miss Francesca. Miss Francesca was very deaf, and since Aunt Claire being 90 hardly had enough energy for breathing and therefore had to speak in a whisper, the two got along very well. Miss Francesca could not hear her complain, either of her own condition or the equally decrepit condition of the house.

Each winter Aunt Claire threatened to die. As the Fall approached and people began to leave she would start to predict that they should not see her alive when they returned in the Summer. Many people did wonder how she managed through the winter, and I think that the dog helped most during the cold. The dog — I never heard her called anything else — was extremely fat and lazy; I believe she weighed about 150 pounds. She was a fairly large dog and had lived all her life in the house with Aunt Claire. To everyone except her and her niece the dog was quite unfriendly. Although Aunt Claire and the dog may have had arguments they were most attached to each other.

One winter Aunt Claire did die. Several people had visited her urging that she leave her home, the last piece of her family's land, for a place where she could be properly taken care of. Some wanted the property, others were interested in stretching out the old lady's life as long as possible. Why is difficult to say. I imagine that the reason is the same as prompts one to resent a change in tradition; the resulting feeling of insecurity, the realization that a part of you was sacrificed with the custom you loved is not pleasant. Aunt Claire had become a custom, a tradition for many people. A character. And she was

going to die a character if only to please her public. Consequently she refused to sell the house and refused to have any aid except that of her niece and the dog. Resolutely she settled down for another winter, her last.

She made no will as such; her property would go to the niece. There was only the dog to be taken care of and at the beginning of her last illness she took care of that. The dog was to be killed as soon after her death as possible.

During the last few days the doctor paid several social calls. It is not accurate to say that they were anything more than this. There is no cure for old age. Things went smoothly. The doctor, while leaning over the bed, stepped on the dog's paw.

In the midst of the noise Aunt Claire died but the dog continued to bark, his cry of anger turned into a kind of canine threnody. I am sure Aunt Claire did not mind dying. She was able to die in her own home. There is however one thing which I regret very much.

Miss Francesca, afraid that she would not be safe in the house alone decided to let the dog live.

This must have annoyed Aunt Claire.



In the winter it would rain. The wet would glisten on the charred black of lonely pines burnt in the great fire. There was nowhere any shelter; the wet grass was yellow and lay flat against the earth. On the shore there were many lines going down to the water's edge. Lonely lines of colorless sand and seaweed and shells. Jagged pieces of rusted beer cans and broken glass, black water soaked boards from abandoned dories. The water clipped into the low flat land in dark tired lines. In the late afternoon in the rain there was no color. Gray sky and gray water and yellow grass turned gray. There were ugly black trees standing shaking stiffness at the sky. The gray line between land and sea.

In the winter the rain would go on for days.



They were both dying. She was on the porch dying propped up with dirty cushions. He was dying in the bedroom. She had been out on the porch for some while. From her couch she could look out the windows over the pines. In the sandy street light clouds of dust would rise when a car passed.

Close the windows, she would say, you must close the windows you know the dust annoys me. The sister would close the windows. The windows had been open so little that the room stank from musty walls and pillows. Over her couch there was a calendar. There was a faded, now yellowing drum-majorette on the calendar above the dates. There was a large gash through her oversized bosom.

She and the calendar had both come to the porch early in the year. When that year ended they were both dead but the calendar would stay on the wall unburied as long as she stayed on the couch unburied. I am looking better today, my dear, don't you think, she would say to the sister, who would nod. She was used to this woman who would not be buried, she was also bothered by her. The sister went around burying the family, and she was being detained here by these two stubborn ones who would not be buried. Back at the last one, whom she left hurriedly to come here, there were two fine bureaus she could have had if she had stayed. The thought of them back there also bothered her and she determined to make up for it here. But there would be nothing for her if they continued this way.

They kept on dying for some while in this fashion. It was like a race with the last man winning. The race lasted a long while.

She would say to the sister, I have been married three times and I will outlive this one to marry a fourth.

They married in their sixties and should have been dead much sooner except for their stubbornness, the sister thought. He had married her for the money and after all this he would be damned if anyone else should get the money.

In the winter he very quickly got worse, but he would not have a doctor because he did not want her to know. Having a doctor come for him would cure her. Neither one had to worry about

the sister who did not talk much anyway. She merely kept going between the two. Both realized that if one asked something she would give an equal amount of information to the other, free, just to keep the chances the same on both sides.

One day it rained. She got up from her couch on the porch, got up from the pillows. She was wearing a blue sweater. She got up and walked with the wall across the room. She sat on the floor near the door for about an hour, the color of spat tobacco juice, scarcely breathing, blending in with the stain on the walls, her face streaked with bits of hair where the wall was streaked with the mouldy white of leaked water. Rested, she went down the step into the living room. Here she sat again, her eyes resting flat against her yellow face not moving at all. After some while she rose again, and then lowering herself began to crawl across the bare floor skirting the furniture as she came to it. Half way down the corridor which ran to the rear of the house was the door to her husband's room. At the entrance to this passageway she stood up and leaning against the wall began to walk. Before she reached the door she pushed herself away from the walls which began to drop back from her at a barely audible speed until they could be hardly seen, dancing with the dead stems out in the garden. She swayed a minute and then walked slowly and very erectly past the door, her eyes going out from her head. When she got past the doorway, she turned, and walked back, this time pausing long enough to smile sweetly at the petrified bag of bones staring at her unbelievably from the bed. The other side of the doorway she slid quietly to the floor.

When the sister and the doctor returned to the house they found the husband dead with the most awful look of defeat on his face, and her still lying in the corridor. They brought her back to the porch. After that day she did not speak, but merely smiled contentedly at the sister when she came into the room, smiled happily at her from on top of the huge pile of cushions. However, after a week she stopped smiling, and died shortly thereafter. The sister disposed quite profitably of the estate, and returned to her previous home for the bureaus.





PLAIN COOKING AND LIGHT HOUSEWORK — *Howard Phipps*

# "Innocence Vanquished, Yet Virtue Triumphant!"

*(A Mock Epic)*

by WARREN HARSHMAN

Too often cruel are the Fates that be,  
So listen to my tale, Melpomene,  
Thou Muse who knowest of the dire and grave,  
Of tales of men who in folly crave  
Delights restricted to that select band  
Of men whose type is known throughout the land,  
Those males whose art at love and amour wins  
The debutantes, attracted by the sins  
That other men would make appear just crude,  
Depending as they do upon the lewd.  
Perhaps it is their vulgar manliness  
That gives such men their strange attractiveness.  
But woe, O Muse, this epic does not deal  
With Romeos, but with a youth genteel,  
Who, egged on by his friends, — the lowly churls! —  
Did choose to try his luck upon the girls.

The evening came, this fellow ventured out  
Tuxedo'ed, looking like a gad-about,  
But underneath he felt quite far from smooth,  
Though bolstered up by visions of th' uncouth.  
This sport, his friends explained, rewarded him  
Who bothered to invest a paltry fin  
Upon a girl for a gay date or so.  
He calmed his quaking mind; subdued his foe  
Of melting Courage, and he turned into  
The house in which there lived a belle he knew.  
O gods, who visit men at night in dreams  
To warn of coming danger and the means  
Wherewith they might avoid impending doom,  
Where were you now? Asleep in your bedroom  
With some gay goddess, while this luckless soul  
Was pushing on to reach his vision'd goal  
Without your wisdom, gods, to oversee  
His unsure action, his catastrophe?  
He played a part in which he was a novice,  
And with such opposition as a bodice,  
Whose intricacies he had never faced,  
And which he certainly had ne'er unlaced!  
How then, O gods, did you expect this boy  
To overcome the weapons of a coy  
Young belle who had no wish e'er to succumb  
To such maltreatment as this lad had come  
To want, instructed in the past by those  
Who they themselves had never reached that rose

Of heav'n reserved for such as know the way  
To trick a maiden into thoughtless play,  
And then, she unsuspecting, quickly steal  
A kiss, that precious flow'r that makes life real!  
A kiss, that prize for lovers' expertness!  
Our lad, upon the threshold of success  
By merely pushing down upon the bell  
That gave an entrance where his date did dwell,  
Although he feared. How was that boy suppos't  
To win the prize reserv'd just for the toast,  
The Casanova of all ladies' hearts,  
Whose charms were known not in this lover's parts,  
If he could scarce search out the savoir-faire  
To meet his date, appear to walk on air  
As if entranced by her good looks  
When all he really cared for was dark nooks,  
In which, from tales he'd heard, took place such scenes  
That he at times had doubt about his means  
To carry on such monstrous escapades.  
At times he'd rather sit and play charades.  
But virile roommates had convinced his thoughts  
That girls were all that counted, 'cept long droughts  
Upon beer kegs; and since he was too young  
To try the last, the first was what he'd sung  
About in dorm-room tales of acts uncouth,  
And now he was about to make it truth.  
Our hero worried not about his date,  
Nor of the fact she could not come home late.  
The drinks they bought, — he drank them every glass,  
And noticed not contempt shine from the lass.  
He acted rocky, joked, and played it cool;  
He closely followed each and ev'ry rule  
His buddies told him brought a girl's respect.  
They must have known, for they had often necked,  
And gone much further, e'en, to hear their tales.  
Now *he* was setting forth his manly sails.

The show was o'er, the nightclub closing down  
When finally they returned to their home town  
From haunts afar. High overhead the moon  
Shone down upon them; — now the time came soon  
To reap rewards from his investment dear,  
And yet the girl, — he could not draw her near,  
Nor, grasping her into his open arms,  
Commence to tell her of her many charms  
And then proceed to try and find the proof  
To back his words; — no, that would be uncouth.  
She sat there next to him, armed to the teeth,  
With metal hooks, and garments underneath.  
Not he could violate so chaste a fort.

Regardless of the will, there was no sort  
 Of entrance he could find to start the fray  
 He'd heard about so oft in phrases gay  
 From those returning from a weekend home.  
 He looked at her and shivered to the bone.  
 He wanted to, but could not raise the nerve.  
 She looked at him, and somehow he lost verve  
 To follow through on all his former plans  
 For conquests bold; reserve not like a man's  
 Caused him to shrink, and lose all pride he had.  
 His state, in eyes of friends, would be termed 'sad'.  
 And yet, O gods, you would not help him still!  
 You slept right on, or follow'd your wives will.  
 Why don't you help these terror-stricken males  
 That, like our friend who in his combat pales,  
 Lose heart before their battle is half won  
 And therefore miss all that in life is fun?  
 Why don't you come from cloud-rimm'd mount above,  
 And fight for man in mortal war of love?  
 Why should one sex be favored o'er the other?  
 Is then the father lower than the mother  
 In Nature's holy plan? If not, come forth  
 And vanquish tempting women's greatest worth  
 By aiding lusting men in dire need.  
 Give courage to bring triumph to their deed,  
 And add more calcium if backbones' lack,  
 And then, my lords, we'll hear some corsets crack!  
 Our hero, now, howe'er, had almost lost  
 All chance of gaining in fun the cost  
 That he had put into this evening's date,  
 And he was now almost resigned to Fate.  
 But look! His courage rose up once again  
 Just as they reached the threshold of her den!  
 Right then, encouraged by her drawn-out sigh,  
 Resulting from a breath that filled his eye  
 With wonders yet unseen, but heard of oft;  
 He moved a little closer, then he coughed  
 As if he cleared his throat in preparation  
 For some advance left to imagination.  
 She looked at him, stars filled her languid glance;  
 The gin in him rose fin'lly to romance,  
 And then he put his arms around her curves,  
 He pulled her to him, press'd his lips to hers.  
 One second later they were twain again.  
 She yawned, then turned, and with her thoughts on men,  
 Their silly hope, their petty little aim,  
 She closed the door, and left him to proclaim  
 His victory to all who ventured near.  
 His school-mates soon were horror-struck to hear  
 The tales this rake was honor-bound to tell.



It was *his* honor, though, that bade him swell  
The number of his conquests twenty-fold,  
Regarding not how each showed him as bold,  
More bold than he had e'er designed fit to be.  
T'was never he had given misery  
To any helpless belle, despite his boast.  
Yet of his solo kiss he made the most.  
But in his heart he still had doubts full-score  
About his manliness; and so he swore  
He ne'er would let his secret failure out.  
If he but knew that all his friends with doubt  
Conceal'd a sim'lar flop by sim'lar means,  
He might have seen it fit to submarine  
Their camouflage by telling of his own.  
But knowing not, he left it well alone.

O gods, immortals over love-torn strife,  
Why don't you stop this ceaseless, senseless strife!  
By weak'ning women's virtue to make true  
These tales that men interminably spew,  
Or else by strength'ning women's guarding shell  
Preserve us all from Pluto's earthly hell  
Of stories that from one kiss do arise  
Until we're hearing of a girl's demise.  
And so my tale's, and now my plea's no more,  
And you, O gods, are left to think it o'er.

Finis

## UPON THE SAND

by DAVID JONES

The moon was a white shell,  
The sea, black; one tear alone  
Betrayed to mortal eyes  
The hero's inward flood of shame.  
The shadows lay asleep upon  
The frozen sand. No more the flares  
Danced wildly on the beach, but stared  
In silence on this face.  
Regretful eyes and wet cheeks  
Exposed, perplexed and lost,  
Achilles to reality.  
The glory was tomorrow's gem,  
Today held fast a hero's tear.  
A flood of anguish surged upon  
His soul and crushed his heart  
In shame and love, for lifeless there  
Upon the sand lay Patroclos.



CITY DUMP — *Andrew Tuck*



PERSIFLAGE — *Michael Filides*

# C NOTE SAM

by WILLIAM KAUFMANN

I guess when you come right down to thinking about it C Note Sam was nothing really to get too worked up over, but all the boys in the bar at Duffy's came back that night so hopped up over this bum that there was nothing I could do but look the guy up. I have been spending the last few years at Duffy's, two stools over from Mike the Porter, and it is no small deal when Jim Reiley and Harry the Jump do not show up at the usual hour. The last time Harry the Jump is absent he has been hammered in the eye by some Burlesque broad's manager, and has more than small cause to not show up. As a fact, it is right after his eye clears up that he picks up this name the Jump. I have seen a lot of guys change, but Harry the Jump has no longer the fight he used to have back in the days of the Avenue C brawls. Well, Duffy is more than little concerned over the loss of Harry and Jim Reiley, if not so much for they are good friends, as for the empty chairs which are showing no profit. It is a good business hour of the night and as guys have been casting looks at the empty stool, Duff has been eyeing Mike and me and no one can blame him when he finally gives up the chairs, even if the two guys who sit down are well known for spending a lot of time at Bill's, the bar across the street. Anyway, Mike and I are looking at each other, and these two guys between us are beginning to get more than a little annoyed about some of the things we are saying about the bar they have most recently been affiliated with, when Jim and Harry come running into Duffy's, with looks on their faces which I have not seen since Kelly won out in the Ward 3 elections. Well, naturally Duff and Mike and myself all crowd around to hear why these guys have been so late and so happy. Harry does most of the talking, for even if the Burlesque guy slows up Harry's spirit, no one has yet to do anything which might make Harry want to say less than he does, and Harry talks so that this guy Shakespeare would want to roll over in his grave for the things he has forgot to mention. Anyway, Harry

is talking so fast that I am able only to get the main idea of what he is trying to say, which concerns this guy, of whom I have just mentioned, C Note Sam.

At this point Jim Reiley interrupts Harry, which in the old days might have been something to cause a fist or two to be thrown, but now is just something that almost everyone does, and tells Mike the Porter and myself to follow him and get a chance to meet this new character.

It is only a few minutes before we arrive at Archy's Dixie Cup, where some of the best Dixie men of the country have been known to show up and blow their brains out for the slobs that hang around the place. I, myself do not go in for this form of music, but the mob that is pushing and shoving and knocking drinks off tables, shows that there are those who do not feel as I about this matter. Jim has, by this time, caught sight of C Note Sam, and he is now attempting to push his way towards a table in the back of Archy, where it should not surprise me if there should sit C Note.

Well, I am not overly impressed with my first look at Sam, but I shake hands with the guy, and am about to sit down at his table when the Music in the place stops. For some reason a smile comes to the face of C Note and he starts to move a few of the glasses on the table, so that I get the idea he is looking for something that maybe he has lost. All of a sudden he comes across this glass, filled with some red stuff of which I am not too famillure with, and clasps the glass in his hand like it was the hand of the President of the United States. I am even more confused when he reaches into his vest pocket to pull out what looks to be a glass cocktail mixer. Now all the time this is going on the Band seems to be waiting around on the stand, which seems a bit odd to me, but who am I to know what the band of Archy's is going to do from one minute to another. The look on Harry the Jump's face shows that something is going to happen, for I remember the last time I see this look, Old man Dona-



hue drops dead at the end of the bar, and sure enough, every light in the place goes out, and there I am with a spot lighting up my left shoulder, but mostly shining on C Note Sam. Well, before I know it Sam has winged the glass of red stuff in the side with the glass cocktail mixer and the place goes wild.

Now when I give Harry that "What the hell happened" look, he looks at me like I have flunked the eighth grade five times, and everyone knows that it is only because of my old man hitting the teacher, that I am forced to repeat my last year at number 37, but only once, so that I am hurt by this look of Harry's.

"Did you hear that," he says.

Well, of course I heard it, there wasn't anyone in the place who could have missed it, so I turn to Harry and say

"Yea, So?"

"He just hit his twenty-second perfect C note," says Harry.

Well, the music is now playing, and C Note Sam is shaking hands all over the place, and I am thinking that I am not all there. Well as I said before, Sam wasn't really too much to get worked up over, but if you ever want to hear a guy wack a cocktail glass and come up with what they tell me to be a perfect C note, Archy's Dixie Cup is the place to go. I hear Sam is on his 347th C. Well, as for me I got to beat it to Duffy's.

## A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILLIE

I know a girl and her name is Millie;  
her face looks dumb and her laugh is silly  
and you never saw such a sexy looking filly  
and this is what I think about her dull inviting stare.  
It is unfair.  
Unfair to the librarian who sits and reads and sighs;  
Unfair to the dietician with the grey myopic eyes,  
and every other ugly who sits at night and cries  
with envy for some silly  
girl who lives and bears and dies.  
But Miss Millicent Jackson (Millie)  
is unaware of the unfairness  
and on the sand in all her bareness  
hootchie-cootchies down the beach,  
her toe nails painted Rosy Peach.

— DAVID R. SLAVITT



# WISDOM WOUNDED:

## OR THE PRICE OF NOT HAVING WISDOM IS FOUND

by J. HARRIS WILLSON

I sing of steel and pavements wide and high,  
And bronze and 'hundred stories in the sky,  
Of Buicks speeding through the stop light red —  
"Oh, dear," says Anne, "I must have lost my head."

The city wide, the smoke against the blue,  
The busses' thunder whirling hats askew,  
The barker's yell, the ticker tape, and all  
The life blood of our land, the call  
That does the business of the world and then  
Goes home to cards and highballs about ten.  
O you, Terpsichore, and you, Erato, too,  
Discard those works that no one can see through,  
And feel the rhythm and the passion beat  
In shining rails and secretaries' feet  
(In latest alligator skin from Saks,  
The boss paid everything except the tax.)  
Descend and listen to the city's hum  
And — (here they blinked and looked around  
quite dumb,  
Then, gathering up their trains, they went away,  
To seek Parnassus and another day.)

Anne parked the Buick in the swank garage  
And, seeking in her soul some sort of dodge,  
With flounce and smile paraded 'cross the street  
To a tea shop — "I'm faint — it is the heat —"  
And with a glass of cold iced tea at hand,  
She "got composed" and, being cooled and  
fanned,

She sank into the thought of that to come.  
The most important party — and no rum!  
The thought struck her with lightning force and  
crack,

And in a moment she had run on back,  
With fear and horror clutching at her heart.  
She had intended to relax and start  
To think of conquests at her coming "fate",  
Of rival steel men, caught within her net,  
Surrendering contracts, secrets, rebates, all  
To husband Tom who'd then rack in the haul.  
But now! No rum! The very thought sent chill

Through her whole frame, and made her  
almost ill.

For just an hour before, her husband said,  
(Before she left for town to buy some bread,)  
"Be sure there's lots of liquor on the hour —  
These men won't drink if it's the slightest sour."  
Her husband was the head of Steel, Incorp.  
And the reception was his foes to warp.  
All in distress she was, the fates did frown,  
For nowhere could she get the rum in town!

What could she do? But then as in a dream  
A voice spoke from her right hand headlight  
beam,

(For as she jumped back in her car again,  
And sped away, she knew not where or when,  
The cloak of dark had spread about the land,  
With neon frothing beer at every hand.)  
The voice said "Do not be afraid, my sweet,  
Thou pearl of India's ocean at my feet!  
I'll thee direct to that sure storage place  
Where rum is fed to children before grace.  
Go down a block, turn left, and then stop quick,  
And I'll deliver some with a real kick!  
She followed his directions and he led  
Her to a building painted white and red.  
"But this is not the place — this is a dairy!"  
"You wait and see," he said, "to the contrary,"  
And walking through the wall he soon returned  
With two great cans of milk, completely churned,  
Which he touched gently, and to her surprise  
They turned to sparkling rum! Oh, what a prize!  
The spirit spoke no more, and Anne with haste  
Drove with the cans to show to Tom the taste.

Tom was delighted, and said "Where, oh where,  
Did you get this almost Olympian fare?"  
They waited with their hearts up in their throats  
For the arrival of tycoons with coats  
Of camel's hair and finest Shetland tweed.  
All were assembled, time had come indeed  
To quaff the rum — the start of conquests new!

For Anne did smile as she poured out the dew.  
But, as the stroke of twelve will loose the spell,  
The glasses, raised to thirsty mouths with yell,  
Became, as cotton dresses changed to silk,  
Brim full of freshly churned healthful milk!

The man and wife still try to get their gain,

But following no wisdom they attain  
No riches now, and fast are turning poor.  
But then, who knows? A lucky break may lure  
And set them back into their "proper place."  
But at their most disastrous fall from grace,  
On Mount Parnassus, far away by miles,  
Two Muses looked upon the earth with smiles.

## IT JUST SO HAPPENS

by DAVID R. SLAVITT

Unobtrusively observant, I stare .  
at couples on the floor  
(dancing.)  
or shrill groups of conversant girls  
or sometimes even the isolated ones  
so distant  
and their obvious warmth tortures me if lost  
or even more if lost  
on those who don't appreciate  
or cannot.  
I want so much  
to sit with my tie  
loose and talk  
with a girl in her stockinged feet  
in that clichéic boygirl way of talking  
but somehow I can never get much  
past the tortured stage of weather,  
flattery, and "see you again, sometime."  
I hate that sort of thing because I dream so much  
of the meaningful and real. I think  
I have so much to give — so much I want so much  
to give to someone  
with pretty  
eyes and a shy  
smile or shy  
eyes and a pretty  
smile or just eyes  
and a smile  
but all I see is *faces*

# CUBA

by DEAN L. GITTER

Cuba.  
Midday.  
And the heat.  
The tourists can't abide it.  
They stretch in never-ending line  
Along the margin of . . .  
The Hotel Nacional swimming pool.

Havana.  
Evening.  
And the waste.  
Across from the Capitolio,  
All-girl orchestras and five-cent beer.  
"Cervaza Hatuey, chico; VAMINOS!"  
Dollar diplomacy at its worst.

Midnight.  
Ria street.  
And the lust.  
"Cinco pesos, senor, cinco pesos."  
"Hey you (hic) com'ere a minute."  
"Cinco pesos, senor, cinco pesos."  
"Come 'ere. (hic)"  
"Cinco pesos."  
"Come."

Camaguey.  
The most provincial provincia.  
Warm-blooded, peace-loving, kind-hearted, hard-working peons.  
The Black with the White, Caucasian with the Indian.  
Beer, and women, and song.  
They have a motto, these stupid peasants from whom the world could take  
a lesson:

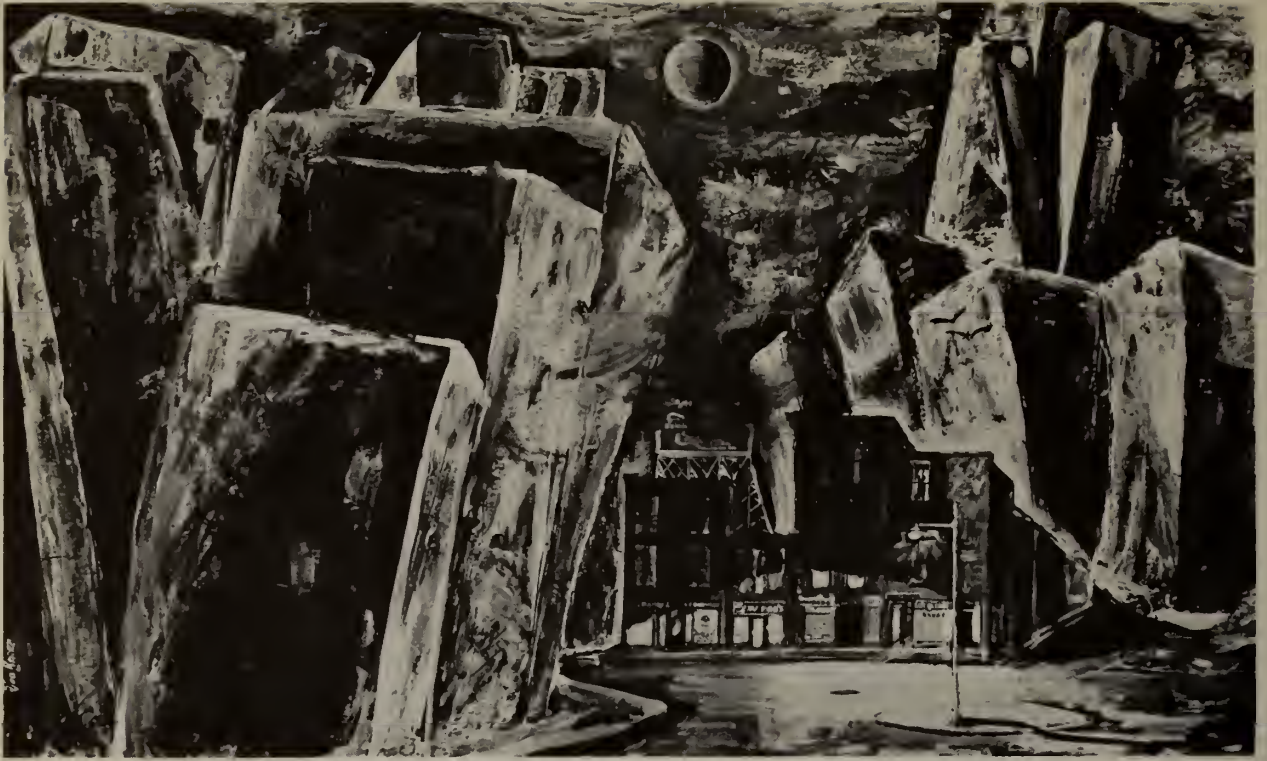
"No Problema."

No problems. Why should they have?  
The American businessman,  
Fat and secure in his fat and secure New York office,  
Works them only 10 hours a day, seven days a week.  
The mill-wheels grind — five dollars a day.  
The mills grow hot — five dollars a day.  
The children are hungry — five dollars a day.  
The wife is barefoot — five dollars a day.  
The sow has died — three dollars today — two for the union.

"No hay problema? . . ."

"Si, senor, no hay problema."





GHOST CITY NO. II — *Jon Ratté*



MY BEACON HILL — *Jon Ratté*



# "When I Grow Up, I Want To Be a City . . ."

by HOLLIS W. FRAMPTON

Somewhere, out on the throbbing, green-and-mauve fantasy that is a lake at twilight, the muted boom of surf grows to a snarling roar, strikes the first wild chord of a mad dance-dirge, a grotesque waltz-melody for the monstrous mist-phantasms spinning in over the quietly lapping waves of the harbor.

Silently, the river, meandering bisector of a great city, carries its cargo of chemical muck and engine oil and empty beer bottles, rolls and pulls and pushes, tugs and nags its precious freight to the slaving maw of the giant inland sea it feeds. Northward, forever northward the river twists its thick, slow way, chasing its measureless self into its own future. Northward it winds, through the bigness of smokestack-ranges, through the smell of raw, new steel and acid, the stink of bilge-water, the sharp bite of pickle-making, the sweetness of baking bread.

And over it all, over dancing wraiths and silent river and pungent industry, floats the bridge. Here, up in the swirling, clutching dimness of the mist, secure upon its colossal steel piers, its glittering ribs spanning nothingness, is the beginning of the city, the pulsing nucleus of the blind, amoeboid thing that man has made and called "home."

The sun has gone, now. The baleful yellow of the sodium-vapor lamps is everywhere, for the city has turned on its night eyes, eyes that glare malevolently up at the pale blue of late-lit office windows. The windows, in their turn, tired of complacently surveying the Chamber of Commerce's "awe-inspiring panorama," stare passively back. Inside the windows the city is still awake, still at work; the throaty hum of dynamos and click-clicking of typewriters clash brutally with the night, the slumbering night outside, where stars, merely God-made, shimmer in their purple-velvet beds. Behind the goggling pupils of the windows, the city-mind contrives to outshine old Sol himself, and man, the maker of the mind, prostrates himself, face-to-earth, before the thing

he has created, and becomes a cog, a unit in a hive.

Now the city is pulling the switches and pressing the buttons, turning its signs on, telling itself in every visible wavelength what kind of beer it wants to drink and what moving pictures it should like to see, where to buy lipstick that doesn't come off, what to brush its teeth with, where to have a hot time on Saturday night — or any *other* night of the week, for that matter — what newspapers and magazines all the experts on this or that say it would be better off if it read . . .

Somehow the wind finds a flaw, some imperfection in the city's armor, gets in, begins to whistle and sing and pipe around the corners, and howl down one-way streets, and scream in the city's tangled nervous system, the telephone wires; it brings snow with it, and unoblingly blows the soft, white stuff in the city's face and eyes, and down its neck. Snow, snow that sifts endlessly down into the unfathomable gray depths of the skyscraper-abysses, piles up on automobile tops, piles up atop hats of automaton-people waiting for busses, heaps itself on window-sills, gets under all the wheels and feet of a metropolis and turns to gray-brown slush, freezes fast to curb and sidewalk, miraculously becomes hurtling, medium-sized spheroids thrown from the mittens of small boys. Snow and wind spy on the city through its own windows, stop its cars, are rudely discourteous to its people without even so much as a grunt of "Beg yer pardon" — see how they annoy that man in the black overcoat who stands there by the lamp post passing out copies of the "Daily Worker"? — and have hilarious fun at savagely taunting the "civilization" they find.

Meanwhile, the city is drinking its beer, viewing the movie that is playing around the corner, using that lipstick that wasn't supposed to come off, brushing its teeth, having a hot time, maybe even reading a newspaper . . .

The wind sings out over the lake, puts new

teeth in the shrieking, ripping roar of water on rock, blows, perhaps, a little of the city's iciness into the crashing of the surf, then dies. The breakwall, ice-sheathed backbone of some sunken monster, trembles to the crushing shock of swaying ice-floes dancing in the inner harbor.

Now and again, a hapless fish, trapped forevermore in some frozen sepulcher, stares, pensive, through the distorting crystal walls of its own coffin, stares out at the only world it ever knew, its nose pressed to the other side of the windowpane of life. Perhaps, even in death, its

frozen mind echoes to itself a thought: Be glad that thou art not a man, for men live in the city . . .

Under the bridge, the mist-curtain sweeps aside for an instant, and the sterile pureness, the glittering effulgence of a tapped blast-furnace lances forth, thoughtwave of a mindless thing, babbling idiocy to emptiness. Down by the river bank, floating beer bottles clink meaninglessly against each other.

Slowly, the river washes its gray past along, gurgling, muttering to itself as it goes.

## PASTELLE

by JAMES RAYEN

Upon entering the room your attention at once focuses upon a large yet delicate baroque mirror. Caught in the mirror is a reflection of dim splendor and fading elegance.

On the opposite is a portrait of a woman in a blue chiffon tea gown. Her features are marked by a quiet, restrained beauty; the room seems to gain its animation from the portrait.

The walls are hung in ice blue damask — the furniture upholstered in muted blues and greys. Moonlight, pouring in a window, discovers an open engagement book on a small Louis Quinze writing table. Recorded in a fine, feminine hand is "Tea with the Moores — 3:30". An overturned inkwell is mute witness to a garish stain of blue running down the table leg, and ending in a mocking pool of indigo on the carpet.

A fine, yet almost brutal coat of dust is everywhere.

In a gilt bird cage by the window the moonlight searches out the form of a dead parakeet.

# A DARLING

by STEPHEN CHARNAS

*And when with envy Time, transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You'll in your girls again be courted  
And I'll go wooing in my boys.*

— "*Winefred*" (in the Italian)

"Boys," she murmured, as she felt for the switch.

The instant she snapped on the lights the room was gay. It was the sort of a room, dressed up in a rococco patterned wallpaper with a red valentine motif, that might have been produced by a young, very sentimental interior decorator. More than that, though, it seemed to have girlishly decorated itself, as though it had sprung just for her into tangible, charming existence, complete with armchairs and doorknobs and curtain rods.

Her being Helen.

Helen halted on the threshold and looked at all this, at the exciting life the burning filaments gave to this room she had fashioned, once upon a time. The four walls, the ceiling, the carpeted floor with all it supported were practically an extension of her own person. She loved even the tiniest imperfections; she doted on the small spilled black ink spots on the blue scatter rug, the piled library of books on the Dutch stool, and even the crack across the top of the mirror which backed the closet door. Quite by chance, this door stood open, invitingly, to the next fête or masquerade when the blue frock would play its part, or, perhaps, the occasion would require the smart black that peeked at this moment around into the room, as though with just a little help it would detach itself from the wooden hanger and jump to wrap its warm velvet around a warmer, living body. Helen's special passions were the glowing windows that now locked in the yellow light from the bulbs, bright with electricity. She had ordered them from New York, and they opened outwards, not like ordinary sash windows, really, but outwards, into the sparkling

air above a stretch of green lawn. They were casements, really.

In a bare whisper Helen speculated to herself "I must remember to call them casements, not windows. They'll have to be cleaned, too, and I shall have four new curtains to go with them. To go with the curtains . . . . . ." Her thoughts rambled along with her eyes as she hummed quietly "Ride a Cock Horse . . . . ."

". . . . . A new lamp should do — two new lamps, with very soft, very low lights. For the boys. For the lovers." In a matter of seconds, almost as soon as she whispered the words, Helen was conscious of a pleasant chill down the length of her back, and then a heat which made her eyes tilt, or the room turn. While this persisted she shut her eyes. The optics seemed to bore back into her white skull; out of the whiteness and the burning, with her eyes still closed, she watched the outline of a male figure, like an anatomy chart. It had red lines and larger blue lines, little white wires, and the whole intricate construction changed colors like a chameleon as she moved her head. When her blind face turned toward the electric light the chart became a rabid orange.

Helen opened her eyes. "When my golden boys come I can bring them safe in here," she began. Then she added, almost as an afterthought, "I shall have a boy tonight." She closed the door silently behind her and shut her eyes again as she leaned back on it; then she tried to imagine a boy, the type of boy that had visited her before. With straight, fair hair, and fine eyes, standing next to those big casements with his hands in his pockets.

There had been so many boys, a whole circus



of them. But Helen, enchanted with herself, planned that she would say to this, *if he were really standing there*, "Why, Dan" — that would be his name — "Why Dan, I simply adore seeing you here, being near you. You know that. It's such a silly question."

Helen remembered Cleopatra and practiced the look she would give Dan now: half mocking, half voluptuous. With her pretty face she would try and say, if he were there, that everything was good, that their gods were sympathetic, that it was almost sacred for them to be here together. "You don't think there is anything odd or unnatural in this?" She tasted the words on her tongue. "Why, to Helen, you Galahad, you Adonis, you Byron, it's just the easiest old thing in the world. La la la Tra la la." And now, while imaginary violins thrummed a moody melody that mingled with the saccharine summer atmosphere and her gay little chirp to form a subtle perfume, Helen would smile her own secret smile, curling up her mouth like a petulant cat. Raising her warm body a little (her legs were short) she would move to Dan as he twirled up the corners of his own sensitive eighteen-year old mouth in a sophisticated and quite compassionate grimace. She sensed he would understand her now, feel her as kindred flesh.

"Ah." There had indeed been other boys; Helen had to smile. In the humid dog days of one summer — it was always summer, mercifully — there had been an evening when the stars seemed a bit too low in the sky, the sky itself a bit too blue, the tidy picket fences almost too invariable, as though some wizard had crept beside her and retinted the familiar objects of her life. A boy was tall, then, and dark and faintly luminous against the August night. His hand was in Helen's as they sauntered back along the side street with the river water on one side and a clump of virgin lilacs on the other, and she remembered only that they discussed sanely all those exquisitely delicate matters that lovers alone claim to comprehend. It did not matter whether he walked next to the river or she, whether they walked one side of the river or on the other, whether they walked, side by side, down Tibetan camel paths or the silently nervous alleys of Bagdad. All roads led to this precious room. The two began here and wandered

out, like silent images in an old flicker, to faithfully return.

As she had done that night, and in the thousand and one nights back into lavish July and immortal June, and long before that, Helen knew she should lift her face up now, at this tender moment, and breathe up to the boy, Dan, as she moved her naked fingers through the short yellow hair, like cornsilk, around his neck, "You are alone, and just I, just Helen is here. No. I will not believe in anybody else. Not now." And Dan would agree, swiftly and gently, that it was just she, and not another one, nor any other one.

With her hands folded, Helen decided happily that the boy, Dan, Eliot, Allan — whatever his name — would be telling the truth. (If he were really there and talking to her.) She was glad of this; still, sometimes, the truth, or what passed for truth in some perverted minds, had tried desperately to hurt her. Out of a warm September night one ugly boy with ebony hair and dark baboon's eyes had twisted his large, mobile hands that gestured and paused and gestured again and finally rested, immobile, on her, while she lay still, fascinated, in a trance. Helen was strangely unsure of this chapter from her past, but she was uncertain as to so many things . . . . . the horrid syllables that boy had shouted at her as she recoiled from the flagrant evil in his face and hands! What were they?

"You are old; you are aged; you are old . . . old . . . old . . ."

This was too murderous to have been a dream, even a day-dream. Helen knew she didn't have dreams. She knew. She remembered distinctly, though, sitting up naked between the cold bed sheets and hearing again and again those idiotically horrible words. The dream, if that was what it really was, seemed no more than a faithful revival of a half-forgotten tragedy. "I will never, never dream again," Helen cried. "I will only imagine." So she was imagining now. "I am going to relax and think." The background music was coming to her for the first time tonight.

"There's a little cabin in the sky, sister . . ."

It was a song for long, scented, summer evenings, like this, and for walks down another secluded street to a beach. On the beach, she and the boy beside her — names were so difficult — had played little games under the stars, with



their backs sedately straight against a derelict log and their twenty toes groping unwatched in the moist sand like little children left alone by preoccupied parents.

Back to the present. And her imagination. Tonight, now, she and Dan were in the room. "Oh, Dan. When you look out from the casement the moon seems so mysterious and nostalgic. I love everything sentimental," Helen pretended to tell him as she held his strong hand and led him to the leaded panes with the sweet words she had memorized somewhere. Through the panes she could see the moon.

"I wonder if it's you I love, or is it the moon? I've loved you, moon, ever since you plastered my convent's stucco walls with your white light. When I was in your way you used to punctuate those walls with sharp, staccato shadows that made me dream like a senile child." The convent was where the boys had started. It was only in dreams, then, that they came. Dreams that ate up the dismal winter nights of an innocent novice. And then release had come. The dreams, with their boys, had suddenly stopped when she escaped to the continent with her father and her luggage.

All these things had happened such a short time ago! "I am still young," Helen confessed to herself; with an impetuous movement like a dainty fawn she concentrated her eyes at the round face she suddenly saw reflected back at her from the glass in the windows. Next to her face was Dan's handsome profile. Helen noticed how slender her nose was, how it divided the twin twilights of her eyes under the arches of delicate eyebrows. Full lips . . . a slender, swan's neck . . . hair like worked bronze. "I am a darling," she exulted, and turned away.

Helen had said this once before, defiantly, to a black, swarthy, hairy man, a close friend of her father's, who brought her to this house as a bride and to this very room. Here, again, Helen was rather uncertain; the only positive things in her odd existence, had she realized, were this precious room and the boys, tall, lithe, symmetri-

cal, always blond, who had slipped back into her life, more and more real, ever since she first knew the room. The boys brought with them, crumbled tobacco and tailored flannel, like the blond boy beside her now. She must open the window and let in to him — was his name Dan? — the hot scents, the seasonal nostalgia; a push of her own warm hand against the cold glass, where her eyes danced and flirted back at her, made the old hinges creak ominously in unison.

Immediately, Helen sensed something was wrong.

"For Christ's sake!"

"For Christ's sake, mother," her daughter pleaded from the bed in the accents of an impassive, bored spectator. "Mother, what do you want this time of night? Is that window open?"

"Casement," responded Helen mechanically.

"Be a darling and shut the damn thing. I'm no polar bear. Spring is still three months off, anyway; it's still winter." The girl burrowed a nineteen-year old body under a heap of blankets.

As Helen turned to face her daughter, she met her own face in the mirror which backed the half-open closet door. But where was her youth now, her confidence? Her lips had cracked. Her cheeks had shrunk. The dimples had almost gone to wrinkles. Her breasts seemed to slump while she dully stared, her figure to thicken, her hair to grey into the portrait of a woman not yet old, but, what was much, much worse, a woman with her flaming youth, her orange years and scarlet days too far behind her. Above her lip a line of hair itched, and the joints of her fingers swelled arthritically. Her ankles swelled, and, in her coloring, the red apples withered and turned brown and rotten at the core.

"As I am . . ."; Helen coughed a little. Then she tiptoed in the icy draft to the open window, latched it, and passed back through the door into the gloomy hall, snapping down the light switch as she went.

"It is a casement, really," Helen remarked to herself in passing . . . . ."



THE LAST HOUR — *James Samaschin*

# FISHERMAN'S DELIGHT

by JOSEPH SHAW

Because late summer had arrived, the sun would be setting early. For this reason my brother and I had gotten all of the fishing tackle together before dinner. After leaving the house, and walking down the plank stairs which were fitted into the bank that led down to the shore, we got all of our equipment into the small flat-bottomed rowboat. The boat was pulled up underneath some weather-beaten willows which pressed closely along the shoreline. After we had shed all of our clothes except for the bare essentials, the oars were fitted in the oarlocks and we shoved off. The grating of the boat on the bottom of the lake disappeared as the water became deeper.

"Let's row out to the old dock, and try it there", my brother suggested.

"Good idea, and if there isn't anything big enough for us there, we can go out to the island", I replied optimistically.

The dock jutted out from the shore for about a hundred feet, forming a breakwater. On either side of the dock many fish had been caught throughout the season. Although we cast into likely spots, we received no tugs from a bass, no dash of the sleek pickerel, or the pull of the Northern Pike. Either we had been using the wrong lures, had picked the wrong spot, or weren't doing what we should have done on that certain night; we couldn't decide. We had tried plugs, both floating and diving; spinners, and even pike spoons.

Giving this spot up, we rowed away. After we had gotten a good distance from that location, a fish jumped. I am sure that is always the case — anyhow, for me.

"How about that island now?" I asked.

"All right." The boat veered slightly and pointed her bow toward the small island which was about a mile from the shore. This island was surrounded by drop-offs and shoals alike. It even had a long bar from which one could cast. Here the water was still, ruffled only by light gusts of wind that spun and whirled in their vortexes, scattering a few ripples under the boat that made

the wonderful gurgling sounds which every fisherman loves.

We put spoons on our lines and cast them into the shallows which looked promising. However, we were unable to get a strike from even a small bass, much less a lunker.

The sun was setting, and the distant mountains were outlined against the sky. The high clouds were transformed into two different images as the sun's rays shifted. Pink, red, blue, and even a light turquoise were present in the everchanging pattern of color, stretching as far as the eye could see. Red tinged the lines of the thunderheads, which raised their towering peaks in mighty and majestic mushrooms of color.

"Let's go around to the other side of the island", Pat said, with the familiar expectation of all anglers that the best place is just "over there". Having arrived at this spot, I snapped a Russelure no. 2 onto my safety catch which in turn was fastened to my three foot nylon leader. The Russelure, a very famous lure, somewhat similar to the Flatfish in appearance, had given me the best results during the previous season. It had caught pike, pickerel, perch, and bass very successfully. I was sure that this lure would catch anything, if the fish were biting at all. At the same time, my brother was trying a daredevil imp, a very effective spoon for pike and bass.

For fifteen or twenty minutes the boat drifted along the shore of the island, moving over the now mirrorlike water. When a plug was cast, the perfect circles that radiated were incredible. We both decided that the fish weren't biting; but instead of moving to another place, we both wanted to stay where we were, for everything around us was so beautiful that we couldn't leave, feeling as though we had box seats for the greatest show on earth.

"Keep on drifting past the island, toward that rock", I said, having seen a small rise near it. As the boat glided to the location that I had spoken of, my brother cast his daredevil into the water near the rock, let it sink; and then gave it



slight twitches which he intermingled while alternating the speed of his reeling. The lure, after it had reached the side of the boat, was cast out near the place that he had tried before. Not getting so much as a nibble, he let me have my turn at casting. Because I was fitted with the Russelure, I dared not allow it to sink to the bottom of the lake, for the treble hooks would surely snag on the rock bottom. For my efforts, I received a sharp tug, but lost what had struck at my bait. Trying again, I managed to get a small bass which barely made the legal limit of 10". I decided that I wasn't going to go to the trouble of cleaning one small bass, so I would let him go. If I skinned anything, it would have to be worth skinning. My brother was of the same opinion, and I was sure that neither love nor money would have made him clean that fish. So back went the bass, to live to be caught another day.

The island that we had been fishing around was another point of interest. An inclining beach, which ran down to the edge of the water, began at a cliff of mud and stone, a reminder of an ancient promontory that had once reached out from the mainland. Actually it was a great block of mud that was being eaten away by the rains and weather year by year. The whole island resembled a ship — the block of land the body, the few scattered fir trees which pointed their tops toward the sky resembled the masts; and the branches that remained on these weather-beaten pine trees were the sails. As the island was surrounded by water, and silhouetted against the darkening sky, we could easily imagine hearing some mariner calling, "Ho, ship ahoy", and to see figures come crowding along the ledge to shout welcomes. Even the little breeze, playing with the pines, gave the illusion of billowing sails.

The water was a greenish blue now. The mountains bordering the surrounding plains were outlined against the last rays of light coming from the West. The whole view gave us the impression that it would never change. A perfect setting, in the gathering dusk — the scene was one of beauty, of quietness. We could almost see the prehistoric people worshipping the beauty of the lake, feeling the beauty and thanking the fetishistic gods who had made it theirs.

The boat, still slipping slowly by the shape of

the shoreline, soon left it for open water, and had gone by the rock which was now out of casting distance.

"Let's take one more trip around the island", I suggested. By now I was more interested in the panorama before me than I was interested in the fishing. Everything was now at peace. Nowhere was there a sound, except for the hooting of an owl across the lake — we were alone in the stillness of the coming night.

Among the gurgles of the retreating oar whirlpools, we soon were again in position to drift by the island. I changed to a no. 2 spinner with a fly attachment. This had promised and gotten fish from the day I had bought it, but was not as productive as the before mentioned Russelure.

"Think I'll try this new lure of yours, this laker Runt", Pat said.

"River Runt", I corrected, somewhat irritable after being awakened from my trance. We had bought the River Runt only a few days before, and this was on its "maiden voyage". It has a good reputation and was recommended highly.

Having passed the rock again, we found it was time to go home. "Just a few more casts", I pleaded. I don't think that it took much persuading, because he seemed to agree with me. He turned toward the long line of mountains and said, "No one has cast into that spot over there yet, I bet", pointing to a place over which the boat had passed only a short while before. So saying this, he cast out the plug. It landed in the predestined spot. He let it sink all the way to the bottom, and then he began to reel in the line slowly, bringing the tip of the rod up at the same time. Suddenly he yelled, "I've got one", and sparked into life. The line immediately began to travel, almost slashing through the water as the fish travelled around the boat. Letting out line, Pat yelled, "This is the biggest damn fish that I ever caught". I was just as excited as he was, telling him, "keep that rod tip up, let out line", and the like. He didn't hear me, I am sure because his heart and soul were soaring high, the thrill that every true fisherman gets racing through him, making his knees weak.

"Yahoo", he yelled, letting out more line. He actually let out more than was necessary, in order to get the maximum play out of the fish. The line went slack, and we both involuntarily groaned.



But a moment later we saw one of the most beautiful sights that we will ever see as fishermen; the great fish drove straight out of the water, shaking his head as though he were a fingerling, landing with a great splash, hiding his body in his own spray. He then raced away, taking plenty of line with him. He broke water again; not to jump, but to swirl the water around, trying to loose those antagonising hooks. Diving to the bottom, he sulked. The spasmodic shakes of his head relayed themselves to the tip of his rod, the line being stretched taut. Slowly we worked him in, I with my shouts of encouragement; and Pat with his straining rod. Pat tried to beat him, but it proved too hazardous. I then tried to get him to the boat. After some heart-sickening at-

tempts I grabbed him by the gills and hauled him aboard. Immediately we both knelt on our hands and knees, inspecting this whale of a bass, looking like excited babies examining their first fish that jumped and flipped.

By this time all traces of the sun had disappeared, and the only illumination was the moon, rising out of the pines on the shores. The small-mouth bass, which we later weighed and measured to be 51 lbs. and 22" long, was securely stapled to the bottom of the boat by means of a knife stuck through his head. That fish was not going to get away. While getting to shore, anchoring the boat, and packing, we both decided that it had been a very wonderful evening.

## THE MISTS

by JAMES RAYEN

A small boy wearily trudged along the road connecting the school and the village in which he lived. He felt afraid, but was ashamed of his fear. Night was closing in, and with it came the mists. Ben knew, or at least thought he knew, that the mists were not to be feared; but yet, those strange, fantastic, at times even exotic shapes — he started running, but forced himself to stop.

The enroaching darkness smelled musty and old. Small Ben sat down for a minute, huddled against an old stone wall. He watched the mists hover about a small tree to his right, enfold it, and then hide the sapling completely.

Ben got up again. He knew he could not stay there. No, he must not let himself be enfolded, encircled by the mists. On he plodded. It was getting darker now, and the mists seeped out from the branches of trees — ever moving, ever hovering. Shivering under his coat, Ben won-

dered if sometime he would be like the mists, twisting and turning, real yet unreal. Again he was ashamed.

At last Ben found himself at the top of a hill. The air in the little valley below, in which was enfolded the village, was clear and sweet. Ben knew the mists could not encroach upon him there. He walked down, and soon he was in the main street. Little glimmers of light danced at the windows of familiar houses. Ben pushed open a gate and entered a bright and cheery kitchen — his kitchen. He saw his mother slicing thick pieces of bread, and his two older sisters busily setting the round, old table for the evening meal. Small Ben felt safe and warm in this familiar scene.

But outside, over the little hill, seeped the mists; enfolding the trees, covering the cold, rushing waters of the creek, and waiting, always waiting.

# COME SPRING

by DAVID GOODMAN

"Besides, I don't think your attitude is right. You don't seem to be trying to stay in this school. You don't seem to want to." Charlie's housemaster rumbled on. It was the same old story he got from all his teachers, bad attitude, bad marks, everything bad. But this time his housemaster added a new twist. Something he hadn't heard before. "And furthermore, I'm going to recommend to Mr. Kingsley that you be dismissed." That was bad, T. A. Kingsley was the Dean of Students, renowned for the bloodthirsty manner in which he expelled boys. But the threat didn't seem to bother Charlie too much. It wasn't too important to him. Yes, he said vaguely that he would go see T. A. in the morning, to talk over the problem. Yes, he understood why his housemaster was doing this. No, he didn't feel the step was wrong. Yes, he realized it had been going on a long time. Then his housemaster was gone.

Charlie sat for a little while staring out of the window. There were two feet of white snow blanketing the ground. A heavy fog of snow was being driven down, and steamy puffs of snow whirled across the field in front of him. Every now and then a small snowflake wrenched itself away from the speeding background, halted shakily before his window, and was suddenly sucked away again. Charlie stared at the scene thinking, "No wonder I'm not getting anywhere. How can anyone do anything in this weather? It's depressing just to look at it. Come spring, when the weather is warm and nice, things will improve."

T. A. Kingsley was sitting at his desk, smoking a big pipe, when Charlie entered. The office's leather chairs and big desk, and "The Axe's" pipe gave the scene a foreboding air. Charlie sank shakily into the waiting red leather arms, and sat as if he were a criminal. When T. A. rose, his head stuck right through a big smoke ring his pipe had formed. The ring sank down to T. A.'s neck, and reminded Charlie of a sort of a shackle. The kind you see in "Frankenstein" movies. It was funny seeing T. A. standing there

with that smoky noose around his neck, it was awful funny. It was so funny Charlie could hardly keep from laughing. But he couldn't laugh. People just didn't laugh at T. A. Kingsley. Instead they just sat there with a sort of scared look on their face, while he strolled around their chair, looking at them. Sometimes Charlie thought of him as a big eye. This big, awful, bulging eye always stared at him. T. A. spoke. "Well Charlie, you better do something about your attitude pretty quick. I don't think you belong in this school. Either you show some interest soon, and I mean soon, or you go, understand?"

The smoke closed in on Charlie. How he hated the smoke from other people's cigarettes or pipes or cigars. It all reeked of the same stale odor, like it had been in a damp cellar a long time. It didn't taste good, like smoke from his own cigarette, but it was sort of like a cloud around him, a big, dense, ugly cloud that closed in on him. Charlie hated it.

"Do you have any reason or excuse for your lack of drive?" Charlie stared back at the eyes he loathed.

"Well, sir, I think it's the weather. I know it sounds funny, but I can't seem to work with the snow all around me. It sort of takes away my ambition. It sounds funny I know, but it makes me feel all alone, like nobody cared about me. And who wants to work if nobody gives a darn whether he does or not? It's hard to explain, but — well, It's hard to explain."

They talked a little more, and then Charlie left, and went out into the snow. That was the trouble, he always had to go out into the snow. He couldn't go anywhere without going out into the snow. It was sort of inevitable he thought. He knew that when his time came to die, that it would be winter, and he would die out in the snow all alone, with nobody around him, with nobody to care. How he hated the snow!

The first time he went to see Dr. Moore, he couldn't decide whether he liked him or not. He was one of these little guys who wore thick,

tawny, horn-rimmed glasses, Charlie sort of felt that if he took off the glasses, all his knowledge would leak out. Like when someone lets go of the end of a blown-up balloon and all the air spurts out. Well, Charlie thought if anyone ever took off Doc Moore's glasses, all his brains would gush out.

Doc Moore agreed with Charlie at first that the snow was causing him trouble. But soon he began to try to convince Charlie that he could beat the snow, that he was smart enough to conquer it. Oh, he didn't come right out and change his approach all at once, but he sort of worked around to it. That's how these psychiatrist guys acted. They never came right out and said anything, they just sort of worked around to it. But you couldn't blame them. After all, that was their job, to work around to things. So Doc Moore tried to convince Charlie that he could beat the snow. But Charlie didn't want to beat the snow, he only wanted to outwait it. He couldn't beat it, it was big, and all around, and he was little. But he could outwait it, and he would. All he had to do was to try to stay away from it.

So Charlie stayed away from it. He walked on the roads, not on the little paths in the snow. Charlie stuck to the big, black, clear roads. He never went to a hockey game, because he had to stand right on the snow when he watched one.

He hardly went outside at all unless he had to. He just tried to keep those beautiful, thick, brick walls between him and his enemy. And he waited for Spring. He waited for his Salvation.

Spring came. His Savior arrived. Now he could go outside as often as he liked. And, if he didn't get too close to them, he could laugh at the little patches of snow as they melted, as their life blood flowed away. Charlie thought that things would surely be better now.

And Spring came in full force. Grass, trees, flowers, leaves, everything began to grow. Everything began to be green. There was green all around Charlie. There was light green, dark green, all shades of green. Charlie had to walk under green trees, to lie in green grass. And the birds always sang when Charlie was out in the green. It was odd in a way, but the birds always sang.

Then Charlie had another conference with T. A. Kingsley. The eye was staring at him again. Only now it was a green eye.

"Well," said the eye, "Well, Charlie, you shouldn't have anything to bother you now that the snow is gone. You don't have anything to hold you back now, do you boy?"

"There's only one thing. It's sort of odd and depressing, and I think it's trying to hold me back. It's sort of funny, I guess, but . . . . . Well, Sir, the Spring bothers me."

Mary, Mary, Quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With cockle-shells  
And sweet blue bells  
And one god damn petunia!

HENRY S. F. COOPER



# THE END OF DERRIÈRE

by AUBREY GOODMAN

You know me. Ricky Sloane. Private Eye. My friends call me "Nails". I'm tough. Tough as nails. Damn right.

The bullets tore through my thigh, and, when I tried to get to my feet, I slipped in the pool of blood.

"Ha ha!" I jeered at the black sedan that disappeared up Wilshire Boulevard. "You didn't get me!"

They were after me. The Mob. But I wasn't scared. Naaaahh. I bound up my wounds with a handkerchief and limped to the corner newsstand. "Crazy" Ckluzt sold papers there. He was crazy. "Crazy" was not very tall. Two feet.

"Hello, Crazy," I said, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette.

His eyes darted wildly about.

"I didn't do it, Mr. Sloane! Honest to God! You gotta believe me! Whatever it is! I didn't do it!" he shrieked.

"Shut up, Crazy." I hit him over the head with a copy of Esquire. "I want information. The Mob tried to drill me. What's up?"

Crazy trembled wildly.

"Don't ask me, Mr. Sloane," he whispered hoarsely.

"It's Spike, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Sloane, it's . . . . ."

At that moment a bomb, carefully hidden under a stack of Quick magazines, exploded. Crazy was no more.

Now I knew. Spike Adriano was out to get me. But, why? Why? Why?

I hurried back to my office. Elly Sue, my secretary, was painting her toenails.

"Hi, Boss Man," she said gaily.

"Any calls, Elly Sue?"

"There's a dame in your office. Woo! Woo!"

I winked at Elly Sue, and she spat into the wastebasket on the other side of the room. Good Old Elly Sue.

I nearly dropped dead when I saw who was waiting for me.

"God!"

Draped over my desk was the most beautiful, dangerous woman alive: Denise Derrière.

"God!" I repeated.

"Hello, Googy," she said in a thick-honeyed voice.

"Don't call me that!" I warned her. "You belong to Spike Adriano now. What are you doing here?"

"Googy, have you forgotten me?" she asked, teasingly placing her arms about my neck.

"Please, Denise, please. STOP THAT!"

She kissed my ear.



"Darling," she breathed heavily, "I have something to tell you."

We embraced passionately.

"What?"

"Something to tell you," she repeated dreamily.

We embraced passionately.

"What?"

"They are going to kill you," she whispered.

We embraced passionately.

"They are going to what?"

"They are going to kill you."



I twisted her arm savagely.

"Spill it!" I said fiercely.

"They're going to kill you. I came to warn you, darling. Spike is jealous of you. I told him I loved you."

We embraced passionately.

"They are going to kill your mother too," she said.

I thought of my mother: a tiny, kindly, sweet old lady who lived in a wheelchair, who took care of her goldfish all day and thought the kind of beautiful sweet thoughts that tiny, kindly, sweet old ladies are supposed to think.

"Mummy!" I cried. "Hurry, Denise, we must beat Spike to my apartment. Dear Mother is there alone today; it is Nanna's day out."

Nanna is a big Sealyham Dog that takes care of Dear Mother.

"Come on!" I shouted.

Denise and I rushed out to Santa Monica; Denise drove.

"Darling," she said, when we stopped for a red light.

We embraced passionately.

"Step on it!" I cried; the light had changed.

We climbed out of the car and ran up the eighty flights of stairs to my apartment. We opened the door. There was Mother!

"Dear Mother!" I wept, remembering the way Mickey Rooney used to cry, burying my face in her skirts.

"Son," she said wistfully, raising her gentle eyes toward heaven.

"Mom," I sobbed.

I felt that something was strange about Dear Mother: she was smoking a cigar. I looked at her closely . . . closely . . . then I gasped.

"SPIKE ADRIANO!"

Denise threw her arms about Spike's neck.

"Don't kill him, Spike! Please!" she shrieked.

Spike jumped from the wheel chair and shoved a revolver between my teeth.

"Nobody beats my time!" he said. "Denise is my woman!"

"I'm yours. I'm yours. I'm yours," Denise sobbed.

"I have to drill you, anyway" he said to me.

Denise started to run for help, but she tripped on the rug.

"One thing," I said. "Where is Dear Mother?"

"I tied her in her wheelchair and pushed her down the stairs."

I gritted my teeth.

"You cur!"

"Shaddup!"

I gnashed my teeth and damned him silently.

Spike prepared to shoot me.

"DON'T DO IT!" Denise cried, throwing herself in front of me.

In one split second Spike pulled the trigger. Denise screamed, and I knew that she had been hit. A stream of blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

"Denise," I wept. "You shouldn't have!"

At that moment, the door of the apartment flew open; there was Elly Sue, Nanna and . . . . . and . . . . JAY JOHSTON, MISTER DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

"Come along quietly, Spike," Mister District Attorney said.

"Naaaa! You coppers!"

I held the lifeless body of the beauteous Denise in my arms, and I sobbed quietly.

"How did you know?" I asked Elly Sue.

"Nanna came and got me."

"Nanna?" I said.

A closet door opened, and Dear Mummy ran to me.

"Thank God you're alive," I said.

"Nanna saved me," she said. "When that man came, Nanna hid me in the closet and played like she was me. When he shoved the wheelchair down the stairs, Nanna jumped out and went for help."

"But, Mummy Dear," I exclaimed, "you're walking!"

"Oh, pooh!" Mummy said. "It was going to be a surprise. For your birthday."

I was happy for a moment, but then I thought of Denise and my heart grew heavy.

"Come on," Elly Sue said. "Let's go to a double-feature movie. Let's have a good time."

"You're right, Elly Sue. I must forget the past, but I can't join in merriment now. My heart is sad for Denise."

"But it is going to be Jane Russell."

"Let's go," I said.

You know me. Ricky Sloane. I'm tough.



AROUND THE CORNER — *Kendall Sharp*

## CY-CLE

he is ly-ing in the room  
there is a light in the room  
shin-ing on him is the light  
he stands and looks at the light  
to the hall there is a door  
he is walk-ing to the door  
he turns the knob of the door  
he push-es o-pen the door  
he walks out in-to the hall  
he walks the length of the hall  
at the end there is a door  
he turns the knob of the door  
he push-es o-pen the door  
he is walk-ing through the door  
he is stand-ing in a space  
there is a light in the space  
shin-ing on him is the light  
he stands and looks at the light  
to the street there is a path  
he is walk-ing on the path  
he meets the curb of the street  
he mounts the curb of the street  
he walks out in-to the street  
he walks the length of the street  
at the end there is a truck  
a-round to him turns the truck  
o-ver him push-es the truck  
on him is stand-ing the truck  
he is dy-ing in the room

— CARL ANDRÉ

Eaton 6

# IN AN ASH CAN BY THE SEA

by HENRY S. F. COOPER

Somebody broke into the museum the other day and stole a mummy-case. It was more than an ordinary mummy-case; for, you see, it was my own special mummy-case — the one I like to sit in. And now I can't find it, and consequently I have no place to sit and think. I think everyone should have a place where he can go and be alone and get away from things like trolley cars and skyscrapers and revolving doors. Sometimes things happen so fast and inexplicably that it seems that I am caught in a revolving door — one that some barbaric deity with modern overtones is using for an eggbeater. At such times I make for my mummy-case, and now it isn't there.

The mummy-case meant a lot to me. Whenever anything happened that disturbed me or made me feel complicated or unnecessary, like the time my hot water bottle broke, I sought the security of my mummy-case. People — subways — shopkeepers — almost anything fast, modern, or unnatural confused me and sent me running to the security and quietness of my mummy-case. And now I had to find it, or else face the reality of life without anything to filter it through.

So I started my hunt. I walked into a flower shop and asked the man if he had seen a green Egyptian mummy-case with a tea-pot and the latest copy of *Life* inside it. He said he hadn't but that he had the latest copy of *Life* and since he was through with it, I could have it. Some people are awful dumb. Next I walked into a hardware store. "Have you seen a green Egyptian mummy-case?" I said. "I'm looking for one so I can get in it and think."

"What kind of thoughts?" he asked, as if he was asking the size of a shoe. He puffed at his pipe and cleaned his glasses with a piece of Kleenex he had behind his ear.

"Oh, just general thoughts about things," I said. "I also want to read the latest *Life*." He told me he hadn't seen such a mummy-case, but in such a way as to make it seem that he handled just about any other kind of mummy-case. In

the end he sold me some fly-paper to keep out the scarabs. He was really a very nice man.

I next walked into Saks Fifth Avenue. "Have you seen a little green mummy-case that looks like me?" I asked of a young woman behind a counter. "All boxes, bags, trunks, and hand lotions sixth floor," she said. Two seconds later, she shouted, "Dammit, look what you made me do! I sent my eyelashes through the pneumatic tube!" She burst into tears. I felt more anxious than ever to retrieve my mummy-case, crawl into it, and pull down the lid. On the sixth floor I asked a young man if he had seen a green mummy-case with blue eyes and a red navel. He said he hadn't seen one of that description — at least not lately. "But we have some very nice suitcases about your size," he said.

I wandered over towards Central Park, where I met some children fishing for pigeons with a peanut on a hook. "Mummycase?? What's a mummy-case?" a girl asked. "The thing you put a mummy in when it's dead. It dates from the fifth dynasty and has scalloped cantilever-like feet." The girl burst into tears and said something to the effect that nobody was going to put her mother into a thing like that. As she said it, she reeled in a string she had in her hand and banged a pigeon over the head with a bundling board. She was really a very nice girl to be so thoughtful and sensitive about her mother, but somehow I wanted to find my mummy-case more than ever. There was something paradoxical about her. It was the old revolving door feeling again.

Next I met a traffic cop in the middle of Times Square. "Have you seen my small green mummy-case?" I asked. "What make?" he asked without stopping directing the traffic. "Ford? Chrysler? Fiat?" "Ptolemy," I said. "Oh. French," he said. "Convertible?" "It all depends," I said. "What year?" he asked. "Roughly 2000," I said and added "B.C." under my breath. "B.C. license?" he asked. "It stands for Before Christ," I explained as patiently as I could. "Sure an'



that's quite a license," he said. "And now ye'd better be off." And he went on directing traffic.

The bus back to the hotel was empty except for the driver, myself, and the straps which swung back and forth on the ceiling with every lurch. Funny, I thought, how few people were concerned by a little old man with white whiskers who was looking for his mummy-case. It showed a great preoccupation of some kind — a great racing to get someplace, do something, or sell something. Somebody had compared Americans to squirrels in a cage; certainly he was right. Something was wrong with a society which wouldn't at least stop and wonder at a man frantically searching for his mummy-case. And yet there really isn't anything so strange about it. Everyone was probably so busy searching for his own mummy-case that he didn't have time to notice me.

I found my mummy-case quite by accident in an ash-can by the sea. Excitedly I pulled it out and hastily pried off the lid with a crow-bar, muttering to myself. I was about to jump in when I noticed that somebody else was in it.

"Get out!" I said. "Get out of my mummy-case at once!!!"

A figure got out, swathed in sheets. "Shut up and go away," it said. "This is my sarcophagus, and I'm trying to sleep."

I was frantic. "But it's my mummy-case — the only place where I can think — It's the only place I'm secure."

"A mummy-case is a thing of the dead," said the mummy. "Scram." He was about to climb back in when I said, "The dead are a thing of the past. The past belongs to the future, which is now. Go away. Get lost."

Then the mummy got philosophical, which is unbecoming to mummies. "Security leads to stagnation," he said. "Life breeds on change and chance."

"Change and chance be damned! They lead to frustration and revolving doors and pigeons on strings," I said. Then I shoved the figure aside and bounced into the mummy-case, slamming down the lid and locking it from the inside. For a while he pounded on the lid with the crow-bar and scratched at the lock, and then he sat on a near-by rock and swore at me for half an hour without repeating himself once. And then he blew away.

## EVICITION

by AUBREY GOODMAN

I used to live in the loveliest home  
With walls of lavender and a thin mauve dome.  
My amber candles were slim as wires  
And flickered softly with their velvet fires.  
I had no windows there at all  
But a carpet of rose petals was in the hall  
Where I used to rest in a spun-sugar chair  
And nibble slowly from a honey pear.  
But I slipped outdoors one dark blue day.  
The wind crept up . . .  
blew it all away.

# AMUSEMENT PARK

by DAVID R. SLAVITT

This is the only place to be.

Here in the parking lot, where the world is right  
and in the right perspective.

I see the long high fence, out there, and the black hedge,  
and up above, I see the curving stream of colored lights  
on the roller-coaster framework, but here, in comparative  
darkness, crickets chirp from the tufts of grass at the edge  
of the gravel and from the scrubby stand of trees around  
the rest-rooms, and their shrill raucous noise is just  
as loud here as the mechanically incited screaming of  
those "amused" people.

Both noises come at intervals and insist that they be  
noticed, but somehow, I abstain.

My attention does not focus on either sound:  
my attention does not focus at all.

I am vaguely aware of the slow-turning ferris wheel,  
and of the rocket ride, and of the carousel,  
and I am also aware of the stolid logs against which all  
the cars are pressed out here.

The world is in the corner of my eye,  
for I see things without having noticed them,  
and I know things without having learned them.

This is the only place to be.

Here, in the parking lot,  
between the gravel and the stars.

# AUBREY AND JON GOES TO BERMUDA

A PSYCHO-GRAPH

WITH NO ITALIAN PROLOGUE:

Hey Nonny Nonny And A HotChaCha

Over the billowy waves we sail;

Will someone reserve me a place at the rail —  
Mary?

Chazz Chazz RaZZmattaZZ

“You *must* come to Child’s, Agatha, and hear how I was  
run over by a blimp.....”

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Oscar HammersteinSurcSurcSurcSurc

★ ★ ★

A CANDY-STORE OPUS:

“the boy with the lemon drops”

★ ★ ★

Well, Old McDonald had a farm, and there goes the  
Stone fellow into the compost pile.....

.....Hello Hello will you buy a bar of soap for 30c Chinese coin?

★ ★ ★

Roads are large footprints

And what size galoshes did you say you wore?

In the room the women come and go

Talking of T.S. Elio . . . OLEO . . . SurcSurcSurc

★ ★ ★

"It must be those big black clouds up above, Elly Sue, that  
make me feel under the weather Ha Ha HA HA hA hA ha

★ ★ ★

Chazz Chazz, and what's new in  
*Twente Bookes?*

THE FLOWER EVEREVEREVERLASTING\*

*Chow, Chow, and a bullet creased*

*S. J. Perleman's noggin . . . (from "London Derrière,"  
by Ricky Sloane)*

\*see note#

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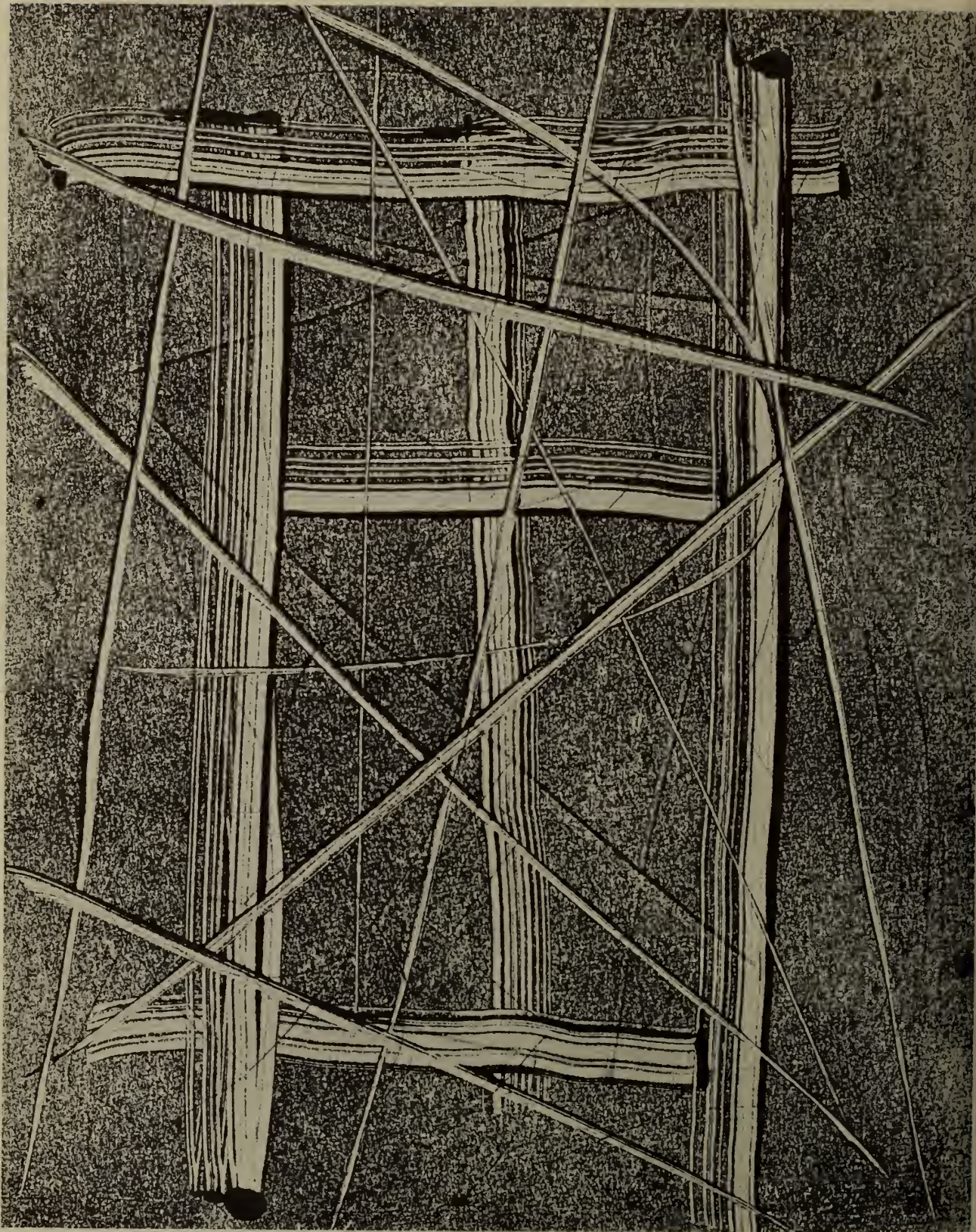
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# THE DILETTANTE

June can be a very fine month. But June is one of those months which rests upon memory. I mean it's what you think of in June that makes it good or bad. And somehow I think that the way you remember counts a great deal too. I can remember a lot of Junes in a lot of places all over this ugly world, and I can remember things good and bad, but each year the way I remember changes, until I find myself remembering with affection persons and places which I could never stand before. And it works the other way around, too.

Nineteen fifty-three was the first June year that I remember, but the story that marked that June so curiously really began with the year itself. As I look at those words, nineteen fifty-three, I can imagine how today's school kids think of it. For 'fifty-three stands today as did 'twenty-three then for a set of ideals, a remarkable and individual way of living. The year that saw me leave school saw it done in a way that was new as all things are new to time. Oh, there may have been superficial resemblances to a generation called "lost," but I think there was a difference deeper than any assumed custom could reach, something that had to do with a way of thinking, a way of looking at life.

Now, remembering, I don't know if our way was sensible or not. But it was romantic and noble. For we saw life as a wonderful toy which could amuse us now in our youth, but which would wear out and eventually break, along with our spirits. So we could fall in love experimentally, knowing all the while that the love which we would later destroy and which would destroy us would seem as innocent and delicate as this first painful try. We could read and learn and hear music and see pictures, knowing that learning and feeling are dulled by age. And knowing these things, we would resolve never to make the mistakes which our parents had made. We would have our fun now, but we would know when to stop, and we would know how to stop. We would not kill our love with our thoughtlessness, our spirits with disillusion, our minds with inactivity. So we thought.

And no doubt that is the way I would think if I lived school and college and young love again. But we were very wrong, and our parents knew it, and there was nothing that they could do, we had to learn for ourselves.



David Carl really wasn't attractive. He had features which might have looked well on a slightly longer face surmounted by a feathered helmet, resting on the elaborate uniform of one of those fine nineteenth century European monarchies. Or perhaps the features and the face on a shorter body, as a well-fed Victorian novelist. But the long nose and the straight hair never were made for horn rimmed glasses and the crew-cut.

You know, it's frightening to joke about his looks, although it was something which we used to do quite often. Because today that face, styled in the past for so many different roles, constantly reappears before me in the city in the fall, as I watch the shoppers walk, or in the summer, stuck like a bad dime-store mask on the face of some unknown swimmer resting from the water on the rocks below the Casino. It has become the composite face of all the men and women whom I have met at parties where the conversation lagged. It has become the face of the tiny porter in some mid-western hotel, or of the overly-well groomed fellow in the back seat of a passing car who turns to smile. And sometimes it is my own face.

Though he may have not been handsome, Carl made up for it with something which I used to think was character, but which I now know to be a knack with the carefully practised pose. Carl knew how to dress, and how to stand and talk and how to walk and how to say hello and say goodbye and how to be tactful and how to be cuttingly catty so that a single well-timed uninflected remark could make a girl cry. He could remember a hundred facts, unimportant, really useless, except for the needs of his seldom lagging wit. And he could forget an assignment, a book, or a first name. And he could do a thousand things. By that December of our last

year of school he had dabbled in every field that he could, and managed to make the promising candidates in each look foolish by comparison. In English, he completed the course successfully on the strength of occasional brilliant remarks which hinted at a wealth of undisclosed knowledge. The paintings which he did were fresh in their concept, if not in their form. And Carl didn't neglect music. Shortly before the close of the term, he played before the school a short, colorful piece which he had had orchestrated by a fellow student with more knowledge and less bravado. Again, the appeal of the work was not in its craftsmanship, but in the ease and brilliance of its ideas, which promised that there was a lot more of this to come. He could speak well, but his appeal as a speaker rested not upon technique or preparation, but upon the versatility of his wit. He had tried poetry too, and his careless placing of words succeeded quite often in capturing that sense of emotion and form of balance for which I was searching so painfully.

Of course, Carl did all these things not without a touch of preciousness, not without an attitude a little bit too darling to be stomached by everyone. But in spite of occasional insincerity, his writing still made a great impression upon me, for I saw in it the experimenting of a sensitive talent. But each of the students working in the fields which Carl invaded so charmingly thought that they saw this too, and felt that it would be their art which would finally give him the means of expression for which he was searching, and which would be eventually enriched by his labor.



In that last December in school during the thoughtful part of the vacation which comes between the two holidays, we planned to meet at Carl's house in New York. Hal Sommers, the music student who had helped Carl, was spending the vacation at school. Friedmann, who planned to paint, lived near the city, spending all his time in a shack which he rented to use as a studio, paying the rent in summer labor. Together, the three of us formed a triptych for the altar stone of David Carl, for each of us depended on a single talent, and each of us

admired not a little jealously the triple talent which Carl had. Together, Fried, Hal and I were an entity, supplying each other with specific knowledge from our respective fields. We were like the three witches of Perseus, sharing a common eye which could show us the world completely. Alone, knowing only our small distorted portion, we were blind. But David Carl was the perfection of the qualities which independently we three burlesqued so curiously.

Friedmann, called Fried, was short, fat and very funny. He was free from the restrictions of convention, and yet he always presented the most conventional of appearances. He painted with no conscious regard for form, but form was for him the most vital thing in life. Of the three of us, he was the most mature, the most stable, and the least passive. He was keenly critical, classifying the work of his fellow students and himself as either good or bad, unwilling to leave any middle ground. His qualifications hopped from "wallpaper" for very bad, to "yes," for very good, and in their pithiness were the most definite expression of his sincerity, which saw nothing wrong in investigating and weighing and defining everything seen, even if in very crude terms. No faddist, Fried was able to distinguish the original from the novel. But outside of his art, he was a total boor.

Hal Sommers was the opposite of Fried. Quiet and sensitive, he was hard to know, and hard to understand. He lived in a world of music where the noise of the other worlds could be only faintly heard. He tried to make people understand him, but the intensity of his thought, and its speed made him incomprehensible to others, for whom he remained a rather queer fellow, given to speaking in short, meaningless phrases, eloquent gestures of the hands, and quick shadings of the eyes. For him, love and music ruled all things, and wars and the tiny business of daily living were lost in the importance of spring. He was a fine pianist, and his playing was as moody as his face. He could sit for hours at his piano, dreaming into barely audible melody the pattern of his thought. I think Hal was the most limited of the trio, not because of his mind, but because of his heart.

So Sommers and I came down from New England together in evil rainy weather whose cold



went deep. I had loafed during the vacation, and tried to read a little. Hal had been working at the school, but had arranged to leave his job and the special rooms assigned to him for the holidays. We stayed at Fried's home on Sunday night, and went into the city on Monday morning.



"Up the ramp to the lower level. Listen to the commuters talk, carrying these too damn heavy bags into eternity."

"Up the ramp to the great station. Ah look at the cherubic little choir boys, seven feet tall the smallest, standing motionless in the world's biggest kodachrome singing recorded Christmas carols with frozen lips and artificial lungs day and night, until the grey-haired man who sells tickets to New Haven stands paralyzed with the ringing in his ears."

"If you insist on complaining about your luggage, Friedmann, I shall be forced to remind you that I didn't ask you to bring enough clothes for the winter season on the Riviera to a dirty resort paradise which lies exactly twenty-two and one-half miles due southeast of your habitual abode."

This came from Carl, who watched us stand in the lobby with our luggage, who smiled at the provincials, and who smoked with perfect calm a cigarette which was just a little too long.



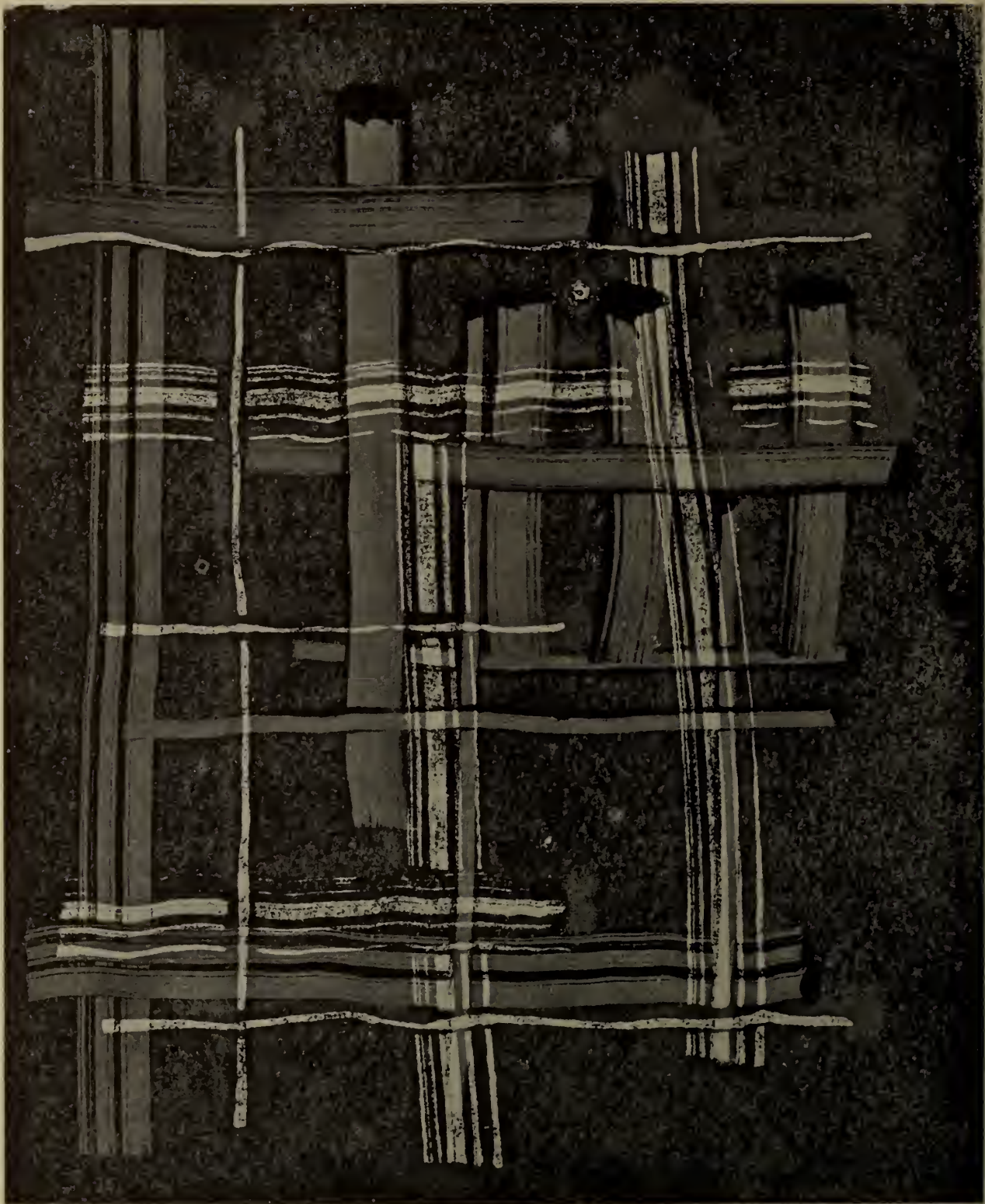
Somewhere uptown in the city there is a very well-furnished triplex apartment sitting in a row of well-furnished triplex apartments. Once just another house rented by a middle middle-class white collar worker, it became something more, almost a town house, when the fashion was to sit in pretended obscurity near the East River, paying no attention to the great grey slabs whose many individual balconies yawned like opened drawers, neatly labeled for brokers and publishers and bankers. In that house, with its wallpaper tapestries, and the too tall blue dining room, the long narrow hall with the Venetian paper and the winding staircase carpeted in green, the paneled den and the scented pink rooms where Carl's mother lived in the midst of her carved panels and her thousands

of crystal bottles mirrored again and again into time; in that fine house warm with yellow light and laughter where many people came and went in countless flurries of attention and preparation, where wonderful parties were planned and came miraculously into being, where spirits renewed themselves each day in the Phoenix's fire, ready to live and die again in the glory of life fully lived; in that house we stayed for a week which seemed to live between two years, which was real always, but with the reality of a dream. We went places, we met people, but we always returned to that house to end each day. I cannot remember Carl's parents, nor can I remember the many wonderful things which we did and saw. But I can remember the mood of that week, its magic, its lack of self-consciousness, and its color and smell, just as I cannot remember the New Year's Eve party, or the many places which it took us, but can recall its prophetic end.

Fried and Hal and Carl and I returned to the house around two, and found Tentardi, waiting in the great baronial room which looked out on the river to wish us a happy New Year. It is hard to write about this man now, because our friendship of that year exists by itself in my mind, unmarred by the investigation and analysis which alone can make people of the past live for me. Our last year at school as students was his first as a faculty member, and our friendship was a new friendship. None of us had him in class, but through our activities we had all come to know him. Possessing a kind of dignified informality, he was willing to accept us not for what we were then, but for what we wished to be, and what he was confident we would be. Perhaps it was this acceptance which prompted his remarks that evening.

As was inevitable for us at that age, we began to talk about ourselves, what we were doing, what we planned for college and afterwards. And with equal inevitability we came to discuss Carl, and the possibilities which lay before him.

"David," Fried said, "I think that you will probably end up a first-class businessman. You would be good in advertising. I mean you could meet people and be oh so charming, maybe



REFLECTION — *C. G. André*



draw a little, or write catchy little phrases for Detroit bus companies."

Carl laughed.

"Fried isn't exactly right, Carl," Tentardi said, "but I'm afraid that you could very easily become something much worse. You know, it's not hard to do a lot of things half well. In many ways it's the simplest thing in the world. For the past years you have skipped around from art to art, never staying long enough with one to develop what talent you may have. It's essential in creating to learn the rules before you break them. All that you have done is really just to break the rules rather ingeniously, without knowing the importance of the laws which you broke. And without knowing the standards from which you wander, you cannot know how well you have wandered, or whether you have discovered a path which is your own."

"I think you're a fake, David," Fried said. "You pick up odd bits of information on a hundred subjects, and in that way you manage to give the impression . . . to those that don't know you . . . that you are really quite well educated. You have really mastered the complex art of the pseudo intellectual. And furthermore . . ."

Fried choked for a minute, and Tentardi spoke again.

"Some years from now, Carl, you are going to be floating delicately through life in much the same fashion that you have floated through school. The Sommers' will have stopped orchestrating for you: they'll be too busy doing their own work. The Friedmanns will no longer feel insecure and almost inferior in your presence, they will no longer be bitter about your abilities, because they will realize that their concentrated, hard work for their art has justified their existence more than have your experiments. And John will be able to look at his accomplishments with the same realization that something painfully and awkwardly done with everything one has is much better than the unfulfilled promise of genius. You have spread yourself too thin, Carl, and so you will continue, until, like watered whitewash, what you are and what you have done will dissolve in the first squall."

Carl smiled again, and we all felt the unconquerable self-confidence behind the smile.

Contempt, for us, for our pithy talents, and for our pathetic adult god, who dared to criticize. And Fried, who had swallowed too much water, choked and coughed again, his eyes red and watery.



And so in the first remembered June we left school. Carl cleaned up fairly well at commencement, and with a jaunty wave disappeared into a mauve haze of Long Island parties, promising to see Fried and me next fall in college. For some strange reason we were rooming together. Sommers left for the West after a few days with me, the last that we were to enjoy until after college in Europe. Hal was going abroad to study.

I worked all summer in a roadside stand selling hot dogs and cream soda to families with quiet, slim, heavy-bearded fathers and crying children. I heard nothing from Carl, but I heard a great deal about him from Fried. The pattern was the same.

And all summer I thought about June. The few horrible days between the end of examinations and the commencement exercises. The weather, warm and damp, Victorian, smelling of gingerbread decorations and tired carousels. And then the last day, with wonderfully clear skies and the long procession across the Vista, the many, many faces which I would not see again until two-hundred fat middle-aged men gathered for a twenty-fifth reunion. The speeches, and the proud parents taking pictures on the Inn lawn.

That was the first June.



The first year in college was hard and lonely. It does not exist clearly in my memory, but I think of it as a time of adjustment, a time when we all realized that we knew very little, a time when we all discovered the passion to learn that disappears as quickly as it comes. School had spoiled us in many ways, had made us its dependents, until we could not live well outside that rarified atmosphere custom-built for growing up. As the years went on, we did the same things again, cultivated the same interests, but our approach had broadened. We became

complete personalities, losing the rough independence which had made growth so hard. As we learned to live with other people, accepting them for what they were, we learned to appreciate other people's taste. And so we learned to appreciate man. Our work and our study became work for man, and study of his nature.

It would be unfair to say that Carl wasted his time during those four years. In many ways he learned more about himself and man than did Fried through his exclusive self-searching, or I, through my equally exclusive search of all men. Fried and I had perhaps become too limited in our approaches to life. Each of us had adopted a way of studying which was the antithesis of the other's. Fried's art had always been intensely personal, and so he sought to discover the identity of all men through his own. I took the other extreme, and sought to know the individual, and myself, by studying all men together. But Carl went right down the middle again, and not worrying about method or conscience, never stooping to Fried's passion or my clinicism, met people, enjoyed them, and made them like him. He continued to do everything. He had broadened his art to include stage designing, which he did with a certain flair, but always with the executive approach, which freed him from any of the actual labor of construction or painting. He had stuff accepted by the literary magazine regularly, and in our senior year we edited the thing together. He was regarded by the underclassmen with much the same awe that he had received in school. No, David Carl hardly wasted his time.

But the whole pattern of college, the impersonality, the independence, the necessity for individual choice did not succeed in giving Carl the conviction or the maturity that Fried and I had acquired. For Carl college was nothing more than a glorified prep-school, where the poses and the affectations became more professional, and where the need for friendship . . . no, companionship and admiration became a disease, the pain of which could only be lessened through the opium sold by the extrovert. Carl had always been eager for attention, and he had always received his full share. But by our senior year he was always on the defensive when with old friends. His self-confidence had

cracked, but only enough for us to notice it occasionally. For new acquaintances Carl was witty and assured. Toward us, he was more and more catty. He depended too much upon old stock jokes from our school days. He could seldom take any kidding. But most noticeable, were the moods of cruelty and silence.

One night, after the three of us had finished supper in Durgin-Park, and were walking aimlessly through the city, as we came to a street corner, Fried stopped us and made one great gesture of display, including in the sweep of his arm the rooftops of the wharves and the fading warmth of the sky. Standing there, I realized that it was really June again, and that time was running out for all of us. Fried had been as pensive as I all evening, but I guess that finally the moisture and greenness of the dying spring had reached him, until in a fit of appreciation, he stopped us on that corner in the market district. Boston was dead to us, but if we listened closely, we could hear the working of the city's nerve center in the ghostly hum of Tremont Street traffic.

And then I noticed Carl. He was behind us a few steps, standing before a mailbox. Not the small, weak kind, but a big husky package container. He held in his arms a very tiny kitten, dirty and very thin, terribly happy to be patted, much less picked up. He was whistling, and smiling at us and the kitten alternately. He did a little jig, holding the animal high over his head. Then he stood still for a moment, smiled again, and opened the cover to the mailbox. He gently laid the kitten on it, patted it again, and closed the cover very quietly. We could hear a dull thud, but no other noise from within the box.

That was the second June.



The next fall, Fried and I went to Europe. But not as we had planned. We were there for two and one-half years. When the war ended, we went to Italy where we both worked as hard as we ever had before. But the work wasn't really hard. Italy was triumphant after the war. But there was no talk here, or anywhere, about eternal peace, or the abolition of war. The world was too tired to ever fight again. There was no



talk of alliances or conferences, no talk of mutual aid or rehabilitation. The latter business was not settled by nations working towards union, but by cautious bankers working towards private profit. The feeling after the Second World War had disappeared, and Nationalism had returned to world politics, dooming the last remnants of the U.N.'s plans and organizations to the same fate as the Old League had known. Each person you met did everything in his power to impress his nationality upon you. Everyone took fierce pride in their country's language and customs. Monarchy had been re-established in Spain and in almost all of the smaller European countries. All of eastern Europe was under the rule of the church until the claims of the various Pretenders to the thrones could be established. The second great Victorian era had come, and man's mind was settled into a well-lubricated series of ruts carefully engineered to avoid all unpleasantness. The world was indeed at peace permanently. It was almost permanently asleep.

Fried got fatter than ever, from too much Italian wine. He had several shows, and quite a few sales. My novel was finished, and so in the fall of the third year of peace I returned to America to see publishers.

David Carl had been in Washington during the war working on research for the Department of Military Psychology. He had become fairly well known for his work in counteracting the enemy's once successful demoralization techniques. He had thoroughly enjoyed the war. Oh, he had worked, and known pressure, but he had delayed the period of inactivity which he knew would follow college; and which he suspected would test his ability to concentrate on making a living or a name. Carl had no desire to discover whether or not he could decide to work and then stick by his decision. He stayed in Washington with his department right up to the end, helping in the giant operation of dismantling the hugest war machine the world had ever seen. I think he was the last man to leave the Pentagon, which was taken over soon after my return by the Library of Congress. Both of us arrived in New York at the same time, and in January he invited me to give up my flat and move into the house with the blue dining room. His parents had both died.

I rather looked forward to that winter with Carl as I drove up from the village past the millions of people who lived and worked in the great city. Carl was at last ready to decide. And perhaps we could work together, I was confident that just as the years abroad had strengthened me in my convictions, the same years in Washington had established Carl in his. But I was very wrong. Carl could not decide about his life, and he began to resent those who had decided. I told Tentardi that winter that Carl was becoming mentally parasitic on his old friends. He said, "Of course."

Carl's effect on the new people we met that winter was the same as it had been back in school. He still cut a rather fine figure, and most regarded him with those careful looks regarded for one's intellectual superior. But I was becoming very impatient. If Carl still had it, why didn't he use it? And somehow he came to appreciate my impatience. He also came to realize that though he might be independent himself from the conventions of work and success which the world had established, the people who lived and worked about him were not. The men with whom we graduated were now businessmen, rising young executives, almost at that stage of life when youth is completely dead, and practicality and the Greenwich Garden Club rule the commuter's home. These people were almost ready to inherit their father's vineyards, and there was no time for frivolity. If you were an artist, fine, act like one. The only people who loafed were either gigolos or simple. These people, whose minds had once been tolerant, almost wise, could no longer tolerate Carl's independence. If he had had a stronger character, Carl might have been able to live unaffected by their criticism. But if he had had a stronger character, he would never have found himself in this dilemma. For Carl, one's place in a world of men who were born and must die was not important. Fried and I sought for this place; Carl was afraid to.

It is hard to convey the paradox that David Carl was that winter. And the same for the definiteness of Friedmann. The reality of these people for me is the greatest hindrance to the expression of their reality for others. For me, Fried and especially Carl were as alive and as

real as myself during this period. And yet their reality was an unconscious thing. Their identity was no more to be analyzed than was my own. But now, looking back, I have to search carefully in my memory to arrange all the individual characteristics which were their personalities. Time adds perspective, and this is the greatest part of true understanding. Yet perspective is clinical and unreal, and it can only succeed in falsifying the picture which is the past when that picture is seen head-on. A step to either side produces distortion. Parts become abnormally large or small, subjectivity rules, and the picture ceases to be a whole. During that winter and spring, I could stand at any angle of living and view my life and the lives of my friends completely, because the most stable part of these lives, and the part which guaranteed their uniformity, was their immediacy. Already I could see in what had gone before the distortion of history, which reveals truth without emotion. And I could see in this distortion a prediction of the future. Today, the depth of my picture has increased, the immediacy is gone, and the secret to the magic trick of accurate perspective has been lost. Veering to the right or left can now produce horror as well as distortion.

And so these people and their actions can be recreated either in a make-believe picture whose faded colors and false depth rest upon the objective history. Or they can live as recollections, pieced together by emotion, lopsided, uneven, but always real to the rememberer. And I have chosen the latter course. In choosing it, I have risked making Carl unattractive. In the fine perspective, he might have seemed a charming person, whose character degenerated in a rather unsurprising way, because the attractiveness and charm of David Carl as a schoolboy would remain as a fine glaze over the David Carl of that winter. In my sketches, the charm is cracked, the glaze shows too thin, because for me that year the charm was cracked, and the glaze too thin. Perhaps for the new people things were different. But I became so dulled by daily contact with him that I could not tell. He was evil.



One afternoon shortly before our departure for London, where we would meet Fried, Carl wandered into the apartment which we had made out of the third floor. The rest of the house was full of the old furniture, and the memories of the life before the war. But it was unlivable. We had no servants; Carl was well off, but planned to conserve his money for London, for his flat, for the new things which he would have to buy, and for the expense of shipping all his stuff. He was leaving the country for good. He threw two packs of cigarettes on the coffee table, and went into his "workroom." There the many books which he had accumulated since school were neatly shelved around the walls. There the watered plants, the concealed phonograph, the operatic recordings, the uncluttered blond desk with the pewter cup of carefully sharpened pencils, stood, each object in its own place, shaming my room with its neatness. I had never been one for bookshelves, and all the books I owned were piled about the walls with countless copies of magazines, newly published books sent for review, and a liberal sprinkling of dirty laundry and unwashed cups stained with coffee. I am never quite sure that I know how Carl and I managed to stand each other that winter. Just as my messy work habits annoyed him, so his continual criticism and quibbling annoyed me. The change was taking place. The change in Carl which made him insufferable was almost complete. He was no longer annoyed by my work really, in spite of his complaining. It was just my habits, that is all. Carl had changed from a talented young man to an embittered non-conformist to a self-deluding dandy. He refused to believe that he was wasting time. The criticisms of his friends had hit home. David Carl was a writer. Every day he would rise late, cheerily wishing me good morning as he went to shower and shave. He would talk in loud enthusiastic terms about the ideas and phrases and characters which he had discovered for his embryonic novel on medieval Germany. After dressing, and more strained literary discussion, he would go out for breakfast, returning at about one o'clock with a few books which he had borrowed from the library. He usually took out about three a day, and for the duration of this whole farce, from the middle



of January until late February, the time of which I am writing, he never got a single fine. Sometimes about historical obscurities which he claimed were pertinent to the novel, sometimes the works of our contemporaries, the books were always placed away carefully, to be ignored until the dawn of their return should come. After this morning constitutional, he would read until five. His reading was never in the scholarly-looking volumes of the day's arrival, but always in a few worn books of little or no literary value, which he regarded with infinite tenderness. After dinner, and our evening walk, he would write a few letters, read a little, make a few notes for the next day's work on the little red pad which he kept at his side, and then go to bed.

This was the hypocritical schedule which replaced the drinking and theatre-going. This was the farce which whispered criticism had driven him into. Carl was afraid of the parties where the college men made pointed and audible remarks about all the generations of debutantes which the noble cavalier had escorted. Carl was getting panicky, and London was the only chance.

Sitting at my table I listened to him puttering in his room, whistling. Rearranging for the hundredth time the playbills piled on the hammered tin table, or adjusting the Picasso print which hung over his desk. Sitting at my table I could not hate him, I could not feel anything. I could only realize the delicate sickening horror of his life, the closeness of it, the almost inhuman quality which it had assumed since the war. Carl had become a very old man in his spirit. I hoped not in his mind.



London that spring was warm and clean and young with the lovers who walked by the Thames and the happy tourists who stood in the streets craning their necks to look at the steeples and clocks and the traditions of the old city. It was far different from the London of the summer, when the traffic coughs and sweats, and the willows outside the city droop and cry with the heat, and far different too from the winter London, when you cannot see in the streets, and the fog is black and the snow always grey. It was Italy

all over again, only the Victorian touch went so much better here. Fried and I left Carl looking for a flat, and went on what was for us a grand tour. We were gone from London for almost a year, for it was May that saw us in Paris, all Fried's money gone, all my advance royalties gone, living on Hal Sommers' kindness. But we were happy. Fried had come to an agreement with life somehow. Only an armed truce, perhaps, but hostilities had ceased enough to let him enjoy the world without reservation. Tentardi's prediction had come true in more than a small part. He had no desire to come to London with me; he felt that he should get back to Italy and his work. But he came with me anyway.

Carl knew that we were coming; we had wired, but he did not meet us at the station. We had not heard from him during that year, but we imagined that no mail could reach us anyway. Our letters and telegrams were all waiting at the hotel in which we had left him the previous spring. They didn't even know his address. It seems that he had left one morning with his clothes and never been seen again. The stuff which had later arrived from the states was going to be sold, but some of Carl's friends stored it, and paid his bill. They didn't bother with the mail. Yes, they knew where the people lived.

We found the people. Americans, they had come over shortly after us the previous year, recognized the owner of the abandoned luggage, and had it stored until it should be claimed by the missing Mr. Carl. No, they didn't know where he lived. They thought maybe Soho.

It took us three days to find the place. It was neat and middle class, near a square with trees and a place for kids to play. Three stories. Mister Carl 'ad the third floor. I don't know how we thought during those days of search. There was anxiety, and fear, and a hundred other mixed emotions always in my heart, or mind, or whatever it is that we feel with. But I do know what I thought as we bounded up those carpeted stairs and waited at the door while slippered feet moved over heavy rug. Were there swans on that little pond?



"Ah yes, John, Fried, come in, come in. There are lovely swans on the pond which you must have passed as you came."

He had changed. Oh, he was healthy, if not a little thin. But he assured us, smiling, that the June air was not nourishing, it stole energy from every man to feed the dormant summer. He smiled all the time, and moved quietly. He was thirty and looked fifty-five. He no longer bothered with his clothes. He was clean, yes, but his suit was a little threadbare. He wore the same tie each day, he told us, because it was so much work to choose a new one each day. He was sorry that he had not left word as to his address, but he really didn't like that hotel at all. He had arranged with his bank in New York for money, but had never bothered with his furniture. The flat was nicely furnished, you see. There were no books anywhere, but there were a few potted rubber plants. There was no music here, and the walls were covered with faded prints of delicate cherubs who leaned on marble tables. And I remembered that day in New York, and the tall, well-dressed young confident who smoked and looked at us with the world's secrets in his eyes, and the world's humor on his lips, and the choir boys who sang. Oh, it was gone, shot to hell, finished. A shell.

We sat, and he talked to us that afternoon about things of everyday, the walk he took, the places he ate. Fried and I listened as thoughtfully to his words as we had listened to his theories on Joyce and Kafka years before. We had no desire to talk about the trip that we had had, or the book that had been published last fall. Those things seemed unimportant next to the tales this little man told of the laundress and the wine merchant, who loved each other with the love of the ages, and never spoke. We went back to our hotel around five, silent, listening to the sounds of the city filled with the youth and beauty and warmth of June. We were to go back to David Carl's for dinner at eight.



I never returned to those rooms in Soho, with the plants and the overstuffed chairs, and the rugs and the smell of stale tobacco and age. I never saw the threadbare old man of thirty-one again. The dinner must have grown cold and the candles burnt very low. But I know that David Carl didn't mind not seeing us again. The evening was free for him, and he could go to the little park and see the swans and hear the playing children who did not heed their nurses' calls as dusk settled on the night of that last June.

— JOHN RATTÉ



## A HASHERY OF NASHERY

I read a book concerning the innumerable joys  
Of going to a prep school,  
Or like it says in the paraphernalia  
That they mail ya,  
Don't take an extra step fool!  
Your time has come to see  
A well run dorm (or to be poetical) dormitory.  
We offer lots of extra things to choose  
Or be chosen. We might even study the breeding  
Habits of Gnus — who knows 'em?  
The pamphlet also raved over the school's  
Athletic facilities,  
Which is all right if you have enough people  
With athletic abilities. And I might add  
that I also read about the exceptional cuisines.  
But if I know a fact from a phoney the cook  
Probably majors in baloney or Boston Baked Beans.  
Or like Cicero said to Diogenes  
After Dio had finished his diet,  
"Pass the bowl of sugar please?"  
Which might seem to you to be uncalled for —  
A wild pitch — or in sporting syllables a ball four,  
But now I'm sure you see how it fits in,  
And it's quite evident that it's pertinent  
Once you get your wits in.  
Well, the book said that the campus  
Was the rave of all New Hamshure,  
After which I was damn sure  
I'd never go to a place where people go around  
Raving about flowers and trees,  
For in the final analysis, I find that  
Pastoral places only make me want to sneeze.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN



# THE GOVERNOR'S FRIEND

*"... at no time in childhood, often at no time in one's whole life, is it possible to arrive, to win love and praise that are not strictly conditional and which can never be taken away from one."*

—MARGARET MEAD

Judge Roberts didn't realize how tired he was till he slumped into his chair, and tried to stop a sensation of dizziness that had been bothering him throughout the afternoon. A man had to conserve his strength if he was going to enjoy life. He did not pick up his paper, dozing until the dinner-bell woke him. As he rose, and entered the dining room, he blinked several times at the light, and smiled a greeting to his two sons.

Chicken for supper he thought, and remembered that he never liked it. His sons and his wife, Harriet, were quiet, noticing his weariness. It was one of those awkward times in the day when a family finds itself gathered together with nothing of interest to say to each other. He finished his meal, and without making any effort to enliven things left the room, and went to his study.

Richard Roberts' study was originally intended to be an extra store-room. It adjoined the attic and was small enough so that only one person could comfortably remain in it at a time. This negative feature appealed to him most, and when he sought solitude it became his refuge. He carefully seated himself behind his work-desk and commenced to read the day's mail. As always it mainly consisted of bills, and finding it unusually dull he turned to his papers, which were lying in one corner of the desk. There were several grants to be signed and then there was a hand-written "memo" he had made a few days before. It was a reminder of a conference he was to have with Henry and Evelyn Simpson concerning Mrs. Simpson's divorce suit. He recalled that it had been based on mental cruelty.

The case had been filed in February, and it had finally come to him in August. As was his custom in similar cases he had suggested that they meet with him to see if the matter could be arranged out of court. The Simpsons had accepted, and

being five minutes late that morning, he found them waiting rather uneasily in his outer office. Mr. Simpson was rather heavy-set, while his wife was thin and blond. They seemed to have an air of embarrassed determination, which the judge believed to be an attribute common to many of the people in their circumstances that he had seen.

Roberts addressed the woman and her counsel first. He told them that he had called them with no other thought than the settling of their differences, and, if possible, the restoration of their marriage. He spoke in a similar fashion to her husband, closing his remarks by saying that he wished Mrs. Simpson to tell, in her own words, her reasons for taking such an action.

Evelyn Simpson was at first unable to express herself coherently. After a moment of silence she began once more. Shifting her hands as if they held the key to the issue, she attempted to describe an event that had never really occurred at one time, a thing she could feel but never truly explain.

"We were quite happy together our first few years. Henry had taken a position with the Langly Bearing Co., and we had a little apartment just outside the Riverway."

"Yes," said the judge, changing the position of his arms.

"He had been there some time when he was appointed assistant sales manager, and with his increase in salary I felt we could afford, well, more things we wanted, like a new refrigerator and some good silverware. You know we were living very simply."

He let her continue. It was that way with women. They didn't say anything directly, but often you could discover more about their personalities from their evasions than from any direct statement.

"You see," she nervously played with her



fingers, "Henry was interested in painting. It took up much of his spare time. I thought it would be better if he spent some of it in the office. We were still way below the group, socially speaking, that we should have been in. I don't understand it; I never could. Henry always had seemed so quick, but now he lacked . . . what would you call it? Drive. That's it. He told me he was content where he was, and that if he put more time into the firm it would impinge upon his other interests. Now, Mr. Roberts, I mean, your Honor, all I ever saw him do, in his time away from the office, was paint and read. It may sound priggish, but I might have been an excellent clothes stylist. I gave any desire for it up, not out of any self-sacrificing instinct, but because I believed that it had no place in my future life. I wanted to devote myself to our home."

The judge noticed that they had no children. She had hesitated for an instant and, calming herself, continued.

"It's just that it seems unfair to me that he can't give up his useless painting and try to improve himself. After all, it is such a little thing, and if Henry really applied himself to his work I know that he'd advance. I loved him when he was younger, when he still wanted to make something of himself, but he's become complacent. Judge, I don't intend to remain married to a man who is willing to let life pass him by."

He looked over at Henry Simpson. It was obvious that she was through for the time. Simpson had not moved, nor challenged her the whole time she spoke. He only sat there and gazed meaninglessly at the wall above his lawyer's head. When she had finished, the silence startled him, and his attention momentarily became focused on her. The judge leaned across the table and asked him if he wished to say anything. Simpson nodded his head, saying he would only take a minute.

"There is not much that I can add. I did plead with her that we had been happy before. I know I was happy then. We had had love and respect. I guess it's gone now, but I can't see why such a little thing as my remaining assistant sales manager should change us so. Such an unimportant thing . . ."

He ceased abruptly. The judge saw there was little more for him to do. He went through the

mechanics of imploring them to reconsider, or at least hold off for a while. But the very hesitancy of Simpson's argument had made his wife surer of her own position. The two rose with their lawyers, civilly said good-day, and parted. Richard Roberts found that he wanted to return home, though it was early in the afternoon. A matter like this was always depressing, but for some reason this particular affair made him wish to leave it as quickly as possible.



He had been at his desk some time when he remembered that the same case that had disturbed him so, was on his schedule at the end of the week. He had been sitting thinking of it for over an hour, and he had always prided himself on being the kind of man who never brought his problems home from the office. He got up from the desk and went downstairs, seeing no light in the living room, he noiselessly entered their bedroom so as not to disturb his wife.

The following morning he awoke later than usual, and hurried in to his breakfast. Harriet Roberts was busying herself over their newly acquired stove. It was the maid's day off. She had her housecoat on and did not hear him come in, turning only when he seated himself at the table.

"You look tired this morning," she called over the noise of the coffee percolator. "Up late last night?"

"No, I was worn out and decided to get some rest." He opened his paper and read slowly between courses.

"Do you have a difficult day today?" It was a standard question that she never failed to ask.

"Not really," he lied. The fact was that he no longer relished the daily drudgery that attended his trips to court. They had eliminated its more interesting side for him. Recently, and quite unknown to her, he had nearly resigned.

"Dear, you do work yourself much too hard. I've been thinking that it's been some time since you were appointed. It is a nice position and all, but you deserve something better for the time you spend." She cleared the table and continued from the kitchen. "Didn't Governor Smart graduate the same year from Oberlin that you did? Now if you could just reach him . . ."

— STEVEN J. COHEN

## DREAM SEQUENCE

The wind seduced the tall grass in the dunes tonight  
the tall grass that stood up amidst the whitened sands  
and waved about crazily like a rag doll  
in the hands of a devil-may-care-I'm-good-like-Jesus child  
but then it was stretched out  
beside that dead child  
on the clear, moonlit strip of damp beach  
while the tiny waves lapped  
at its tiny feet  
noisily  
so late tonight.

Who saw the tall grass in the dunes this morning?  
the tall grass stood up amidst the whitened sands  
it had straightened quickly . . . and of the night  
all that remained was the damp  
cotton-stuffed arm  
of a rag doll  
so early this morning.

— DENISON HATCH





# HOME

Roger sat in his Latin class, his head cocked attentively toward Mr. MacGregor, who was expounding on the use of the gerund. But Roger's eyes strayed toward the green of the Massachusetts countryside lolling in the spring sun just outside the window. He thought about Central Park and the zoo, and the taxi ride up Park Avenue to the apartment. He thought about his own room, and his mother. He remembered how strange and wonderful it was to have breakfast brought to him in bed. She always let him go and come as he wished, and when he had the courage to ask, she had given George and the car to him for half a day, and he could go anywhere he wished. That was home.

Mother was coming today, and in the letter she had written him a week ago, she had asked him if he would like to come home for the summer vacation. The sentence was very timid and inconspicuous, squeezed in between some news about one of his aunts in Westchester and a greeting from their one-time maid who always pleased his mother by remembering him. It was so casual. As though it meant nothing.

Roger tried to recall whether he had ever been home a whole summer. Last year his mother had taken him to England, and he had been deathly sick all the way over and back on the boat, and then had refused to eat most of the food which they could get. He didn't like England any more than he liked Massachusetts. The four years before last he had spent every summer in Camp Wa-ma-no-mish in the Alleghenies. Before that, he couldn't remember. But his mother had never asked him home for the summer before. Roger wasn't quite sure what to think of it.

Mr. MacGregor's voice snapped like a whip. "Creighton!"

Roger stiffened, and prepared for the sting of the ever-ready sarcasm.

During the long drive up from New York Mrs. Creighton had sat in the back seat and thought about Roger, leaving Charles completely

to his driving. She was imagining what fun she could have with Roger this summer. He was certainly old enough now so that she could have a real understanding with him. And besides, he was her son.

She had brought a big box of candy for him. She would give it to him, and then sit down and explain that she really wanted him at home this summer. Then she would go back to New York and start planning. She would give up her Garden Club and tell Mrs. Moran that she would have to quit the Bridge Group temporarily, even if it might mean taking in another member. But Roger hadn't really been home in so long. He would want to come, wouldn't he?



Mrs. Creighton arrived at the school a little before noon. Roger had seen the car coming and was waiting in front of the dormitory when it approached slowly down the road. He could see it through the trees. He stood rigid, and touched the knot of his tie nervously to make sure it was straight. He was suddenly afraid. "Will she really ask me?" he thought.

Mrs. Creighton noticed she was twisting her white lace gloves into knots in her lap. She hurriedly pulled them on and then the car stopped and there was Roger, waiting.

There was an awkward moment of nothing. Roger neglected to open the car door for his mother, as if he were afraid to make the first move. She waited, motionless, as Charles got out, walked around the car, and opened it, stepping back stiffly.

Mrs. Creighton composed herself with an effort, and stepped out of the car. She lifted her veil clumsily and kissed her son on the cheek. Roger gave her a tense smile. He was ashamed, because he knew all the boys were looking at them from the upper windows, and he felt their laughter inside himself.

"I'm very glad you could come up, Mother," he said.

She remembered the box of candy under her arm. "Here, Roger, I brought you something."



Roger took the box and thanked her politely. She wanted to tell him — now —.

Roger broke the silence nervously. "Mr. Riley has invited you and me to dinner. They always serve at twelve."

She smiled as Roger took her arm and they walked toward the Headmaster's house.

The dinner was excessively boring. Mr. Riley and his wife sat at the head of the table, and five fathers and mothers were there with their sons. The boys ate silently, while the parents chatted about the merits of this and that summer camp for boys. Mrs. Creighton joined in the conversation to be polite. Unconsciously, she employed her Bridge Group technique of following the line of chatter and saying the right things while her mind was on something else entirely. She watched Roger and was afraid. He was apparently listening intently to the conversation about camps.

"What if he doesn't want to come!" she thought.

Roger was thinking about home. He had slumped into a favorite classroom attitude. He knew she hadn't meant it all along. Camps again.

Afterwards Roger took his mother on a half-hearted tour of the campus. She exclaimed "How beautiful" or "How interesting," though she hardly saw or heard a thing. It was getting late. She had to start back. They were beside the car.

Charles started the motor. "Now!" she thought. She looked at her son. He was staring at the ground. It was a whisper — "Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mother. Thank you for the candy."

She sat in the back seat of the car as Charles maneuvered out onto the highway. She was on the verge of tears.

"I couldn't — He doesn't understand — He doesn't understand!"

— NAT DICKINSON

I have a little humm-a-zoo.

Oh, can you tell me what to do

With my little humm-a-zoo?

Hummmmm?

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN

## *i alone have looked on euclid bare*

here's where i sit . here is the teacher  
speaking.

sit in this chair, listen to what the  
man says.

boards and chalk dust, radii screaming  
triangle talk

cannot drown out all that the master  
must say.

drifting in boredom

lost in this snare, fancy is lawless,  
shocking

me and the man who sits before us judging

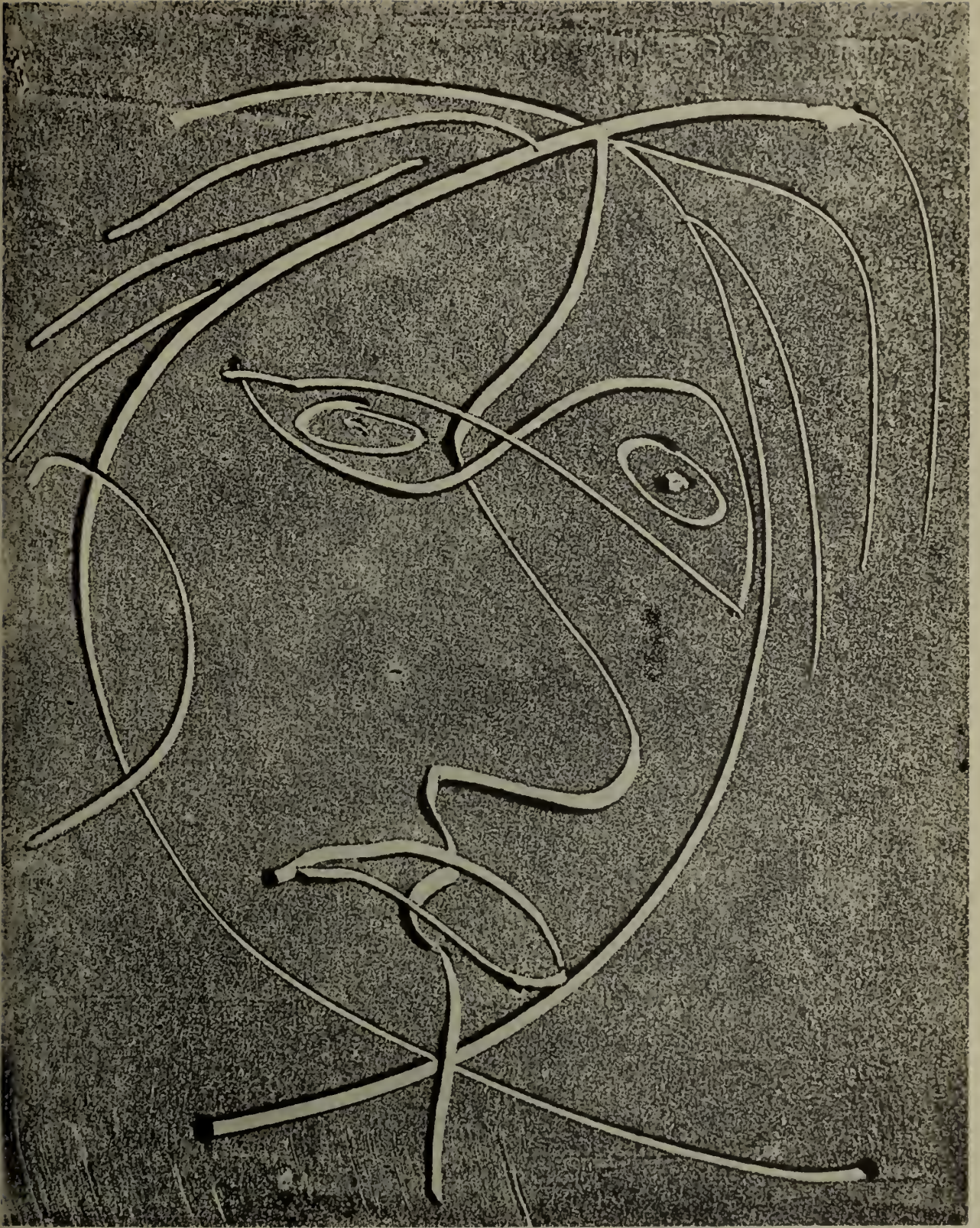
he knows i dream. knowing this he must  
seek hard

after the ones, friendless and angle-  
minded

who flee to euclid.

— JOHN RATTÉ





FEMMA — C. G. André



# THE TWO-SIDED TRIANGLE

## A PLAY IN VERSE

*There are two characters in this play, a Young Man, and an Old Man, who is dying.*

*There is a smell of stars in the air, and if we listen very hard, we may be able to hear the rhythmic sound of far away, like water dripping from a leaking tap.*

*The Old Man, and he is indeed a very old man, is staring at the invisible ceiling. He senses that someone has entered and speaks.*

OLD MAN: Who is it . . .

YOUNG MAN: Old Man, I've come to help you.  
I hear you're . . .

OLD MAN: Dying, yes.  
And I want to do it alone. Get out.

YOUNG MAN: Old Man, you need help. I want to pray with you.  
You need it.

OLD MAN: No, maybe you need it.  
Yes, I think you need to pray;  
To go howling to your god until  
Your Day of Judgement comes,  
And no one will believe you.

YOUNG MAN: I want to help you save yourself in death.

OLD MAN: And the carcass lay bared on the plain,  
And the jackals came around it  
And tucked napkins under their chins  
And said grace.

YOUNG MAN: Old Man, I'm trying to help.  
You mustn't think things like that.

OLD MAN: Is there  
Anything better to think?

YOUNG MAN: We must be humble  
In death. We must kneel at the feet  
Of our creator.

OLD MAN: Give me my pipe.  
(*Young Man gives him his pipe.*)

YOUNG MAN: Try praying, Old Man. Why not try praying?

OLD MAN: Light it.  
(*Young Man lights the pipe with a match.*)

YOUNG MAN: Did you hear what I said?

OLD MAN: Pray to what? Pray to the stench  
Of decrepit half-truths a million years old?  
Pray to what?

(Pause)



You'll say it in a minute.  
 We must pray to God. Which one of your Gods  
 Would you have me pray to?  
 Father, Son, Holy Ghost? How about  
 One of the Marys; I don't care which one.  
 Why not worship Krishna, or Isis, or Wotan?  
 Or some paunchy ebony fetish  
 With a magic pebble in her belly?  
 Pick a God, any God.  
 I'll worship him; I'll pray to your God.  
*(He clasps his hands, shuts his eyes,*  
*and begins to recite in a childish treble.)*  
 Now I lay me down to die . . .

YOUNG MAN: Old Man.  
 You do not understand, Old Man.  
 There is only one God.

OLD MAN: What happens  
 If I take a cleaver to your little  
 Trinitarian God and lop off Jesus Christ?  
 What then? Do we cringe  
 In a dark corner all our lives  
 Worshipping two-thirds of a God?

YOUNG MAN: But Old Man, Christ came down to us  
 And gave us a whole God . . .  
 The Three in One.

OLD MAN: And Christ came  
 Down to us, and gave us One in Three.  
 Via TWA no doubt . . . CUT RATES  
 IF YOU BRING THE FAMILY . . . maybe  
 He should have brought the family;  
 Then at least money would have been saved.

YOUNG MAN: Christ came down and saved us from our sins.

OLD MAN: Name me a sin he saved you from.  
 He never saved me from any sins.  
 For that matter, how many times could  
 Your three-piece god send me to Hell  
 For killing a thousand men? Could he  
 Pull me up and down, like a yoyo on a string?  
 How long will it take your clear, white fire  
 To burn the evil out of my soul if  
 I keep two concubines and love my children  
 By both of them? Is this your God,  
 Your Child-God, who plays with men's lives  
 Like alphabet blocks, who builds  
 Rickety towers, living-dying castles,  
 With blocks cut from the hard diamond of time,  
 And after a spell pulls out the bottom cube  
 For the imbecile-thrill of seeing  
 What was once weak tumbling to the grass  
 At his feet? Is this the God you pray to?

YOUNG MAN: Your time draws near, Old Man.  
Repent, and be saved.

OLD MAN: Repent? Repent of what?

YOUNG MAN: We are all born in sin.

OLD MAN: My father  
Was the siring-wind; my mother was coral  
Beneath the green-dancing sea. Their life  
Was spent reflecting light from  
Many-colored neon signs; I was born in sin.  
And all because they knelt on silk cushions  
And took their vows under a neon cross  
That flashed in the Night and said  
"WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY?"

YOUNG MAN: Will you take Communion, Old Man?

OLD MAN: You think me a vulture, that I should  
Eat bread and drink wine and want to  
Pretend that they are blood and carrion.  
Why not eat real flesh  
And drink life-blood  
And so have truth?

YOUNG MAN: How comfortable it must be to know no God.

OLD MAN: In the tiny orbit of time that surrounded my life,  
I died an hundred times, and lived a thousand,  
And now, right now, I am alive again,  
More alive than ever before,  
For I see mankind through you,  
A simple young man, simpler than most,  
Trying to do good, but failing, ever failing.  
No . . . no, great would be my reward in heaven.  
But it is too late.

YOUNG MAN: So long, you poor bastard.  
*(Exit, laughing)*

OLD MAN: Happy Easter.  
*(Dies)*

*(Curtain)*

— HOLLIS FRAMPTON and DENISON HATCH

## PHASES

Everything was obscure, the only illumination coming from fan-shaped, purple lights along the walls. As I was led to my table, I could see the opaque shapes of people close together. I sat down and waited to be served. Only the sensuous laments of an over-powdered singer could be heard. I looked at the figures surrounding me. They were all laughing and talking and moving, but I could hear nothing except the undertones that enveloped this "subdued gaiety." I was isolated, and only the waitress's cold "What'll you have?" made me feel that I was not alone. She took my order and then rushed to the bar which was shrouded with sloped shadows. I followed her as she darted in and out of the tables. I soon became relaxed after a few drinks. The mauve lights on the wall turned yellowish, and they focused on the

crowded figures at the tables and the bar. Beckoning women were casting glances, and the sexy songstress was still singing those sensuous laments although nobody was listening to her. The atmosphere was now "ecstatic." Everyone was laughing loudly. My waitress brought me more drinks. Her voice was friendly, and she no longer seemed to be rushing back and forth and back and forth and back. The people surrounding me were laughing and talking with me. She brought me another drink, and I smilingly watched her glide away gracefully. The bright lights that lined the walls stretched endlessly and hypnotically. Everything became "ethereal." I pushed myself up from my seat, and as I ambled toward the door, I wondered why I had to leave.

— ROBERT ORNSTEEN



# THE WAKE

In this one small room, at my Alderman's wake, I see one life finished. I see three people standing by the door whose lips move in soundless greeting, whose heads turn, whose eyes close and open, whose hands, hot and damp, clasp and unclasp other hands. Here are four walls covered with paper the color of sweat, stained by seeping water, yellowed and crisp; and here are three windows hiding grey night, covered with dark green shades, draped with scarlet cloth. In the bay of the silent windows, its grey cover stained with hardening tallow, is the coffin, stuffed with white silk and shiny serge, wrapped in a grey haze of smoke and light. Grey people walk before me; face muscles twitch up and down; eyes close and open, heads bow, jump, twist, nod; cloth lifts and drops, folds and wrinkles in a sea of grey and shiny blue. Hands move. Motion never stops as people walk on the grey rug and fade into the cold grey night. And I see flowers. Red and brown and yellow and blue and grey flowers, living flowers and dead flowers and dying flowers I see. Flowers built in pyramids, flowers in circles, flowers in squares, triangles, rectangles, hoops, hearts, crosses, and words. Cheap flowers and costly flowers. Flowers right for fall and death, flowers unhappy here, longing for their ice-box or their tropic damp. Brave and small and large and frightened flowers banked to the ceiling, piled on the floor, blocking the doors, fighting with the visitors for a look at the dead. And here I see the dead, the dead face painted in rose and blue and harlequin white and black, pasty and unreal; the grey hair whitened, the grey hands rouged, choking black beads.

I hear the clink of black beads, and recite in mumbling tones Hail Marys and Pater Nosters and Glorias with the scuffing shifting stamping hard-breathing men and women who pray and contemplate and sneeze. The Third Sorrowful Mystery. I hear the light slapping sound of pledged paper masses falling on a creaking stand, and trains moving and hissing and cough-

ing as the mourners chant, and I hear restless breathing and the rustle of cloth as men kneel and stand, bend and twist. A long cautious hiss sounds in the closeness of the room, and indelicate creaks escape from overburdened chairs. A door opened thuds shut on worn felt, and a small, crying breeze whispers part way across the room to me and then dies. A pocketbook falls and hits a vase which cracks: many flowers rustle, and I hear feet squishing on the damp rug. Somewhere in the soundfilled house men laugh, and glass breaks again in echoing high-pitched tones. And over all these insane sounds comes the steady reassuring intonation of the priest. The Fourth Sorrowful Mystery.

Hard and cold my hand is received, and it is warmed and dampened by a hundred hands. Ears frozen in a soulless winter night burn and suffer from a hundred bits of soggy heat, and crisp clean clothes grow heavy with the constant mindless contact between arm and arm and body and body. Warmed and burnt with dampness and with cold, I stand here, growing cold and damp from many bodies' burning warmth, and as I stand, feet close together, toes squeezed and pinched by politeness, and legs aching from standing, I feel a hundred private turns and twists and bends as contact travels soundlessly from man to man. A soft and moist flower touches my face as I am led by forceful hands over squishing rug where water has been spilt to other hands which place in mine beads worn and hot, smooth bits of polished wood and tiny links of cold and twisted metal, and then to prie-dieu covered with worn purring velvet, warm to touch, where I make my soundless lips to move in sticky patterns as my scalp itches from heat. Men kneel and stand beside me, brushing their clothes against mine, as my tired hand, envious of the one which fingers thoughtlessly the beads, wanders over scratchy silk to touch a hand not warm and damp like all the others. The Fifth Sorrowful Mystery.

— JOHN RATTÉ







# STEPHANIE AND THE SNOW

It had been snowing since dawn. We stepped off the porch and walked down the snow-covered driveway toward the road. The falling snow, which had long since obliterated the angles of Man's ingenuity, and restored the curves of Nature, made a grey dome over the world. Night was approaching, and the environs became increasingly indistinct in the twilight. As we neared the road, its white cloak as yet unbroken by tire tracks, I looked at Stephanie. The beauty of her face, its color heightened by the frosty excitement, rivalled even that of Winter's display. Her blue eyes sparkled with the love, not of life, but of living. When she laughed, her nose crinkled up, and the dimples in her cheeks appeared. Her light brown hair was now covered with a filmy coating of snow. Her warm, soft, little hand held mine. We passed a house whose brightly lit windows seemed to beckon to us to enter. Having turned off the road, we soon entered a little grove of trees, where the only evidence of life was the track of an enterprising rabbit who had left his snug home to brave the elements. The thicket ended as abruptly as it had begun, and we found ourselves looking across the open fields. It seemed as if we had intruded upon the white finish with our footsteps.

We retraced our steps to the road, and as we began our return home, the sound of sleigh bells intermingled with the shouts of boys and girls reached our ears. As the sleigh came nearer, we could hear the horses' hoofs pounding into the snow. The sounds passed us and receded into the distance. The world was cloaked in silence; and if one listened hard enough, one could almost hear the snow fall. The silence was broken only

by the occasional bark of a dog and the crunching sound our feet made as they packed down the snow. Stephanie's exuberant voice talked on and on about this and that, changing the subject without so much as taking a breath. Once she broke into song, and her voice was filled with so much charm and animation that I joined in. A sour note occurred in short order, owing to my well-meaning but off-key bass. We both laughed, and the air was filled with sound.

As we walked, the snow gave way under my feet, and I could feel each tiny snowflake melt as it landed on my face. The cold moisture seemed to renew our enthusiasm, and we raced the short remaining distance back to the driveway. As we crossed the finish line hand in hand, Steph slipped and sprawled headfirst in the snow. I laughingly lifted her to her feet unhurt, brushed the snow from her head, and hugged her in a sudden burst of affection. She turned her head up to mine, her face pouting, but her eyes twinkling, and I kissed her. A glowing warmth spread throughout my body, instantly driving out the chill. The mighty forces of the North Wind were powerless against the moist warmth of her lips. I was conscious only of her. Finally, she laid her head on my shoulder, and I felt her soft hair rub against my face. I held her close to me for a minute, and then, my arm around her shoulders, we slowly trudged up the driveway in silence. When we opened the door, we were met by a rush of warm air and the suggestion of a hot cup of cocoa in front of a crackling fire. We entered and closed the door, leaving the cold and the snow to our rabbit friend.

— NEAL MCCORVIE



# OF SOME DARK FORGOTTEN LORE

It was cold even for April. From behind me in the woods came the steady monotonous wail of a cross-cut saw drawn over a newly felled spruce. The sound built up to a high screech and then dropped to nothing as the stroke was finished.

The fog was getting thicker. The streamers of mist were twisting through the needles of the few small spruces in the field before me. As I looked across the meadow I saw that the alders enclosing the brook at the far end were but a slightly darker line against the surrounding grey.

The saw from among the trees stopped, and the sudden silence beat upon my ears. I got up. I laid the tubular metal case which carried my fishing rod on the rock beside me, and started into the woods.

My boots made no noise as I walked over the pine needles. I could feel the water in my socks. Ahead of me I heard the voices of two men. I stopped, and there before me in the mist stood a bent figure. He wore a faded woolen shirt and dark grey pants. His face was wizened and pock-scarred. "Hello," he said, "Been fishing?"

"Yeah, down in Chases Brook. You know, I don't think there's any more trout in that damn place."

"Did you see any eels?"

"Errr . . . no. Why?"

He didn't seem to hear. He just turned and stared off into the woods. I looked at him and began to think of what I knew about him. His name was Glen Little. He came to this part of the state each year in the early spring, and then just left around the first of May. While he was here,

he lived in a log cabin far out in the woods. No one knew anything else about him, but all the townspeople thought that he was mildly insane.

Suddenly he spoke. "Walter," he said, and another man came towards us through the trees. He was carrying an axe.

"Walter's my cousin. He's . . ."

He stopped and stood rigid, listening. His skin seemed to draw tight over his face, and his lips were white. Then I heard it too, high above us, the raucous cry of a crow flying through the dark sky. He was invisible, but from the sound I judged that he was coming towards us.

Walter gave a strangled cry and dropped his axe. He began to run towards the meadow. Glen stood there for a minute. But when the crow's call burst out directly overhead he also began to run, muttering to himself, "Oh God, Oh God-damn."

I followed them to the edge of the wood, and there beheld an incredible sight. Both Glen and his cousin stood in the center of the meadow with the fog swirling around them. They had their coats off and as they waved them in the air, they shouted, "You son of a bitch! Go away you son of a bitch."

The invisible crow screamed back at them once, circled and then flew off towards the ocean. As the caws died away in the mist, the two men put on their coats again and filed slowly past me back into the woods, saying not a word.

I licked my lips, and tasted the salt in the air. In this part of Maine all the fogs blow in from the sea.

— M. CHAPMAN



## ***PLANT NO MORE TREES***

Plant no more trees. The ghost face  
celebrated on the tree is silent, though  
we talk to them, golden spheres, our  
manners polished and stiff. Tarnished silver  
will not shine for us and bent steel spears  
thrust up from the uneven desert. No work  
for artisans from foreign lands, for crafts  
learnt in dark, and from ageless men.

We cry for many things, for friends and  
dying trees, for symbols: lion and lamb.  
Lamb and fertile cow also bent, looking at  
the distant hills. For a white Dove caught  
in cherry blossoms, cut and crying, unable to  
fly. For gesticulating man and cowering  
rabbit, and turtle with pink face.

Here before us are unfaced arrows rusting,  
nails bent and red. Here are cracked statues  
and poses of painted plaster. Our religion.  
Plant no more trees. In the fall the music,  
unregulated, tires and stops.

— JOHN RATTÉ



# DEA TRICEPS

Mourir c'est sortir dans une nuit éternelle et noir.  
Il faut toucher les murs inconnus pour voir.  
Il faut mettre vos rêves d'un dieu dans un tiroir.  
Quels idiots, les enfants priant dans le soir.

Venez avec moi; vous ne le croyez  
Pas. Ne vous couchez pas près de dieu, à ses pieds.  
Levez-vous, avec moi, venez.  
Venez avec moi, j'ai la clef.

Allons, enfants, allons chez moi.  
Ou les grands murs sont en bois  
Bouillant. Vous ne savez pas ce qu'il aura,  
Mais allons, enfants, vous serez heureux là.

Levez-vous du sable.  
Suivez, je suis le diable.

— DENISON HATCH

to die is not to see  
or dream, sliding in close  
dark: godless. dreams left in  
ash cans, sightless ones praying  
to deaf gods in the frightened  
night

forget belief.

searching ones: kneeling  
hard and long is  
no escape.

there is a greater  
house, house of  
flame-wood and  
light. my home.

now unhappy ones  
stand up from the sand  
follow follow follow.

*translation from the French*  
— JOHN RATTÉ

# THE DISSECTION OF A FOP

It wasn't by any accident that J. Worthington Smythe dropped his invitation to the Debutante Cotillion into the bowl of soup from which I was eating. J. Worthington Smythe, a pillar of society who thought he was a whole collonade.

"Will you please give me back my Invitation to the Debutante Cotillion," he said with his thick lips slightly turned upward at the sides, "I have to write Connie and tell her that I'll be able to fly down for the dance." J. Worthington Smythe, the only member of the senior class who went as far as buying his underwear from Brooks Brothers.

"What's wrong with Brooks Brothers," he'd say, "why Dads has always said that everyone who is anyone must buy their clothes at 'The Brook.'" Why was he going to my school any way, hadn't he said that he was already accepted to Ridgeway College. Sure, everyone knew about how Dads had built Ridgeway up to what it was today. "And then I'll go straight into Dads' publishing business." Yes, J. Worthington Smythe was a pretty modest guy. He was so modest that everyone in the school knew about the summer home and the cottage for skiing, and the "Jag."

"Dads just bought a boat to play with this summer," he'd casually mention. A boat — You might have thought it was a little thing with sails — until he told you that it had a motor comparable to the "Queen Elizabeth's."

J. Worthington Smythe, a kid more worried about how the collar pin he wore fitted than about the three courses he was failing.

J. Worthington Smythe, the most meticulous dresser in the class. Hadn't he bought his Swiss mountain climbing hat right off the head of an Alpine climber just so he could claim that the hat he wore was authentic. And his dark grey suit was imported from one of London's finer shops — everyone knew that — they should have — he wore the label on the outside. He had so many regimental ties that when the style changed to silk pattern jobs, he had enough material to make three striped bedspreads. J. Worthington Smythe, the only kid in the class

who when asked for which party he was going to vote said "aristocratic."

He was one of the big guns in the class as far as athletics went. You bet — in the fall he went out for Office Messenger — in the Winter he applied for Club Trapeze — and he finished the year at J.V. ornithology. "I like birds," was his only comment on the subject.

I mentioned a few paragraphs before that he was failing three subjects. I might add that J. Worthington Smythe was never one to fail any course for the year.

"Just because my father is head of the trustees is no reason to think that anyone is out to give me a break," he once said. No one was out to give him a break — it was just a matter of school finances. What money he didn't have wasn't printed.

I can remember how happy I used to be when I got a package from home. The cookies and few sandwiches that were included were always well worth waiting for. That was until they knocked down a wall in the dorm so that J. Worthington Smythe could receive the side of beef that Dads had sent up. He was pretty generous about it though, I got the box it came in, and I know if I ever have to ship an elephant anywhere that I'll be all set.

He wasn't a bad guy all the time. There was the incident where he rented the Robin Club so that the class could have its party in "style" as he put it. I figured that a Robin wasn't such a big bird and that it was going to be some small spot that might even get crowded if everyone showed up. I don't want to say the place was big, just let me tell you that you had to have a passport to get from one side of the main room to the other. I think the pumps that filled the punch bowls were powered by Boulder Dam. We all had a great time except the three bands that were hired had a fight over which one was to play the last dance.

The only spirit he showed was to come to all the school football games. That was on the surface a very noble thing to do, but everyone



knew that his only purpose at the game was to display his Paris scarf, the one with the gold-inlaid Eiffel Towers, and his Polo Coat, which was purchased at the sacrifice of twenty of the Shah's Royal Alpaca Camels. When the team was about to score he'd whip out his folding silver megaphone and yell three faint rahs into it. I'll never forget the day when he was pushed while leaving the football stands and fractured three ribs on his left side. The little girl who had caused the accident was very sorry indeed. His first request when he had gotten over the shock

of the push was for a mirror in which to see whether the blow had mussed his hair. Ridiculous you say — You don't know J. Worthington Smythe.

So I took the invitation that had fallen into the soup bowl from which I was eating — said "no" to the question of would I please return the invitation — and threw the wet mess half way across the dining room. I sort of chuckle when I recall the look on the face of J. Worthington Smythe.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN

## ***JUNE 12, 1952***

Green grass at night under lamps,  
How funny,  
The streets ran away in their shadows  
With silver wet trolley tracks  
Curving together in  
Clean old worn cobblestones  
Mounting the hill of the city.

I wondered at tall wall sides  
Bending above as they stood in the night,  
And the lamplight,  
Wet grass in the park,  
And an old stone bench to talk with me then,  
Just walking alone.

— CHARLES BRODHEAD

# FOR IAN'S NIGHT

My pa used to be the lighthouse keeper on the island. We been there ever since I can remember, but Ian — my brother — he says he remembers when him and Ma and Pa used to live on the mainland in a town where he could see the ocean but couldn't hear it, and there wasn't any lighthouse. He says he liked to look inside the waves but that it scared him to go way out in a boat because he saw a man's boat turn over once and the man couldn't swim and he drowned, so he says he doesn't trust boats.

Anyway, we lived out on the island in a little place right next to the lighthouse, and Ian and me used to just play around the island most of the time. Every day Pa and me would go out and catch some fish and pull up the lobster traps so we'd have something to eat for supper. Pa didn't make a whole lot of money being the lighthouse man, and he was always saving, taking his check into town every month. He only went in to land about every two weeks, to get some bread and stuff. Ma always told him, "Why don't we get some real food instead of this fish all the time?" but he would just smile. She was always yelling at him, but he never seemed to mind, only he talked to Ian and me a lot more than he did to her. He said it was a shame for us not to be going to school, but he couldn't get us in to the mainland every day from a mile out, and anyway nobody ever said anything to him about where the school was when he went in. He finally found out, but he told us it was too far away and by the time we got there it would be time to leave so why should we go to all that trouble and not get anything out of it? Pa said that he was going to quit his lighthouse job as soon as he had a thousand dollars stored up in the bank in town, so we could go to school when we stopped living on the island.

He told me that he didn't think Ian would do very good at school anyway, because he just didn't catch on to things very fast. Pa taught me to read enough to understand the instructions on the beacon lamp, so I could work it if he got sick or anything, and he tried to teach Ian too, but he couldn't. Ian tried, but he couldn't remember the words or what to do, so Pa gave up.

So we would just talk about the weather and fish and he'd show us how to clean the soot off the beacon light. He would work on those lights almost all day, making sure the wicks were all right and rubbing the lampblack off. I helped him do a lot of things, but most of the time Ian just sat on the rocks and looked inside the waves. I liked to stay near him in case he got in trouble or something, but we got along real good anyway and besides there's nobody else on the island.

We used to play hide-and-seek all over our end of the island, and I used to win all the time because I would always go in a place that Ian never looked in. There was a big pile of rocks on top of a hill, with a space in between them that you could crawl into and hide, and I would always hide there and Ian never found me. He knew I was there, I guess, and one day I asked him why he never came up and spied me. He said it was because he had hurt his foot once climbing on that pile of rocks and he knew that he'd do it again if he went there. He was kind of funny that way. Like the time he burnt himself on the stove, he wouldn't go near it again, either.

Anyway, we had a pretty good time together. Then one day Ma got after Pa so much to take her into town that he got out the rowboat and started off with her. "We'll be back by five, boys," he says, and pulls off.

About noon it started to cloud up but there wasn't any wind. Around four o'clock we looked in the spyglass and saw Pa and Ma in the boat, about a quarter of a mile out from land. It started to blow about five o'clock, and the waves coming up on the shore were getting bigger and bigger, and Ian started to look kind of sick and began to walk around real fast and talk to himself, but I wasn't worried because I could see Pa through the spyglass and he was coming right along, even if he was having a hard time with the waves.

The storm was getting worse and worse, and by the time Pa got near enough for me to see without the spyglass it was blowing like sixty

and raining. He started to swing around the point that the lighthouse was on, so he could land on the quiet side of the island, but just when he was going around, with the side of the boat towards the island, the wind shifted so it blew him straight into the rocks. The boat turned over and threw them out. I could see him stand up in the water and grab Ma, but just then an awful big wave came roaring down on them and I couldn't see them any more.

Ian was right there beside me. When the big wave hit Pa, Ian made a queer sort of clucking sound and started to run out in the water to help. He fell down when a wave came down on him, and I had to pull him back out. He just LAY there on his face, and made that sound, only louder. I was awful scared, and I tried to get out to help Pa, but I couldn't see him any more; all I could see was the boat, falling apart when the waves picked it up and smashed it down on the rocks . . . and then all I could see was little pieces of wood floating on the water, so we went up and I flashed the SOS Pa taught me and the next day some people came out and took us back to town. We lived with an old man and his wife who made us go to school, but after a while they stopped sending Ian. We both hated it. They tried to get him some work, but all they could find was a job repairing the breakwater. He went down and looked at the breakwater, and then just stood there and looked out towards the island. The old man asked him what he was doing and Ian told him he was looking inside the waves. The man started to laugh so I walked away and took Ian with me.

Later on that same day, we were walking along the shore when all of a sudden we saw a old row boat that had washed up on the shore. I was going to walk right past it but Ian, he pulls at my shirt and drags me over to the boat. It was all wet and soggy-looking and it had a couple inches of water and sand in the bottom but there was a oar there too and I couldn't see any holes in the bottom. Then Ian started to pull at the end of the thing, like he wanted to get it out into the water and that surprised me because he was always so scared

of it before. So I asked him what he wanted and he pointed out to the island. I didn't want to go out there and anyway it would of been awful hard with just one oar and a old water-logged boat, so I said "no" to him. Then he let go of his end of the boat and started to walk at me real mad-like, so I decided not to argue with him, because he was really mighty strong, and anyway I was only thirteen and he was nineteen. So I told him okay, we would go out, and he looked happy and started to pull on the end of the boat again.

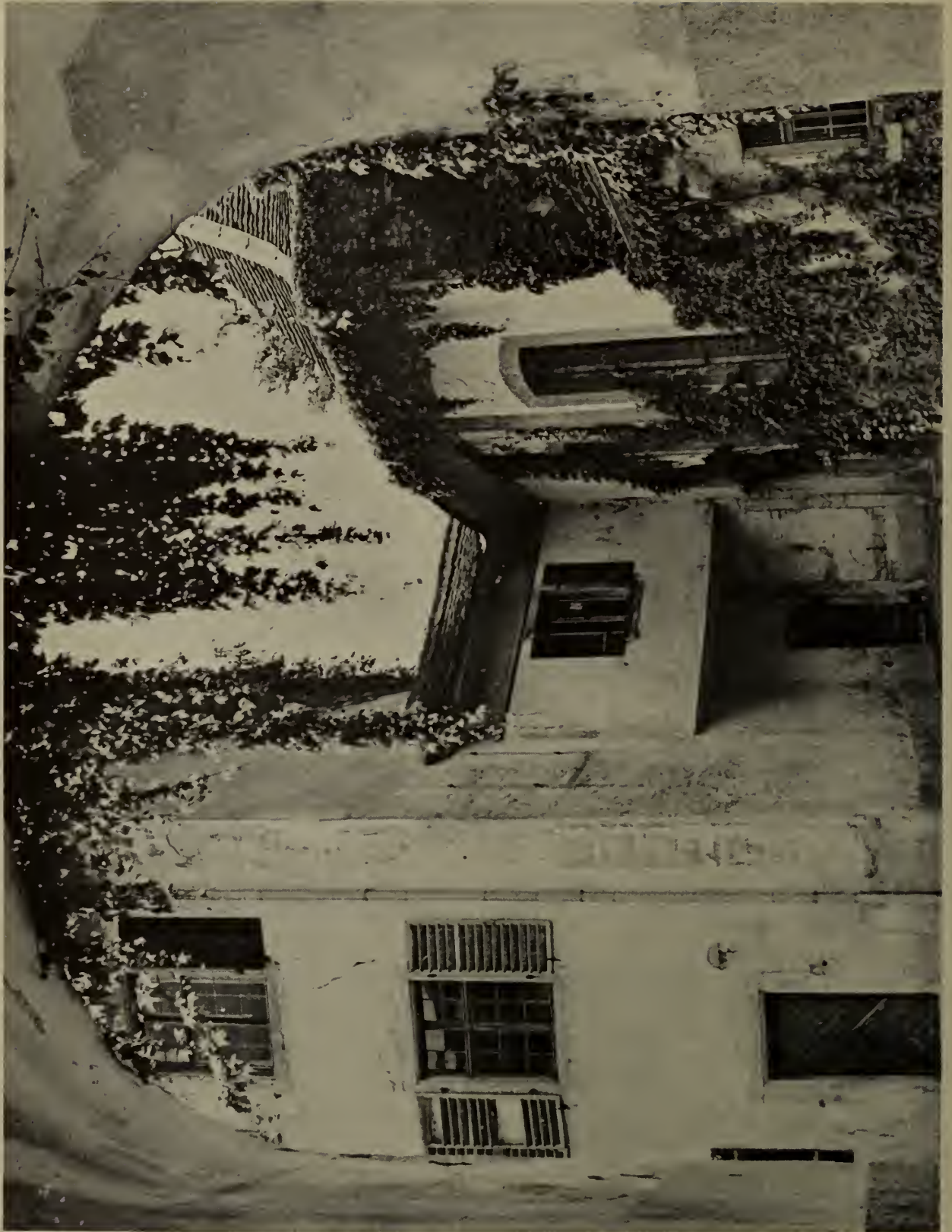
We got it out in the water at last and it floated pretty good. I was still awful surprised that Ian would go walking around in the water the way he did, but I started to row the boat from the stern, because I only had one oar and that was the easiest way to do it. There was a little swell coming in, and the boat was so heavy that we went up and down a lot slower than the waves did; it made me sort of feel that the boat was sick. Ian just sat there in the bow and looked at the island.

After about a hour I started to get tired and besides we were three quarters of the way there, so I stopped rowing. Ian looked around and told me to row, just like he was paying me for it. I didn't want any trouble with him so I rowed. He was kneeling on a bunch of old rotten rope coiled up in the bow and all of a sudden he leaned over the side and started to make that clucking sound in his throat the way he did when Ma and Pa got killed by the storm. He put his hands in the water and started to push it apart, like he was looking for something in a pile of leaves, and all the time he made this sound. He kept leaning farther and farther over, and I was afraid he would fall over so I let go the oar and went up to grab him but I tripped over a old bait can in the bottom of the boat and fell down. It hurt my leg so bad, I just lay there; I couldn't think about anything but the hurt in my leg.

Then I looked up and grabbed at Ian, but I missed him and he slipped overboard quiet as could be, without even making a ripple.

— JOHN POPPY





UEBERGANG ZUR BURGKAPELLE — Gunter von Wulffen



# INFOIMARIE

Now when a guy, like I am a guy, starts to feel like a guy shouldn't want to feel, who is feeling normal, then it is time to start worrying. So I went down to that building at the foot of the hill, you know, the place where they take care of the sick people. Maybe I should have set you straight on this before I started. You see, I am just not the type of person to go to such a place as this when there is no need to. I have felt sick before, and I do not mean just sick, but really sick, and I know what it is not to feel so good. So when I start on such a trip as this there is really good cause. Anyway, I have spent the last hour wrapped up in a blanket, whereas everyone else who is sitting around with me has a shirt open at the neck and is making like it is the middle of June. I know that it is only March, and maybe that it is they who are crazy, but who can argue.

Well, I reach this building at the foot of the hill and right away I start to think maybe it is not so good I should be there. I mean, I have spent three years at this school, and have never felt the urge to go to this place. It is at this point where my head starts to bang like a radiator in a 50 cent flop house, and I stagger the rest of the way to the building.

Now I am glad I have told you just what type of guy I am because I do not want you should think I make such trips as this unless it is necessary, absolutely.

It is upon entering the building that I am greeted by a smiling nurse who is quick to inform me that she has been waiting for me. I am of course more than a little surprised that she is aware of my depleted condition, but I let this pass and follow her into a small room down the hall.

"If you'll just sit in this chair I'll take your teeth X-ray's, and you can go back to your dorm," she says looking at me like a trapper watching a beaver who has been caught in a steel trap.

Well, I am quick to explain that it is for my stomach that I have ventured to the infirmary, and that although I am sure that a picture of my upper left molar would be just the thing for

the school year book, I am far too sick to pose for a portrait of this type.

"But you're here," she says, and I am forced to agree with the logic of her statement, but I still complain that I am in no condition for pictures and I go on to explain that my hair is not even combed. I feel now that this argument would not have moved her one furlong, but at that moment I let out a groan that is comparable to a similar noise made by Jake the Bet when he loses out on the daily double by a nose in the Jamaica Sweeps last year. She is overcome by my gastric groan, and is only too happy to let me leave the chair where previous to this I have been sitting.

It is with my remaining energy that I reach another room in the building and wait for another nurse to join me. I am now feeling like Bugs Moran must have felt when they paraded him around on a couple of polls the day of his funeral, although, of course, Bugs is much better dressed than I am, and certainly the look on Bugs's face is a much happier one.

I have been waiting for ten minutes in one of these red chairs when a nurse, it is the white dress she is wearing that tips me off, comes and asks if there is anything she can do for me. Well, I explain to her that I am feeling lousy and that if there is anything she could do to change this feeling that I would be very happy.

Now I have seen joy on a face, and not just on any face, but the joy on this nurse's face has gone way beyond what I have seen before. She is so overcome by the idea that I am willing to let her solve my problem that had I been in the mood, I could have sold her the Brooklyn Bridge. I guess nurses are the kind of people who are usually being pushed around by a doctor or someone else and that when someone gives them a straight line they are only too happy to be helpful. As I said before, I know very little about this sort of thing, but anyway, she was real happy. So I tell her that my stomach hurts and that I am feeling cold when I should be feeling hot, and all in all, I tell her enough so that she knows that I have good reason to be

where I am. I even go so far as to blow my nose.

I am feeling rather pleased to have found such an understanding nurse when she turns to me and says, "put this in your mouth." Well I am sitting on this red chair, with this thing in my mouth, thinking nothing bad, when she comes back into the room and asks me to give her the er — thing. I see now that I forgot to say she left the room, but I guess this is pretty clear now. Anyway, she looked at the er — whoozy — stared at me with a rather icy look — and said "you're not sick." Now I told you before I am not the type of guy who frequents such a place as this, and therefore, it comes as quite a blow to me when this lady says that I am not sick. I know I am sick and no one can tell me that I am not sick.

"You have no temperature," she says.

Well, I do not care what I do not have, all I

know is I get these chills and my stomach is saying things out loud that even I would be embarrassed to think about. But when she keeps on insisting that I am not sick, and she is such a kindly looking lady, there is really not much for me to do but get up and leave.

Now maybe this is the line they feed anyone who is feeling like he should go to that place on the bottom of the hill, but I am not just anyone, and have this stomach ache, and stuff, like I said, and I leave this place only with ill-feeling.

Well, I am glad I am not the type of guy who does this type of thing often, 'cause it would certainly be exasperating if this happened a lot of times. Anyway, I guess I feel better now, and when you come right down to it, she was such a kindly looking lady that I really couldn't have done anything else but leave.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN

## YEAH

charles is dead on the beach  
covered with sand

charles stubbed his toe on a  
shadow and bled to death

charles is dead on the beach  
covered with sand

— JOHN RATTÉ

# "COLD"

A naked child sits wailing in a deserted alley of a demolished Korean town. It is winter, and the only sound heard above the rumblings of war is the shriek of the wind.

As he lay dumbly in his warm bed, the boy reflected upon what his parents had just told him. Johnny wouldn't be coming home any more, from prep school — from college — from training camp. The bubbling feeling that had always engulfed him when his big brother had come home, the lonely, aching feeling when he had left, was now gone forever. They had just begun to realize that they were brothers, not just name brothers, and their plans had carried them far and wide with but one thought significant in each — to be together. These dreams now were inverted into nightmares, incomplete, meaningless. Before Johnny had gone, they had had some inspiring talks together, in which he had made it all so clear as to why he

was going. He had understood then, but now sensibility and reasoning were oppressed by the one word — why? Was this the defense of your country — making mother look so lost, and dad so grave? Was this the "Dying for his country" that had before seemed so glorious? A picture that he had once seen shone through his blurred thoughts: a small boy, watching a parade of soldiers, saying, "Daddy, I wonder if someday they'll give a war and nobody will come." He wondered how many people had ever thought of it this way. As his thoughts became numbed by sleep, he realized that the combined dreams, ideals, and hopes of the two brothers had suddenly shifted onto his growing shoulders. An icy blast through the window made him flee to the warmth of the blankets.

A boy gropes to close a window, but something seems to hold it open. Putting another blanket on, he goes back to bed — shivering.

— ANTHONY PRATT





# LEISURE

*'What is this life, if full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.'*

Shortly before leaving England, I spent one of the happiest days of my life, in complete indolence.

Quite early one summer morning I set out alone with a small box of provisions, and a good book, to Joe Higgins' boathouse, to spend a day on the River. The River has always fascinated me. I have seen its various moods and appearances; as a filthy commercial waterway below Tower Bridge, as a stumbling stream above Oxford, as a swift green river by Hampton Court, or as a raging torrent, brown with mud, tearing at the pillars of Wargrave bridge. Today the river was calm, and the day promised to be fine.

In the dark interior of Joe's boathouse, I set about choosing my craft. I would not take a motor launch, since that would be too expensive and noisy, nor a canoe, since it would have required all my attention to keep it somewhere near steady, nor did I hire a rowing shell, since then I would have only seen that which I had already passed. At length I chose a light punt, a boat which required little attention, was slow and silent and suited my mood, and would allow me to push smoothly upstream, alone with my thoughts.

In this craft I left the boathouse and turned upstream, under the old stone arches of the road-bridge, carefully avoiding the optimistically dangled lines of early-risen fishermen. I passed from the shadows under the iron-girdered railway bridge, sped past the last houses of the town and out into the green, open countryside, here where

*'The river glideth at its own sweet will'*  
— through sweeping meadows of lush grass which stretched to the river's bank. An occasional

neat stone or half-timbered house showed snugly from a nest of trees. Brushing the current into rippling eddies with long green tresses, willows bent over the stream itself, and away in the distance, through a blue haze of warmth, the Cotswold Hills formed a backdrop to the scene.

After passing one or two of the stately country houses with their broad, well-kept lawns, and wending my way past an island, shaded and secret, I reached my final destination. Screened by a thick bank of reeds and rushes was a backwater, discovered by accident some time before. Pushing through the reeds I found myself in a shady pool bathed in a peculiar, dappled light.

Here I spent my day, reading, eating and drinking, or merely lazing in a daze of contemplation, in lonely thought. The only sounds were the slap of the water beneath, the hushed stir of the trees above, and the singing of the birds around.

Too soon the sun began to fall, and it was time to return home. I packed the remains of my feast, and moved from the backwater to join the stream of trippers, homeward bound.

I dropped quickly downstream, halting only temporarily at crowded locks, where wrinkled keepers waved smiling "Good nights" to us. Gradually the sun sank into the banks of cloud behind us, and the warm day turned chill. Soon, however, the lights of Kingston came into view round a bend in the river, and as the houses closed in, darkness began to fall.

I returned the punt, paying off the boatman, and left the Thames behind as I wandered home after a perfect day.

— D. M. CRATON





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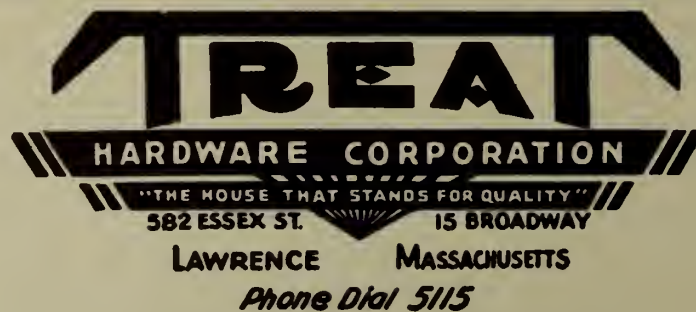
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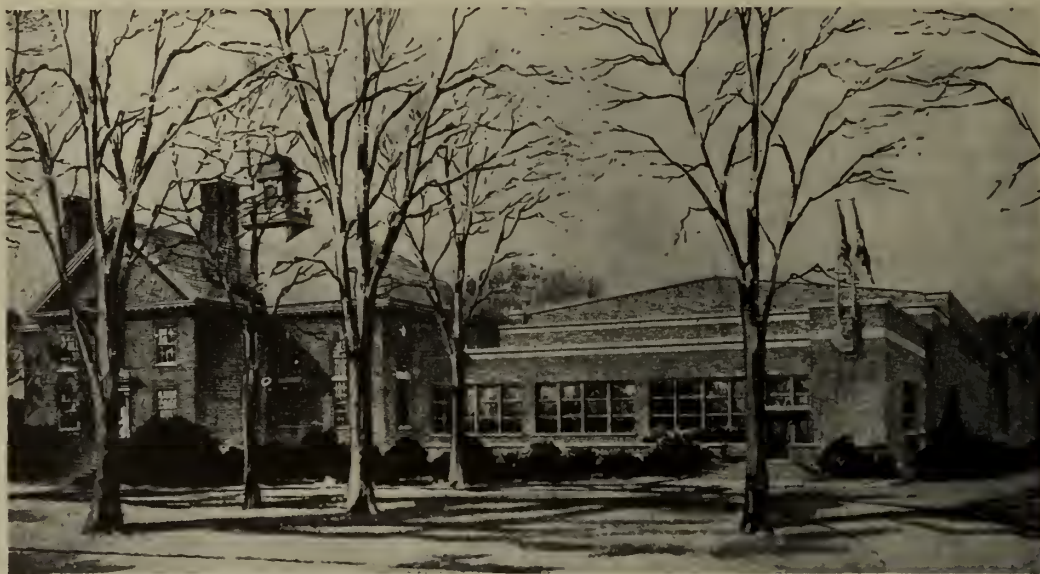
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# ON WORKING OVERTIME

This morning as I awoke to the knell of the alarm and threw up the shade, I saw over the top of a yawn a seven o'clock track man sprinting past, tie in one hand, books precariously held in the other. I was moved to reflection. After the traditional condemnation of the system which makes this early exercise necessary, I came to the general conclusion that in our world, the emphasis is placed on the amount of time spent at a job rather than on the return from the time invested. Every morning a goodly number of sleepwalkers register indelibly on time cards the felicity with which they invest their time in public service. What result? A result illustrative of the general condition is that at lunch (and at other meals too) the student body, with the deftness of practice, shuffles through a stack of trays endeavoring to find those whose appearance inspires confidence enough to eat off them. I am not trying to condemn a system, I am just trying to show a placement of emphasis; and I speak not as one separated from commons life. I worked in the pantry two years ago before a change of system rescued me for another job. We were concerned much more with the time clock than we were with work in the pantry. I remember once we took the trays right from the machine and put them out for use. To be sure, we were conducting an experiment in the facility of drying a stack of wet trays by applying pressure to the topmost, thereby squeezing the water out of the rest. The experiment was a failure. But contrast this with the average pantryman's desire to experiment with punching in on time. We were not as concerned about letting people eat off wet trays as we were about a failure to punch in. It wasn't that we were diabolical. It wasn't so much that we were determined to flout the authority that put us there. It was that we were humanly taking advantage of the general truth that authority was more worried about our spending time than getting a return on the investment of time.

When I left the pantry I got a job feeding animals in the biology lab. I thought there would be a difference of situation—a premium on accomplishment and only incidental consideration for amount of time. However, one day I discov-

ered an interesting thing when I went up to the lab and found the boss making diagrams in colored chalk on the blackboard. After a perfunctory remark, I was questioned as to my hours on the previous day; and, although neither he nor his colleague had been there at the time, and although I had not said how long I did spend in the lab, I was told quite frankly, "You didn't spend any forty-five minutes up here yesterday," in a tone of voice which seemed to suggest that the speaker didn't trust me any further than he could throw me, but that he would like to try. The incident can be dismissed as a misunderstanding, but notice this. The first thing said to me was that I had not spent enough time in the lab. Nothing was said as to whether or not I had done my job efficiently. There was only a great concern about the length of time I had spent. Since nothing at all was said to indicate that I wasn't cleaning the rat cage or feeding the turtles well enough, I can only conclude that my work was then acceptable, but that I just didn't take long enough to do it. The question is not of the personalities involved. It is of the greater influence placed on time than on return from time. Had there been more concern for accomplishment the statements would have proceeded logically like this: "The skunk was not fed yesterday. How much time did you spend?" It cannot be said that the boss was not at all concerned with efficiency—he just put the wrong thing first.

One of the best ways to put off teachers when they question you about the inadequacy of your preparation is to insist that you spent an hour, or even two or three hours doing the problems or writing the essay if he will take it. This reply often does not save doing the preparation over again, but it does save face. It is something the teacher will perhaps question, but he cannot be absolutely positive in his doubts. He must take it for granted that when you say that you spent a certain amount of time on the subject, you spent that time working. In this final analysis, the fact rests with an inner integrity of the individual, an inner integrity which requires him to work efficiently when he invests time. No one can conclusively prove that when you are staring at a

page of History notes, you are thinking about the Red Sox' chances of beating the Indians. The individual alone cannot be accused for this lack of inner integrity. In our society, work is encouraged by forcing the individual to put in time on a job. But so much relative emphasis is placed upon spending the time that the individual grows to assume that by merely spending time he will accomplish something. Under this system the individual confuses time with work. I do this myself when I study for an exam. I sit down and I can't concentrate. The usual occurrence of some ants issuing from a crack in the wall and marching across the desk creates an intrigue. Every movement outside takes on a tremendous significance and must be scrutinized. Then, after a long period of this remote contact with a course, I announce myself prepared for the test. The reason? I spent so much time preparing that I must be prepared. The thing considered is not what I know now that I didn't know before, but what I ought to know now that I didn't know before because I spent a certain amount of time.

After school, employers place more emphasis on accomplishment and less on time spent than is done at school. But the same lack of inner integrity remains. I worked for an investment banker last summer. I remember the cashier. Tom was a good fellow. He put in his time every day. Sometimes he disappeared from the office for a short time, but nobody stayed in the office all the time. And almost everybody talked with the switchboard operator and the other office girls a couple of times a day. When you are an employer and when a fellow has been working for you ten years and been a cashier two years, you just stop worrying about how he uses his time. But Tom used to stay and do overtime for two and four hours every night. This used to intrigue me. Most people put in overtime because they have the inefficiency of inexperience or have an exceptional amount of work. Tom didn't have an exceptional amount of work. The cashier before him had gotten the job done without overtime. In the summer, the brokerage business is usually slower than in the rest of the year. Two years is time enough to get over inexperience at a cashier's job. Tom probably liked to do overtime because he made lots of money. But that is

not the important question. The question is how could a man of his experience and work fix it so that he could do overtime. Instead of the inefficiency of inexperience, he had a cultivated inefficiency. A still more important question is what was lacking in him which permitted him to cultivate inefficiency. It is this same inner integrity which goes undeveloped in high school.

Well, what difference does it make if a fellow like Tom works overtime for the reason he does. As long as the business runs on a profit no one will say anything. No employer will fire a man who's been with him for ten years just because he does overtime. He's in the same position as the teacher. He can't prove that a fellow is wasting time. The only difference is that the teacher can do something about the inner integrity and the employer can't. True, people aren't supposed to like to work overtime when they reach the age of thirty-five or forty, are married and have a son. At least they don't like to work overtime at the office. But nothing will come of this as long as his wife doesn't mind seeing him only three hours a day. Nothing will come of him. He will have the same job until he retires. Any raise he gets will not be a reward but a gift.

Every now and then a teacher tries a new way of giving out assignments. He forsakes the usual method of just telling his students to do a certain amount of work, taking upon himself the responsibility of determining how much his students can efficiently do in an hour. Under this old system teachers sometimes judge wrong and are known as "hard" or "easy" teachers depending on the extreme at which they usually judge. And the teachers who usually judge right are conveniently classified by the undistinguished term "good guy." And then there comes along the teacher who throws all of this aside and gives the responsibility to his students and tells the fellows to go out and do as much as they can do well in an hour. This experiment usually fails. The failure is classed with the many failures whose cause is easily termed "immaturity." If this is immaturity, then all the eight to five clock-watchers in industry are immature. All the working-girls who walk out at exactly 10:30 for a sojourn in the powder room and who scatter like quail at the shot of a gun from the offices

exactly at 5:00 and before if they can, are in this same category of immaturity. Some of them are too old to be immature. But here we are using immaturity as a general term. Perhaps they are immature in this one facet, a facet so important it will probably doom them to the same low position and low pay for the rest of their lives. I have an apple which will ripen in September if I turn the sun on strong in April. But if I turn the sun on earlier, it ought to ripen earlier. By

the same token, if you expose the cucumbers and the pumpkins who go to school to the light of this concept of time and accomplishment at an early time, they might not all mature in this one respect at the same time, but they will mature earlier, and hence, when a teacher instructing a third or fourth year course throws the entire responsibility of accomplishment on his students, the experiment will not fail as easily as it does.

— JAMES P. KASE

## THE RAINMAKERS

The land is dry and not a green thing is born out of the soil. The men idle and dream of days when rain fell. The tongues of the people are black from the dust and their thirst. No one dies from the dearth of water, but skin cracks and no blood issues from the wounds. One man shakes off his lethargy. He leaps up with his face toward the unstained sky and shouts for rain to come. The other men are quickened and a chorus to the heavens cries for rain. A drop falls and now a countless number of them revive the dying soil until the dust is rich and pregnant mud. The water is a balm to flesh and soul of thirsting men. The sores of the drought are soothed and the pulse of growing vegetation is resumed in the earth. The women whisper to themselves of making rain and wonder at the gift. The time is passing and the germ of wheat bursts its mummy case and grows. The trees bear ripe and dripping fruit and the grain is bent by heavy ears. The fecund earth once fertilized by rain brings forth a child, Abundance. The men are not yet satisfied with the gift of making rain for their own fields. The crops they grow are not exotic nor the reward enough. It is the plan to go abroad into other arid lands and make them verdant. They will

disperse the sere of any realm for its reward just as they have the right to do. The women despair of sons and lovers leaving them and wail as if in mourning at their parting. Out into distant lands go the men who have the gift of making rain and they carry many empty pouches with them. They do not fail to cause the rivers to run full and swift or earth to taste the dousing of the rain. Their fame runs far before them and monarchs give up whole treasuries to them for calling down the rain. The men bear pouches full of dry gold dust and fame back to their land. They find they have no need of dust in their own land. The wind bears dust across their fields and piles up heaps of it against the sun scorched stubble of the wheat.

The women weep and beat their breasts until the blood runs, then dries up. The men go mad upon the fields calling for the rain to fall from a vacant, leering sky. They sow their seeds of gold among the dust-heaped stalks of old wheat and watch and hope for life to burst the grains of metal. The only crop upon the dust is the litter of the living corpses of their children. The land is dry and not a green thing is born out of the soil.

— CARL G. ANDRÉ







## *daerama totisque vi*

the rat entered the room and  
stared amazedly at his wife,  
locked in the passionate embrace of  
his  
business associate, returning the  
latters kisses with suspicious  
devotion and ferocity.  
after he had hung up  
his coat,  
in true obedience to ethics  
he questioned their behavior with  
considerable fear that impropriety  
was being perpetrated  
without his knowledge  
or consent.  
unable to attract their attention, his  
inborn bashfulness  
forced him to retire to the library  
and a volume of  
cowper.  
moral: don't be a victorian bookworm,  
it ruins your poetry.

— JOHN RATTÉ

# MY CHICK IS SLICK

by SAM, DRILL 'EM TILL THEY'RE DEAD, LETTEMGO

The telephone shattered the silence of my office and finally convinced me that I wasn't dreaming after all. I was working on this big case at the time, and I could see that I was beginning to get run-down. The phone continued to ring. I shook the sleep from my head, poured myself a stiff drink, fired up a Chesty, and grabbed the black handle.

"Sam Lettemgo, private eye, talking."

"All right, Sam, get this and get it straight! Lay off that case against Al Capush or you'll be pushing up daisies!"

"Who are ya', you punk! If you think you can scare me, you're . . . . ." Click. "Hello, hello! Why that no good jerk. If he thinks he can scare Sam Lettemgo, he can stuff it up his . . . . ."

It was then that I saw her. She was lying in the middle of the floor while a pool of blood crept into her golden hair and turned her head into a flaming ball. She had been shot. But why and who was she? I got up and walked over to the body. I grabbed her by the shoulder and rolled her over. I felt like puking! It was Al Capush's girl, and she had been shot with my gun. I then realized what a smart outfit I was up against. Since my fingerprints were on the gun, the cops would want me for murder, and Capush would be gunning for me because I killed his girl.

I was still examining the body when Geldad, my secretary, came in. She was wearing that tight fitting dress which accentuated every one of her beautiful, natural curves. She knew it was my favorite dress, because it had that low cut top and high cut bottom. She was some woman, and someday I was going to marry her. She let out a scream as she came in and rushed over to me, throwing her arms around my neck.

"Oh, Sam! Why did you do it? Why? Why? Why?" she cried.

"Shut up, Geldad! I didn't kill her. I just woke up now and found her. Now get on the phone and call Jim. Tell him to bring over a detail and make it fast!"

I could always depend upon Jim Losem, Captain of the New York Homicide Bureau. I knew he'd listen to me. I walked over to my desk, gulped one drink, poured another, and shook

another Chesty from my deck. I let the cloud of smoke drift lazily from my nostrils and tried to think of someone who might want to have me killed. Suddenly, it came to me. Al Capush! Why that dirty rotten son of . . . . .

Jim came bursting into my office, took one look at the body, one at me, and asked, "Who did it, Sam?"

"I'm not sure, Jim, but I have a good idea."

"Want to let me in on it? I might be able to help you."

"Sorry, Jim, can't do. This is my baby!"

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it, I guess I'm going to have to get rough. I'm going to suspend your gun license so you won't get in our way and bungle things for us."

I didn't give a damn. It would take more than those cheap punks to get rid of me. I wasn't getting anything done there, therefore I slapped my hat on my head, stuffed a weed in my mouth, and called back, "I'll see ya' later, Jim, I gotta see a cat about a rat!"

I stepped into my souped up Crosley. Boy, that little buggy could really move. I raced up Lexington Ave. and stopped in front of a lounge called The Pick-Me-Up. I knew the bartender, Seedy Sol, who had some close connections with the underworld. I also knew that Al Capush's old girl used the place as a hangout. I walked in, flipped my hat to a good looking broad, slipped her a wink, and headed for the bar. I went through the usual crap of "how are ya's" and then I noticed that Seedy Sol was so scared, he could hardly speak.

"What gives, Seedy Sol? What the hell's scaring you?"

"I can't say, Sam. Honest, they'd kill me if I ever told ya'."

I was going to kick his face in, but decided to try another approach. I flashed a fin in the jerk's face, and he started babbling like a baby.

"There're gunning for ya', Sam. Capush's boys are out to kill ya'!"

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Ya', ya', Sam! But you won't say who tipped ya' off, will ya', huh, Sam?"

"Don't worry, sucker. Now tell me where I

can find Capush's old girl. What's her name?"

"Oh, you mean Wanda. Wanda Gallstony. She's sitting over there in the corner, Sam."

I took an extra long drag and headed for her table. The light was bad, but you had to be blind to miss her looks. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. Her eyes were like pieces of coal resting on blanché paper. Her lips burned like the devil's furnace, and her figure was beautiful, tempting, frustrating.

"Mind if I sit down, Wanda?"

She looked up, flashed all thirty-two teeth, and purred, "Not at all, Mr. Lettemgo, it's my pleasure."

I shook out another Chesty, offered her one, and then fired both of them. Some creep came over and took my order for a double scotch on the rocks.

"Now listen, Wanda, Capush's latest flame was bumped off in my office today, and I want to know what the hell it's all . . . ."

I stopped right there. I knew a rod in my back when I felt one. I reeled around and saw four of the ugliest bastards I had ever seen in my life.

"O.K., chump, let's go," one of them growled.

I got up, shot a nasty look at Wanda, who was, surprisingly, wearing a shocked expression, and left.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Just shut up and move!"

As we were getting into the car, I saw my chance. Two jerks were already in the front seat. The one not driving was covering me. One guy was seated in back, a place for me, and a place for the chump who was standing behind me, waiting for me to get in. As I got in the car, I smashed the guy in the front seat so hard, I heard his nose shatter under my fist. He doubled over, choking to death on his own blood. I grabbed his gun and brought the barrel around with such force, that it sank half-way into the punk's face who was seating in back. He was still spitting out his teeth when I jerked myself out of the car. The mug in back of me practically had his gun out, but I brought my toe up into his groin and brought the gun down on the back of his skull, splitting it like a melon before he knew what hit him. I jumped into my car and saw the rat in the front seat running towards me. I floored the old pedal and the car shot off. I headed straight

for him, and before he could move, my tires had pinned him to the ground.

I was pretty shaken when I got home so I poured myself a stiff one and lit up another Chesty. The phone began to ring, so I chugged my drink, took a long pull on the butt, and answered, "Ya'?"

"Sam, this is Jim. I just got word that Capush was bumped off about a half-hour ago. What do ya' think?"

"Stay with it, Jim. I'll have your killer in a short while."

I cradled the receiver and walked into the living room. The first thing I saw were her legs, then I began to feast on the rest of her body. She was seated in an easy chair, legs crossed, completely nude, and curled her platinum-blond curls between her fingers. She stared at me with hungry eyes.

"What the hell do you want?"

"I want you," she cooed as she rose.

"Sorry, baby, I'm not your type. I don't go for killers!"

She stopped dead in her tracks, but never stopped smiling. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You know damn well what it means. You killed Capush's girl because you were jealous of her. Then when he found out that it was you who had killed her, he tried to bump you off, but you beat him to it and turned him into a sieve. That's what you're here for; to rub me out because I'm the only one who knows. Well think again, baby, 'cause you haven't got much time!"

I produced that sucker's gun from my pocket and pointed it between her lovely breasts which now rose and fell like waves crashing on the beach. Her hands began to slip behind her back, but before she could produce a gun, I pumped six slugs into her, turning her towers of ivory into fountains of blood.

As she crumpled to the floor she murmured, "You dirty rotten . . . .," but stopped when she saw me smiling. She dropped, dead.

I walked over to the liquor cabinet, poured myself three fingers of bourbon, gulped it down, fished out a Chesty, touched a match to it, and blew out a cloud of smoke contentedly. I walked over to the phone and dialed homicide.

—MICHAEL SEGAL





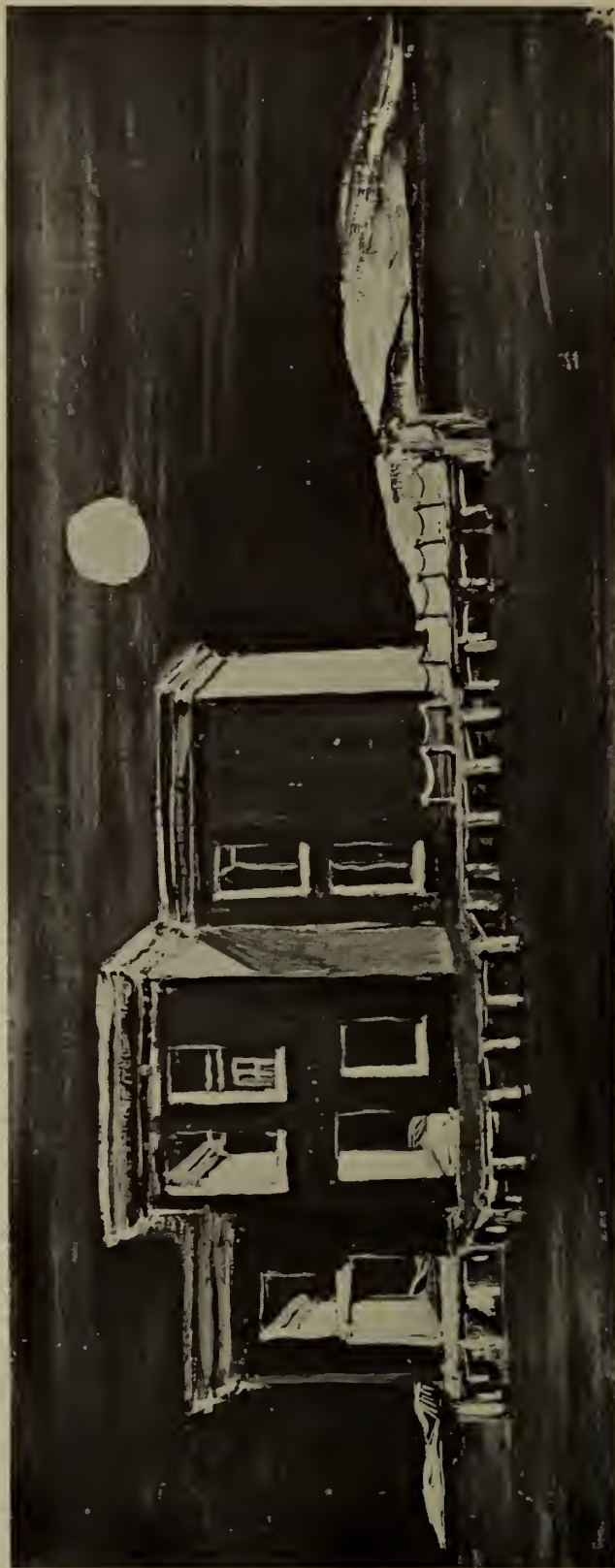
I. N. R. I. — Gunter L. von Wulffen



# STAND FOR THE YEARS ON HILLS

Stand for the years on hills  
for the years whose youngest days  
are past, years turned cold before us.  
Wait where the shaping sky waits  
and sing to the old and tired  
men surrounded by their dirty youths.  
youths who run to see the golden pool  
which never stirs, leaning near the  
barren trees, waiting as the longing  
cry of the temple virgins echoes  
inside the city walls. The old men  
turn. There is no warmth here they  
say as they push their hands through the dust.  
And the gold and scarlet cloth of the rich  
cannot stop the sun and the backs of the  
poor are turned in labor to the endless heat.  
The heroes of the wars wait, and the merchants  
stand here and listen to the voices.  
One standing whose face is the oldest face  
turns with crossed eyes greeting each other  
in the dryness of their sockets, and tries  
to see the yellow world where all things move like his  
eyes in upon themselves more times than death.  
Ah, you must know, you, the silent ones.  
Sit, let me sing to you the dry earth.  
Then tell me the story of your people  
and your wars.  
Arranged and rearranged  
by the shifting sky,  
patterned by the clouds and touched by the wind,  
the powdered bones of the ages rest  
beneath the trees before you. If I  
sing of other pasts, will you read them,  
these clean white books?  
Ah, my words move out before me  
into silence,  
and die while you wait.  
Stand for the years on hills  
above them.  
Turn in upon your soul  
as they turn in in shade upon the cracked jug  
half buried in the dirt.  
The women of the temple move among them  
singing to the pure god,  
while pieces of light move and move again  
over their tired hands  
and the sun dies.

— JOHN RATTÉ



CASEIN — *John Ratté*

## THE SUN

Hanging to my back,  
Smiling the sun is hanging,  
Hot drying the pale man who lies  
Upon the Couch and reads and cries  
About his face.

Sun hanging to my back,  
Burn. Sun hanging in her lover's eyes burn  
Into the lust head. Burn into the paint  
Of raw sounds, burn into the brick  
Wall's back back into the  
Coolness of the ivory places where the virgins  
Sing and praise God.  
Look at the pale sky at the pale wall  
Look at the rich oily shadows  
Cut roundly. See the sunlight burning  
On the stair. Look at the dawn frightened.  
Stand by the sea for days  
Listen to the things of the air. Stand  
For the youth in light  
And sing to your God for the day.  
Love in your soul, love in the drape  
Of cloth over the sun.  
Love in the roundness of words and the  
Sharp cold death of your hands.

Then

Look at the sky.

— JOHN RATTÉ

# BEYOND THE GATE

It all began when I seduced the aged maid who stood in the entrance way to Miss. John's exclusive seminary for girls and expectant debutants. The aged maid was admitting people to the seminary. I didn't have an invitation. I smiled and left the doorway — the aged maid stared blankly into the green bay tree which grew in the front yard.

The hallway was dimly lit by the glow of two red candles in glass holders. The walls were covered with paintings indistinguishable except for their shadowy gold frames in the darkness of the hallway. I reached a room at the end of the hall which showed a bit of characteristic Miss. John decoration. Pink papered walls with light pink drapes. Miss. John was from the old school of design. Pink represented the untainted shade of womanly virtue to her — she was determined to use pink. Pink lamp shades — pink upholstered chairs — and a pink couch. It was all so damn pink. So damn virtuous. I was alone. There was the noise of a victrola coming from the other room, but I saw no one.

I picked up a copy of the seminary alumni magazine only to stare into the smiling face of Miss. John. I was about to turn to another page when I was interrupted by the feminine voice of —

"And who are you?" She was an elderly looking woman, perhaps a product of the seminary.

"Bill Thompson," I answered with a smile. It was the second time I had smiled that day. I didn't usually smile, but this was no ordinary day.

"May I be of some help to you," she said.

"I'm looking for a Janette Galette."

"Is she expecting you?"

"Yes." Janette hadn't known that I was coming, but she was the type of girl you could count on. After all, hadn't she helped me out the time I flung the beer glass at one of the singing canaries in the Biltmore. I hate canaries. I hate singing canaries.

"You'll find her in that room," she said, pointing her finger towards a door that was but five

feet away from where I was standing. It led into the room from where the music was coming.

I walked slowly into the room. Pink! The seminary girls swayed back and forth with their partners. The dance was well under way. I noticed a tall blonde girl in a purple sweater dancing across the room. I forgot about Janette Galette. I cut in.

"Darling," she said. She hadn't realized that I'd cut in. Her eyes slowly opened.

I looked around the room again. I saw a short brunette wink at me. She was dancing with the captain of the State football team. I cut in. She mentioned something about getting a piece of dust in her eye. She winked again — except this time it was more of a blink. The football captain returned.

Janette was her usually gay self. She was so damn social. New York loved her — London and Paris loved her — Bermuda loved her. I loved her, but it was all in vain. She had given herself over to the whole Princeton football team. I couldn't stand black or orange. It was a Halloween scare in my childhood.

"Hello Bill," she said looking over the tall dark basketball player who showed over the heads of the predominantly short group.

"Marry me," I said, "let me take you away from all of this."

She laughed. She was always laughing. She made some excuse about having to see some guy across the floor. I stood there alone —

She was a blonde wearing a white dress that had sleeves dangling off her bare white shoulders. I cut in.

"Are you from Texas?" she said with her head tilted slightly upward.

"No," and as I said this I could see her expression change from one of content to one of slight remorse.

"Oh, that's too bad, I was hoping to dance with someone from Texas."

It wasn't a successful afternoon. And on top of everything Janette scorned my proposal of marriage. Who was she anyway to say no to me. Hadn't I single-handedly removed the



banner from the Groto-St. Marks dance. The gang at Eddie's had all cheered — so it was four years ago. Who was she anyway.

A tall stately looking woman rang a little bell. Nothing happened. The dancing continued. She smashed her fist into the record on the victrola. The dancing stopped.

The girls all left the room — the boys were alone. Slowly they filed out of the door leading into the reception room of pink. Slowly they walked through the dimly lit hall with the red candles. Nothing had changed.

I gazed around the room — no one was there anymore. I was the last person in the room that had held the dancing couples. They had all

laughed at me. Who were they to laugh. I'd show them. I'd show them all.

I took out my Eversharp fountain pen, the one I'd gotten when I won the French speaking contest. What was French to me now. I grabbed hold of the plunger on the pen and jammed it forward. And the blue ink sprayed on the pink walls. Damn those pink walls anyway.

I ran out of the room, through the reception room, through the hall, and out into the free air of the evening.

I looked back and the aged maid still lay there staring blankly into the green bay tree which grew in the front yard.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN

## CONVERSE TO A PLATITUDE

The house, it had a stony wall  
No sieging engine could destroy.  
The people stood within  
And, when some passersby  
Drew near,  
They killed them with their spears,  
Sharp tipped with jagged bottle glass.  
The people left their stony wall  
To pick the bodies of the dead,  
But slashed their naked feet  
On splinters of the shattered glass  
And bled to death.

— CARL G. ANDRÉ

## "PERSPECTIVE"

I was somewhat dubious, when a friend asked me if I would like to help conduct a service at the Negro Baptist Church in a nearby city. After a moment's reflection, however, I gave my assent.

There were four of us who were to go. We met on Friday afternoon in the office of the school minister to plan the service. I have always considered myself to be tolerant; I could not, however, entirely dismiss from my mind the thought that I was doing these people a tremendous favor. As the school minister outlined the order of the Baptist service and assigned us our parts, I was already planning my sermon. It was to be overpowering in its grasp and scope — a monument to my intellect. It was decided that the sermon should be divided among three of us. Each of us was to give a brief talk on the separate approach to the problem of religion of the scientist, the poet, and the layman. I was assigned the scientist.

The school minister then gave us some information about the parish itself. The church was called the friendly church around the corner. The parishioners, all Negroes, had struggled long and hard to establish it; there had been titles to clear and money to raise. At last, however, they realized their hopes and had a church of their own. Our school had, to a certain extent, aided in this program, and the parishioners were grateful. The school minister had many close friends among the attendants; and at least once a term a group would go down from school to conduct a service.

I thought no more of the service, until Saturday evening, when I realized I had to get my sermon written. I took a passage from the writings of the scientist-philosopher Alfred North Whitehead. It was entitled "The Binding Element." I dashed off what I considered to be a masterful synthesis of his metaphysical philosophy. It contained bits gleaned from a two-hour philosophy course, a critique of Whitehead, and my own interpretations. I was most satisfied with my four, brilliantly worded and typewritten pages.

The school minister drove us down to the church on Sunday morning. We passed through the mill section and crossed the river. We continued through a dingy section of multiple-fam-

ily dwellings, and finally turned off the main route. The car pulled up at the curb and we all craned our necks for a view of the church. It did, indeed, look like a friendly church around the corner; in contrast, as it was, to the forlorn surroundings, it was charmingly tiny and white. A cross of gold surmounted the peaked facade.

We entered, and the school minister introduced us to a wizened, little, old Negro. His kinky hair was streaked with white. He had a pleasant face with humorous eyes and a firm mouth. His suit was baggy and shabby; but as he inclined slightly to acknowledge each introduction, I was aware of a vital personality. This was the pastor of the friendly church around the corner.

The school minister left us; and as there were still ten or more minutes until the service was to start, we inspected the church. It was of simple, almost austere design; and yet there radiated from its every corner a brightness *which defies description*. Accustomed as I was to the more ornate beauty of Episcopacy, this effect was at once startling and powerful.

In one corner a young Negress was coaxing hymns from an old piano, and the few, elderly occupants of the pews were rocking contentedly back and forth. The hour struck and the pastor rose to pronounce the invocation. At this moment there were but five people in the whole of the congregation. Although previously warned that the congregation was liable to stray in or out at any point during the service, I felt as though the victim of some gross discourtesy. The pastor next led in chanting the Lord's Prayer. This also was new for me and I listened, irreverently erect. Next the doxology was sung. The bulk of the tune was carried by two lusty but melodic voices from the rear. "At least," I thought, "they have followed the Episcopal order of service." Their means were new to me, and I took pleasure in the basic familiarity. One of my friends rose to conduct the responsive reading. I only half followed the words, for I was concentrating on the not too far off moment, when I should rise and astound all with my brilliance.





The pastor rose to announce a hymn; the piano sounded a few tinny chords, and I glanced perfunctorily at my hymnal. A great melodic swell of song arose on my right; startled, I turned and was astounded to see that the church was now more than half-filled. These people obviously enjoyed the singing of their hymns. This was evident from their "Christ-bitten" expressions and the rollicking manner with which they delivered the words heavenward. I was both impressed and moved by their sincerity and fervor. I remember the scripture reading passed quickly, though I cannot now recall the subject. A prayer followed.

I looked up to see the pastor motioning me to the pulpit. Looking out at the congregation, I nervously clutched my four typewritten sheets and strode forward. They all seemed expectant, friendly, and I believe, hopeful. I started in to explain that each of us was to deal with a distinct approach to the problem of religion. I then launched into the reading of my Whitehead excerpt. From that point I started on my resolution of Whitehead's basic philosophic tenets. Back in my dormitory I had amazed myself with my clarity of thought and conciseness of expression. As I rumbled on about the "eternal object's injection and participation in spatio-temporal occurrences; prehension; and consequent reality," I was acutely aware of the meaninglessness of my words. That which had had clarity was now obtuse; that which had had conciseness was now gross. From time to time I would look up and wonder at the polite focus of their attention upon me. Their eyes, however, betrayed them, and I knew that what I was saying meant nothing. I rattled through as quickly as I was able, and relievedly took my seat.

I am unable to recall the greater part of what followed with any accuracy, for I was genuinely ashamed of myself without exactly knowing the reason. Each of my two friends stepped forward, in his turn, and spoke. One who had no sermon, as such, prepared merely read several poems in which the poet imparted his revelation of God. These he interpreted with modern parallels. The other read from the eulogic tribute paid to a

famous Christian gentleman upon the occasion of his death. They were simple and direct, and commanded the attention of their audience.

The service was drawing to a close, and the pastor stepped out and said, "I hope you will all come up after the service to meet and talk with these four fine young men who have showed us the meaning of true Christian brotherhood, by giving of themselves today. But first, let us sing." And sing they did with neither books nor music and only the pastor to lead them. The effect was plaintive and powerful, as fifty odd Negro voices blended in a common prayer. I stood there feeling as if I had robbed my grandmother.

The service was over and the congregation spilled out of their seats and came forward. All shook hands with us and gave sincere thanks. Groups drifted off in animated conversation; the largest surrounded my friend who had read from the poets. I sidled over and found that virtually all were more than anxious to procure the works of several of those whom he had cited. He had answered their need in a language and medium that they could understand.

I clutched at the hands thrust in my direction; muttered in reply to polite words; and abruptly made my way to the exit. The pastor drove us back to school. On the way we were treated to a running monologue of his views on everything from smoking to Stalin's death. His outlook was that of the true Christian and singularly uncomplicated. I began to admire this little man. The trip was over quickly, and we got out in front of the school chapel. He again tendered us his profuse thanks, and we, in turn, thanked him. On the way back to the dormitory, I was the recipient of some good natured jeering on my "scholarly approach." In defense I turned on my friend and caustically questioned his sincerity. I knew then that they were right. My sermon had been a selfish piece of work. I had prepared it with only myself in mind, and had not even attempted to impart objective truths. I also knew, however, that I would return to the friendly church around the corner. Perhaps it will not be soon, but I will go.

— WILLIAM ERIC AIKEN



## ***"and i begin with evolution"***

who wishes to begin with evolution, poet  
scamandrius, called astyanax did not begin  
with evolution  
when he was crushed on the rocks beneath  
the sulking walls of troy.

i will not begin with evolution poet  
so i leave you and your crumbling book  
and leave you so  
my soul will not wait for this, i cannot  
make it stay.  
the fragrance of summer has come, you can rest

you are the poet, and you tell me  
that this is true  
but the trees are over my head  
the spring is strong and not long  
held by iron bands.

the other day it rained. i had not brought  
my rain coat. as i walked across the field  
the rain came down so that my hair  
was heavy, hard and stiff upon my head.

red light makes red thing white.

the spring is strong  
held by iron bands which it wishes  
to break and shall.

it evolves not, and neither shall i.

— JOHN RATTÉ



LABOR — Charles Brodhead



# WARNING

There are times when I think our world a few years from now will be so commercialized that even nature won't be free. And that would be an unfortunate state of affairs, since the pay-as-you-go "natural wonders" I have had occasion to see have been something less than aesthetically inspiring.

I first encountered what is called in the trade a "natural" or "scenic" "WONDER" two summers ago, while visiting a friend near Lake Champlain, in upper New York. Since we had nothing to do one day, he suggested a trip to "Osable Chasm." I hesitated, never having heard of the place before, but he assured me that the Chasm was "really great," with a "fabulous Boat Ride" offered, and some wonderful waterfalls and sheer cliffs. So I went.

After a two and a half hour drive, we arrived at a parking lot in front of a large concrete-covered building featuring on the blank wall toward the road the words "Au Sable Chasm" in huge script letters. Beneath this was the inscription "New York's Answer To The Grand Canyon — See The Majestic 200 Foot Waterfall, Indian Suicide Cliffs, Beautiful Pools, Astounding Rock Formations." A bit taken aback by all the promised splendor, I started toward the entrance, but was stopped by my companion, who motioned in the direction of a five-by-ten-foot hole in one corner of the edifice. "That's where we go in," he said. "You come out through the building. They've really got it organized here, so you can't gyp them."

We bought our tickets at the hole, which turned out to be the entrance to a dimly lighted tunnel sloping sharply down to the beginning of the Chasm Tour. After braving the passage, we emerged on a brick terrace overlooking a sluggish stream which, I was told, was the Au Sable River. A sign in the shape of an arrow directed us to advance, so we moved along the "river" to a bridge, which we crossed. The road twisted, and I found myself confronted by a large, grimy wooden sign, beyond which there was an indentation being by-passed by the Au Sable current. In the pool were rocks, some partially covered with moss and slime, others looking merely

baked, a green mud, a quantity of soaked and decayed cigarette butts, two empty cardboard milk containers, various scraps of paper, and some water. The sign informed us that "This Beautiful Pool Called The Reflecting Pool, Was Bathed In By Indian Maidens Long Ago. President Coolidge In 1927 Bathed His Feet In The Reflecting Pool."

We went on, and I began to wonder where the Chasm was. Finally, guided by more arrows, we hit a trail which led over a hill and into a deepening gulch, which turned out to be a fairly satisfactory Wonder. The trail, bordered here and there by a guard rail, wound around the edge of the gully, staying for the most part thirty to fifty feet above the river. The rock formations and deeply undercut cliffs were truly impressive in places, but would have been much more so in others had the "wild, untamed" effect not been spoiled by the ever-present arrows and signs, some of which were painted directly on the cliff wall across from the path. In many spots, glancing around in an effort to catch all the sights, I noticed initials and hearts and unpleasant slogans engraved on the cliff wall above the trail by posterity-conscious tourists.

The "Indian Suicide Cliffs" would have provided a redskin with a genuinely terrifying leap onto an assortment of jagged rocks and broken bottles the day I saw it, but I assumed that the Indians had to rely on the rocks alone in their day, and was thus duly impressed. I began to believe that many might possibly have taken the easy way out of a jump by means of a cable-car affair which could be seen hanging over the edge of the Lover's Leap, but my confusion on that score cleared when I witnessed the descent of a load of tourists to the bottom of the chasm and their subsequent ascent; the ropes and other paraphernalia were used merely to give the curious a better view of the rubbish down below.

The Waterfall was magnificent, except that, according to a guide, the river was a little low at the time, and consequently the falls weren't operating at capacity. The green water going over the lip was attractive enough, but the foam in the pool at its foot was not white, but grey-brown.

Refuse caught in the turbulence eddied in a circle, and the sight of floating tobacco, cigarette wrappers, bottles, and beer cans was augmented by a stench emanating from the pipes leading from the rest rooms beside the crest of the falls to the water below. After passing through a picnic grounds where cold drinks, hot dogs, and smudged picture post cards of the Chasm were sold, we took the boat ride which concluded our tour of Au Sable Chasm. Although I have always liked to dangle a hand over the side of a moving boat, I was very careful this time to keep myself as far removed as possible from the ruined river.

There are many places which, like Au Sable, have been reduced from once-interesting and beautiful spots to naturistic sideshows for swarms of customers who, having been deceived by advertising into believing that they are buying a glimpse of one of the great wonders of the world, are often disappointed by an ordinary sight

which they could have viewed by going camping.

If the business of despoiling nature continues to grow, it might someday become impossible for man to discover for himself the things that mountain climbers, deep-sea divers, or other outdoorsmen seek. Someone sooner or later will establish an ice cream stand on the peak of Mount Everest, selling "The World's Coldest Frozen Custard" to customers who are seeing the mountain from a helicopter. The same firm might also own the concession six miles under the surface of the Pacific which offers for sale "Deep Fried Clams and Submarine Sandwiches De Luxe."

In case our frustrated circus owners should ever develop this planet's natural resources to such a degree, I offer a word of warning and advice: make your own ice cream and cook your own hot dog, because the "Scenic Wonders" advertised won't be worth seeing by the time you reach them.

— JOHN POPPY

## *A Beaten and Circular Path*

The hands of the clock go around and around, and every night the round key on the round back goes around and around so that the round wheels can circle and go around for another day. Night after night the clock is prepared for the next day, week after week, year after year, and eternity after eternity. Night after night, day after day, eternity after eternity the wheels inside the clock go around; and therefore the hands go around, but they follow a beaten and circular path. And, like me, they end up where they started, nothing gained and nothing lost. And then the clock lies under the dark earth, and the spring hangs out, and the wheels rust, and the hands rust, and the face turns brown, and the clock is no more and neither am I.

— DANA P. SMITH



# IN MEDIAS RES

I once had a friend who worshipped Homer. "Sing, Goddess, the terrible wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus . . . .": there's a man's wisdom for you! — right into the midst of the situation. Don't you like to see a guy take the bull by the horns?"

Bill and I were friends, that is, till the summer I had him pay me a visit. I hadn't seen him for several months, but he hadn't changed. After my family got him settled down in the guest room and tried to make him feel at home, he drew me aside. "Dick, I hear there's some great bass fishing up in the water reservation."

"A ten buck fine, too."

"Hell, I heard some 'old timers' on the bus saying that they've been up there every week-end this summer. Bass and pickerel and . . ."

"They cost less at the market! — What was that, Mom? — Excuse me, Bill." I went into the kitchen.

"Remember, Bill's your guest. Don't always be doing what you want to do. If Bill wants to go fishing, take him, for Heaven's Sake!"

"Well," I thought, "guess I wouldn't mind getting a few big fish for once in my life. All the other small ponds are fished dry. Besides, Mom pushed me into it, didn't she?"

I drove out around the far side of the Pond, parked the car beyond the bend of a wooded timberlane, and we set out for a prized spot where *nobody* could see us.

Bill was overjoyed, and he chuckled as we picked our way through the thorns and underbrush close to the water's edge. "Glad you're getting over that cautious attitude of yours, Dick. You've got to meet the situation, plunge right 'in medias res'."

"Maybe you're right, Bill. This is a swell spot. Look, if we fish from that little cove, in by the lily pads, we'll never be seen."

The "old timers" were right: the fish did bite (almost as often as the mosquitoes). Bill was pulling in his third bass when he shouted over to me, "Where's the sea-plane from that keeps buzzing over every ten minutes?"

"The flying-school," I answered.

The school was located on a smaller pond cut off from the reservation by a causeway. What I did not know about the planes was that they were instructed to report any trespassers seen on the reservation. After two hours of fishing, I was standing about seventy-five feet from Bill when I heard sounds in the brush — coming our way.

Suddenly, "All right, you, come here!"

I heard Bill on the other side of me, "Come on, run for it, quick!"

The warden was pretty close behind; so I plunged "in medias res," or rather, "in medias brambles."

We arrived home, safe, but empty-handed.

"Where's the fish you were going to have me fry for dinner?"

"Oh, never mind!"

"But we got out of it, didn't we?" asked Bill in an irritated tone.

"What the hell *did* we get out of it?"

The next day was one of welcomed grace and recuperation. While our impetuously acquired wounds were healing, Bill preached of Homer's heroes. How Odysseus and Diomedes snuck into the Trojan camp and stole a treasured team of steeds, how Achilles in all his passion challenged King Agamemnon, how bereaved Priam dared to sue for Hector's corpse!

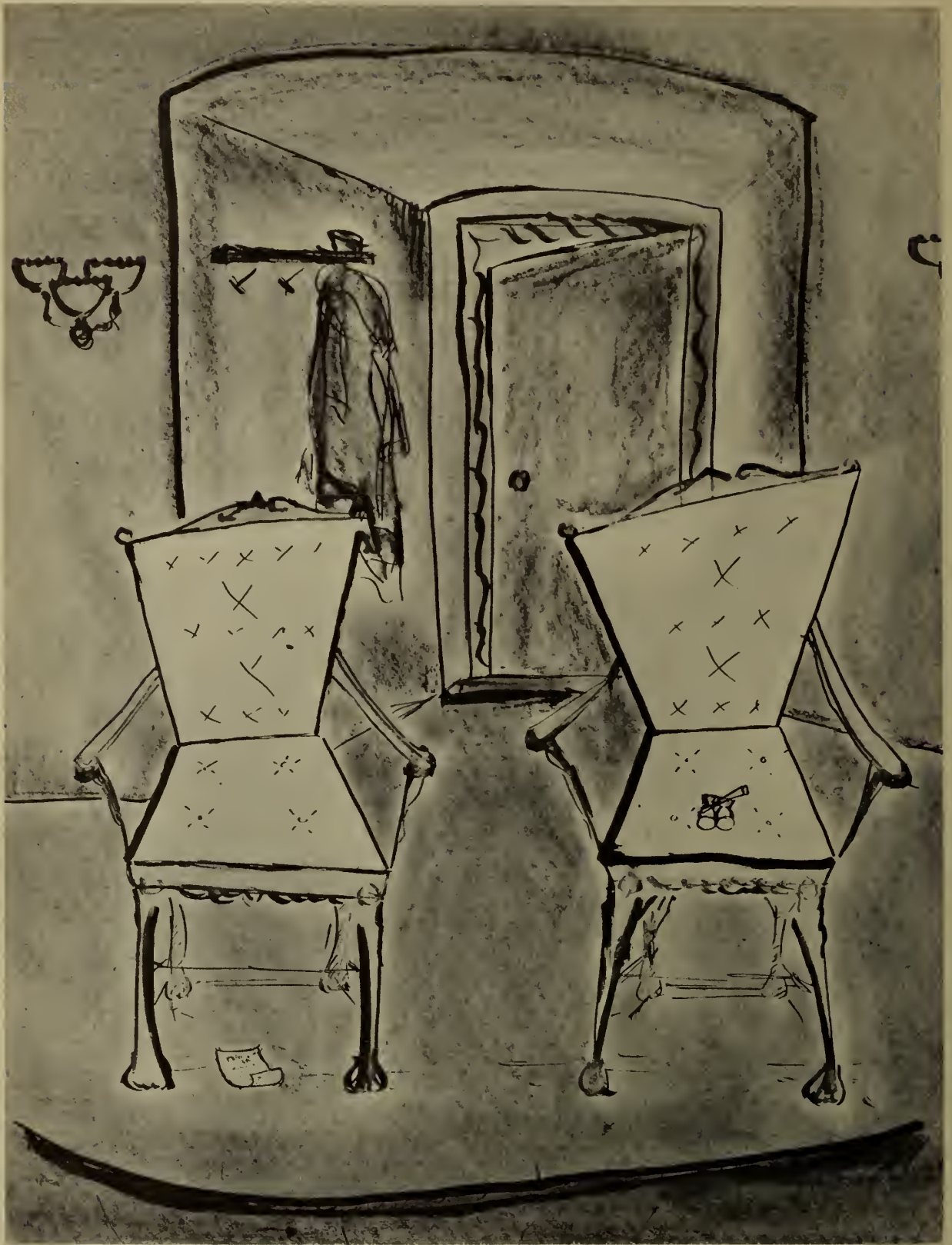
Before Bill could think of more risky feats to perform on the next day, I asked him if he'd played any golf lately.

"No? Well, we can go to the club and play a few rounds tomorrow. You can use my brother's sticks." Surely there would be no warden there; and, if I hooked into the thorny ruffs — well, the hell with it!

We got an early start, and Bill thrashed me the first round. When we had finished lunch in the car, Bill counseled me. "Why not just get up there and slug it? You play as though a lost ball would cost you your life."

"A dollar's cost is enough," I replied.

"Oh, come on, 'faint heart never won a game,' you know. That's all I do — just get up and hit. What if you do have a hook? It'll straighten itself out. That's how I straightened mine out."





So I poured on a little steam. "There it goes — straight as a dye — wait! — it's hookin' — toward the rough. Oh, Damn it all, Bill, I told you so!"

"That's the spirit of it anyway," chirped Bill.

You can bet your last day I didn't shack that one. Bill did, though.

"Never mind it," I said, "I'll play out from here."

"A ball's a ball, isn't it?" With this, he took off into the woods on the inside of the rough. — Soon enough, out he comes.

"Any scratches, Bill?"

"Nope. Here's your ball."

We played on to the eighteenth. By that time I thought that Bill's advice really was working. I was scoring better, and only a few shots hooked into the short rough.

"Maybe, you might be right after all."

"Hell no, not me; it's the ancients. They were right about a lot of things."

Along about supper time we hopped into the car and headed home. I told my mother that we'd probably be in late and that we could get our own supper.

On our way we passed the beach, now deserted in the early evening.

"Gosh, it's hot, Dick! Let's take a dip. The surf looks great," Bill remarked.

"Good idea, but what about suits?"

"So what? We can swim in our skivs."

"But look at the houses along the beach."

"At that distance how are they going to tell our skivs from our swimming trunks. Remember, I was right about your golf. You've got to be bold. Come on, we'll plunge right in."

At that point I felt about me the sweat of which I had been more or less unconscious during the game. And the surf *was* unusually good. Guess my undershorts would look like a bathing suit at that. And everyone would be eating anyway.

We left our clothes in the car and sprinted into the gurgling breakers. God, that water felt good!

"Oh, oh, who's that coming down to the water — the Davis girls!"

"Hey, who are those chicks?" yelled Bill.

"Quiet, I know them!"

"Let's ride in on the breakers and surprise 'em," suggested Bill.

"Don't, you idiot!" But my protests were in vain. He rode the next wave in like a hero, while I remained in deep water, mainly because the last wave had ripped my pants off. All too vividly I remembered, as I watched Bill gloriously riding in, how I rode in five minutes before and how surprised I was, as I stood in ankle deep water, to notice my state of affairs.

And there was Bill "in medias puellas." And, now the victorious warrior unblushingly introduces himself to the timid maidens.

"Yieeeee!" yelled the girls.

I sank beneath the water and would have outdone the mightiest of whales not to behold the knees of the great-hearted champion loosed, the dark clouds enwrapping him, stripped of his armor.

It seemed as though years had passed before we were again on our way. "Oh, by the way, if you're interested to know who the chicks were, Ever-ready Odysseus, without your bough," I asked, "that was Nausicaa!"

— RICHARD TURNER

## AD INFINITUM

I often think at half-past ten  
That half-past ten won't come again,  
Which really is quite silly when  
By that time it's 10:31.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN



KREUZGANG — Gunter L. von Wulfen



# THE WISH

I want another dog, but my folks won't buy me one. It doesn't make much difference to me what kind of a dog it is, as long as it is a good watch dog. I think that it should be small enough to keep in the house, and be large enough to attack any burglars who try to come in. My friend Bobby has a boxer with a red coat and he calls it Brandy. Brandy has a letter which tells who his father and mother are, and even his grandparents, but I like Brandy best because if anyone jumps at Bobby he goes for their throat, and that's why Bobby's mean parents had him shot. Some man that was coming to visit Bobby's house reached for his head and like a flash of lightning Brandy had knocked him down. The dog didn't know that the man was a friend of the family's; he was only doing his duty. I think that his parents did wrong to get rid of Brandy.

I'm not very big for my age, and sometimes some of the big boys in the fifth grade pick on me. I used to fight back, but then I got hit even harder. But when I grow big I'll show them. That is another reason why I want a dog, because I'd take him to school and if any of the bullies went to hit me, he would have them on the ground begging for mercy and I would be the only one who could make the dog let them up. Also on Saturday afternoons I could ride my bicycle in the country with my dog, and I could shoot birds with my BB gun, and my dog would go get them for me. My last dog was too small and couldn't do anything.

She was awfully funny, with long brown hair that was always shedding and I had to keep her out of the living room. She was a Pekinese with a pug nose, sharp little teeth, an awfully loud bark, and she was really a funny little dog.

I remember when I first saw Tiny Tea Time. I was in bed and my parents had gone to Maine for the weekend. I never saw much of my parents but was with my nurse, Flo, most of the time when I wasn't in school. I was always sick in the winter. My nose would bleed all over the room, and Flo took care of me. Anyway, I was in bed when my parents returned. When they came into my room, they dropped something which jumped up on my bed, and I saw Tiny for the first time.

One of the reasons that I never liked Tiny was that when my dad came home from working at night he would pet her, and everybody who wanted could pet her too. She even let the milkman touch her, and was so friendly that she wouldn't have made a good watch dog.

She wasn't a very smart dog, and I couldn't even get her to walk beside me with a leash and had to pull hard and sometimes jerk the leash to get her to obey. One day I pulled the leash, not too hard, and Tiny bit me on the knee. I had short pants on, and it hurt a lot. My parents scolded me because they thought that I must have done something awfully bad to make Tiny do that. They were wrong. I didn't mean to do any harm, I only wanted to get Tiny to obey.

I remember one afternoon in the early summer everyone was out of the house because Mother was at the hairdressers, and Flo was shopping, and I didn't know what to do. I played in the kitchen for a while and found a flour-sifter which Flo used for making cakes. I found some flour and sifted some into the sink, but then I saw Tiny come up from the cellar and I sifted some on her. I stood over her and every time she would look up I turned the handle and some flour came down on her just like a snow storm. She tried to run out of the room, but I shut the door to the dining room and closed the basement door and kept sifting snow on her face. She looked so funny with her face all white, and it was almost as much fun getting her hair white too. For some reason, she bit me, and when Mother came home, she was so mad she couldn't talk, and she sent me to bed without my supper. I don't know what made her so mad, but later Flo brought me up some cold chicken and jello, and I wasn't so hungry anymore.

Later that summer my Mother was busy getting ready for a bridge party, and didn't want me around, but it was raining out and I couldn't go outdoors. I couldn't find anything to do in the basement, so I went into the attic where I loved to hear the rain beat on the roof. Tiny went up with me. I found some old comics, but after a while got tired of reading. I explored around the

attic and found a big old trunk with a lot of stickers on it. I think that my parents had used it to go to Europe on their honeymoon. The trunk was awfully big, and I got inside and took Tiny in with me, and by holding the lid open just a little I could still hear the rain and the trunk was dark. Tiny didn't like being in the dark and jumped around. That was fun for a while and then I thought it would be fun to hide Tiny in the trunk.

After dinner as I said my prayers to my

Mother before going to bed she asked me if I had fed Tiny. I told her that she was in the attic, and that I had hid her, but that I was going to get her right now. My Mother asked me where and looked scared when I told her, and called my Father.

Tiny was too small, and wasn't a good watch dog. I want another dog, but my folks won't buy me one.

— PETER CAHNERS HARPEL

## RAIN

The rain continued to fall as the ticking seconds carried the day from morning to afternoon, and the puddles in the streets ran together to move slowly along the city gutters into the drains on the corners. It was a dull steady fall and it fell in monotonous consistency. The cars crawled forward stopping only at the shiny red reflections of the traffic lights.

Rain is a melancholy beat that sings an endless song. It is a suspension of time in that each minute and hour fade into each other to form a hazy tonal quality rather than distinct shades. It is a mirrored ray of light on an asphalt street

and an oily film on a cast iron sewer cover. It is a crude ballet on an outdoor stage. It is a red carpet rolled out so the sun may shine in added regal triumph.

It wouldn't last much longer though, and soon things would begin to step up again. The cars would move a little faster. The city colors would take a more permanent hold on the city canvas and sewers would begin to capture the streams which had built up. And the windows would open, and the umbrellas would close, and it would all be over.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN



RIBBONS ON THE VISTA — *George Southwick*







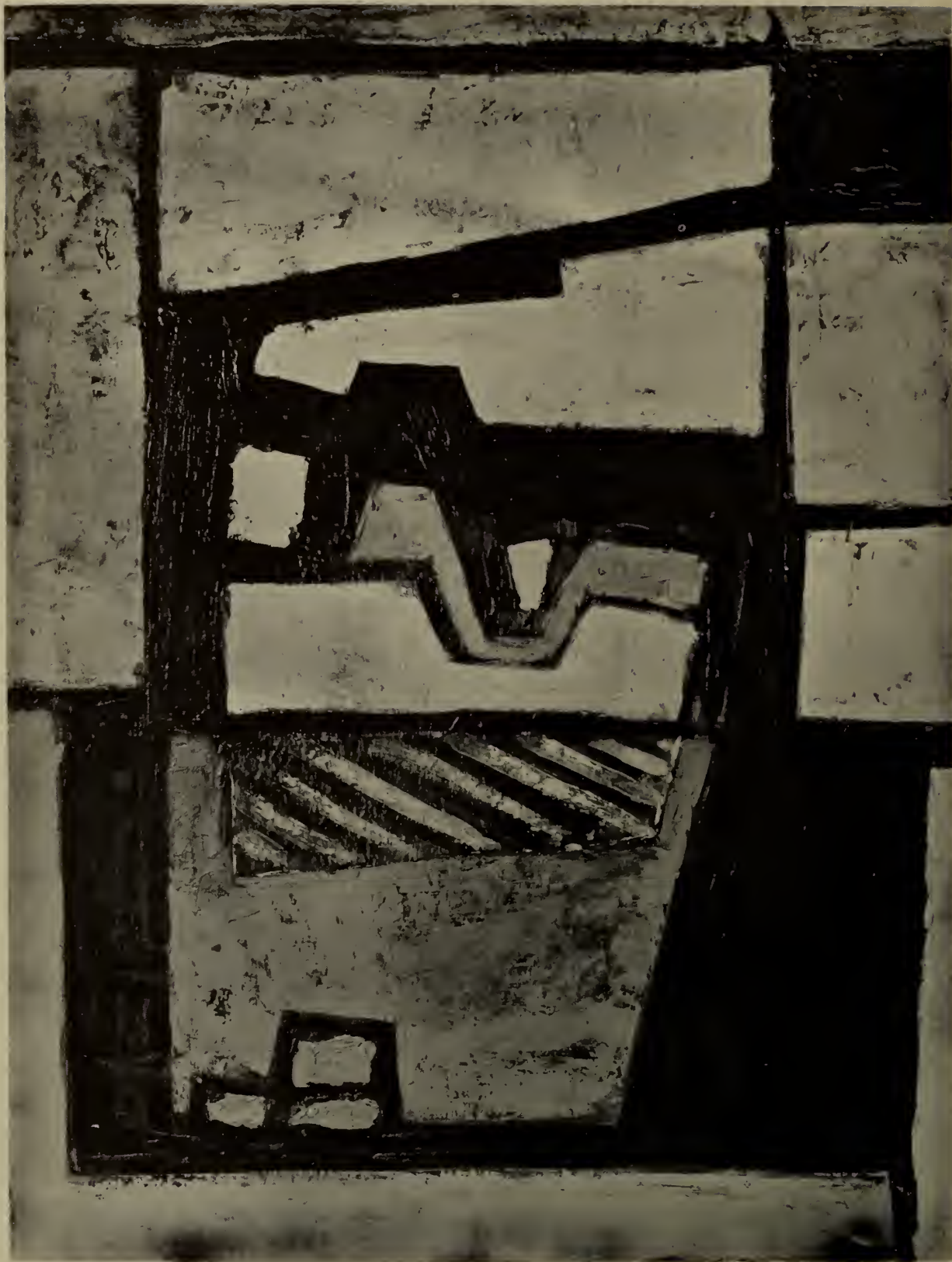
## *I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS*

The crow was right.  
Haycocks burned in the moon's hot light,  
And now the sandhills in the sea . . .  
Even mountains wear away.  
A locust sapped the last beech tree,  
And weeping, crumbles underfoot.  
The dry air speaks to the glades, my heart:  
There's nothing left for me.  
Sing sweetly, o crow.

LIFE — DEATH,  
LIFE NOR DEATH,  
DYING LIFE AND LIVING

Go you to the mountains,  
Nail a tree into the sand, under  
The sun, and it will grow.  
The tides will leave the sky  
And downward  
Flow from hills,  
Green the desert,  
And dissolve the dust  
In the sea's dead bed.

— GEOFFREY ROOT



SHELLACOIL — John Ratté

## POSTLUDE

I walked through the market place and heard the droning dissonance of people talking. A merchant called me to his wares, dry empty skulls that were charms against the night. I could not buy from him; how could I explain that the bones he sold, shaped into masks, were mine once.

The buildings flew aside from me and under arches was now no commerce carried on. The clink of silver was replaced by the hissing of a noxious fume from the cracks between the stones of arches, classic arches, draped in sable finery. It made me giddy and reeling from the vapor in my nostrils, I sank through the slow sand beneath.

Why down into brown sand sifting slowly into an epoch without art? Large people stood around and watched me sink and laughed. They laughed themselves into madness and when I sank beneath them I knew they had disappeared forever. Self-destroyed.

A tall column of granite appeared in place of people. Atop the stony finger was an idol with glass eyes that looked at me and said nothing. Then, in the reflection of a taper on its eyes, I saw people carving phallic statues; lewd shapes they formed from virgin stone. The glass eyes of the idol spoke in the image of the scene. I looked up and as I looked the reflection and the idol decomposed into the smoke.

— CARL G. ANDRÉ





SMOKE, BUILDINGS, TRACKS AND TRAINS — Anthony Costello



# THE LONG LOOK

I listened to some men once who were talking about hoboing. As they sat in the hot sun they laughed about, "going under the bridge," and they were cynical about, "the ashcan cities." But if you listened long enough you could tell that they'd never stop. Sooner or later they'd hear that, "They're paying good for irrigators in Washington," or, "They're looking for hayens in the Big Hole." Then they'd draw the money they had coming, pay their debts, and move on. They are pioneers without a frontier. They feel an irresistible urge to take what I have come to call the long look.

This kind of person has been given many names. People say, "He's got a fiddle foot," or, "He's a drifter." But I think that to say that he has become obsessed by the long look is the most appropriate term.

The obsession itself can best be called a feeling of maybe. "Maybe the sun shines brighter in Texas." "Maybe there's my kind of people in Maine." In the last analysis though, the sunshine in Texas isn't too important. It's the moving itself that counts. It's seeing something different, new mountains, new prairies, new towns. The feeling of vastness and wonder that comes through following the long look is a thing that the initiates will sacrifice anything to achieve. There are some lines from a poem by Archibald MacLeish which, to me at any rate, hold the key to this whole feeling,

"She sits on a settle in the state of North Dakota.

"She can hear the engines whistle over Iowa and Idaho."

A man driven by this urge becomes sharper in his observations; the images in the mind are more vivid and longer lasting.

I remember once I was in the central valley of California sitting beside a road. I was on the

outskirts of a town called Marysville, and there hadn't been a car my way for over two hours. The land was hot and dry and you could look up into the blank sky until you got frightened by the infinite depth above you. The sweat would collect under my arms and roll down my skin to my hands. Back up the road there was a single one story house. It had once been white but the paint had mostly weathered away. The roof was of tar paper and there were thin boards nailed to it to keep the paper in place. There was a sagging porch in front and amid the shadows a boy sat. Through the still air I could hear him singing,

"I want a full time job  
Making love to you,  
But a part time job will do."

It was a song that juke boxes were playing all over the country that year.

The feeling that you've got to move comes through the senses. The way the sun filters through the clouds and falls on a ploughed hillside across a valley, the smell of the sea coming in on the fog, the sound of a train whistle at evening in the winter; these things coupled with a feeling of confinement and routine are enough to set the mind turning in the familiar channels.

Security, or its lack, has little to do with the decision. I have known men to leave good jobs when they felt the urge upon them. They make up excuses, "The food's bad," "The boss is a bastard," but underneath that is the call of the long look.

It would be foolish to say that all or even most drifters and migrants are what they are for the reasons I have mentioned, but there are those who feel what I have talked about, and they will go on and on and on delighting not in the attainment but in the search.

—MICHAEL CHAPMAN

# THE SAGA OF TRUMPET DAN

See, everyone at Harry's knew  
That Trumpet Dan was almost through.  
Near eight years now, he'd pleased the crowd,  
He'd played his high notes long and loud.  
He'd filled the tables Harry's held  
While young jazz fans had howled and yelled.  
He'd make you want to come again  
To hear his trumpet's cool refrain;  
To hear a red-hot trumpet blast.  
Yet, Steady Jim was coming fast.  
Yeah, Steady Jim, from New Orleans,  
A brazen kid still in his teens,  
Was ready now to challenge Dan,  
To take the place of the older man.

Well, no one in the know would bet  
On Trumpet Dan, when the day was set.  
See, everyone at Harry's knew  
That Trumpet Dan was almost through.  
Why, people all around had said  
That Steady Jim was way ahead  
of Trumpet Dan. And Dan was old,  
And people'd heard his hacking cold.

But still at twelve, on Friday night,  
The Jazz fans came to see the sight.  
And not a single bit of space  
Was empty then at Harry's place.

And there sat Dan upon his throne.  
The King of Jazz seemed all alone,  
For all eyes watched when Steady Jim  
Arrived at Harry's — tall and trim.  
His jacket striped — his pants were slack;  
His hair grew full, a shiny black.  
And some who sat near Trumpet Dan  
Heard muffled coughs from the aged man.  
But don't forget that in eight years  
The older Dan had heard crowd's cheers,  
And wouldn't leave — without a fight,  
His bandstand-throne, this Friday night.

Young Jim was first — for his own cause  
He played a piece — received applause.

Yet, nothing extra fancy, for  
He knew he'd have to play much more.  
Dan played a favorite to begin,  
He knew he'd need much more to win.  
And while the noise of thumping feet  
Resounded clearly in the street  
The temperature in Harry's place  
Brought beads of sweat to Dan's old face.

The contest stayed close to a tie;  
The new day's hours passed on by.  
And spotlights pierced the heavy air  
While grey smoke floated everywhere.

It soon was clear — though fans did shout  
That Trumpet Dan was losing out,  
And if he wanted victory  
He'd have to try the Triple C.  
No one had ever played this note,  
And no one could, the critics wrote,  
But what cared Dan — he had to win  
Or lose his throne to Steady Jim.  
So gradually the place grew tense;  
Dan tried the note in his defense.

His lips grew tight; his red face turned;  
His chest filled up; his old lungs burned —  
The blue veins in his neck appeared —  
His vision blurred — his red eyes teared,  
But Dan proved his supremacy  
When he finally played the Triple C.

Well, all there cheered, and Harry's shook,  
And Steady Jim cast a mournful look,  
And people crowded round old Dan  
To praise the winning trumpet man.  
To place a crown upon his head,  
But Trumpet Dan was dead.

And no one's played the Triple C  
Since that Friday morn at half past three —  
The're people say that no one can,  
Yet, I remember Trumpet Dan.

— F. WILLIAM KAUFMANN

## MORE LIGHTS, MORE NIGHTS . . .

Just the other day, as I finished tying up the boxwoods at the side of the house and was watching a boy cycle home in the street out front, I thought of those warm golden fall days in Paris before the war. Brack Nagle and I took a year off from college to read at leisure and absorb a little of the Old World's wisdom. The plunge back into classes was yet a long way off, and we had plenty of time to adapt our living to the spirit that was Paris.

I remember particularly one afternoon in early October. We were walking back from a day in the Bois de Boulogne through a variety of small streets that finally opened out on the Seine at Pont Mirabeau. We stopped at a small café on the other side to rest and take some tea, and I can remember Brack's sigh of relief when we scraped the hard green wrought-iron chairs across the stones to our little table and sat down.

Because we both liked to paint, we were in the habit of going out into the parks frequently to spend the day. We would work hard until the sun was overhead, eat out of a small basket, then lie in the grass and talk until the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. Then we would return by bus to the city and, twenty minutes later, to our rooms on Rue des St. Pères for a bath and the afternoon "edition."

This afternoon Brack decided to walk all the way back to our rooms—"for exercise"—and he made me go with him. When we reached the café, we were only halfway home and the sun had already sunk in an orange disc behind the blue-grey buildings and narrow streets of the "rive droite."

After the waiter had brought a pot of tea and some pastries, we sipped and ate in silence. The sidewalks in front of us were growing empty. Most of the people had gone to their homes in "les environs," and only a middle-aged man and his wife, talking at the far end of the tables, remained in the café. Our waiter hovered near them with his thin hair and white apron, wiping off the tables and arranging the chairs. The season was nearing its end. Later in the evening, near Place St. Michael, the streets would quicken. Life would still flow from crowded "boîtes-souterres," rolling on continually till late at night, catching us in its current — a last rush before winter congealed and we were forced to retreat to our books, smoky beer, and the poor pretense of warmth from our one rusty radiator.

But that day was not a time to look into the future — only a time to remember. Once in a while dry leaves would fall from the branches overhead, fall onto the chairs, fall onto the newspaper lying between the cups and saucers, fall into our laps. A sparrow hopped around under the tables quietly looking for crumbs. I looked at Brack. He was staring at his shoes, lost in thought.

Over the bridge on the "rive droite" the lights were beginning to be turned on in second floor windows of apartment houses low against the darkening sky. The warm breeze moving slowly up the river was barely infused with an odor of garlic. I lit my pipe and watched the smoke curl away. More lights, more nights, different places; but that would be Paris.

— CHARLES BRODHEAD



TWO SHACKS AND A DARK SKY — *Anthony Costello*



# IN DARKNESS

It was late when Grandfather Mensch asked us to step outside for a walk with him. We complied readily enough, but we were concerned about Grandfather's state of health; he was too old to remain out long. And one could see it, too, when he sat alone on the porch, wrapped in his old grey sweater with the hole in the elbow, looking at the sunset. He would rock back and forth in his chair, gazing to the west, and shiver all the time; but he never wanted to come in until the sun had gone all the way down, and the last traces of pink in the sky had disappeared. Then he would hobble back into the house, and let himself be put to bed without a word. It was easy to see that Grandfather would not have very many more summers on the farm.

Anyway, we went along with the old fellow to keep him company. He seemed to enjoy immensely his twilight strolls around the garden, despite the fact that he had some difficulty in getting around the places where the grass stuck out in clumps, or a big tree root was sprawled across the path. As we headed out across the patch of lawn between the frog pond and the blueberries, Grandfather began to hum a tune. We instantly recognized it, of course, because it was his favorite song and we almost never heard him hum anything else. Naturally it didn't sound very musical coming from Grandfather, since he had such a hard time breathing and all, but it made us happy to know that he was feeling well. All of a sudden he stopped and held up his hand.

"Sh!" he whispered throatily. "There's a firefly!"

Well, now we knew there was going to be trouble, because whenever Grandfather said something with that hoarseness in his voice, we knew he was excited; and he wasn't supposed to get excited, or else he might have another stroke. We were a little worried, because you could see that right then Grandfather wanted that firefly more than anything else in the world,

and if he didn't get it he would be upset. His eyes were opened wide, and he was hardly breathing at all, and he hardly moved, except that his hands shook a lot, and he wasn't so steady on his feet. Then he spoke again, very softly and in a constricted voice.

"Catch 'im! We'll take 'im home and put 'im in a bottle."

We nodded silently and moved stealthily toward the place where the bug was sitting on a branch of a blueberry bush, flashing his green light on and off, like a little traffic signal. We were anxious, and half wished that we had made Grandfather stay home tonight, because it seemed as though he was getting pretty nervous over a little fly. We cupped our hands together and raised them ever so slowly over the firefly, until we were about two feet away. Then a breath of wind came up, and we thought for a moment of Grandfather, whom we heard behind us breathing quickly and in loud wheezy pants. We were alarmed, and turned our head a little toward him to see how he looked, but then we remembered the firefly. We poised our hands over it and were just about to pounce on it, when suddenly we heard a kind of a soft grunt behind us. We turned around, and there was Grandfather lying on the ground.

The first thing we did was to see if the firefly was still there. He was gone; apparently Grandfather had frightened him away when he fell down. But we could see a lot of other little green lights flashing in the dark, and we assumed that the one we had been after was in there too, flashing at us. Then we ran back to the house again and told everyone what had happened. There was such a racket about it! All the women were crying, and the men were saying how sorry they were, and the little children were running around screaming, and choking each other. Everyone was making noise. All except the dogs. They were asleep.

—FREDERIC RZEWSKI





## THE LAST POEM

Why do you tempt yourself,  
Challenging the sun and the earth  
With silence? Why do you think  
That the eagle must cease to fly  
And the morning grow dim in your mind?  
The heavy spring makes the trees  
Think green and the morning  
Grows unashamed of its beauty.  
Where in your heart does the  
Crowing continue, and where  
In your mind

Do the silent lights quiver  
And the breath of the seasons? For  
The series of questions and answers  
We pose to our hearts in the dark  
When the grass sounds are muted  
When the forest warm waits and the alleys  
Are real and the streets move down  
In their sounds are the questions in series  
Of silence and waiting  
Not of singing or building  
And the fluted

Upper reaches of the temple are quiet,  
All the wood is set open  
To the dark. Here we can wait.

— JOHN RATTÉ





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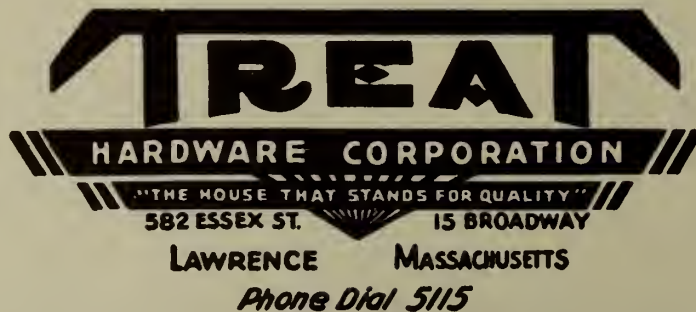
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